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Sku' Trophy Kayan Hou

[Frontispiece.]

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HEAD-HUNTERS

BLACK, WHITE, AND
BROWN

BY

ALFRED C. HADDON, Sc.D., F.R.S.

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IN ETHNOLOGY, CAMBRIDGE

Abridged Edition

LONDON:

WATTS & CO.,

5 & 6, JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.4

*First published in the Thinker's Library,
February, 1932*

Printed and Published in Great Britain by C. A. Watts and Co. Limited,
5 & 6 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

IN 1888 Dr. A. C. Haddon visited the Torres Straits in order to study the coral reefs and marine zoology of the district. While prosecuting these studies he came much into contact with the natives, and was soon greatly interested in them. He found, somewhat to his surprise, that there was still much to be learnt concerning them; indeed, practically nothing was definitely known of their customs and beliefs.

He gathered what information he could, spurred on by the realisation that every year which went by made the task more difficult, as the old men died and the influence of the white man became more widespread and pronounced.

Ten years later he returned to the Straits, but this time at the head of an expedition—consisting of Mr. W. McDougall, Dr. C. S. Myers, Mr. S. H. Ray, Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, Mr. C. G. Seligman, and Mr. Anthony Wilkin—expressly formed for the purpose of collecting anthropological material.

The visit to Sarawak was due to a cordial invitation by Dr. Charles Hose, the Resident of the Baram District.

The expedition left London on March 10, 1898, and arrived at Thursday Island on April 22. It left Kuching on the return journey on April 25, 1899, and arrived back in London on May 31.

Head-Hunters: Black, White, and Brown was published by Methuen in 1901, and has been long out of print. The present edition is necessarily an abridgment, which accounts for a certain amount of abruptness and lack of continuity in various places, but most of the more important and interesting portions have been retained, together with many of the original drawings and photographs. A very few necessary corrections have been made in the text.

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HEAD-HUNTERS

BLACK, WHITE, AND BROWN

CHAPTER I

THURSDAY ISLAND TO MURRAY ISLAND

WE arrived at Torres Straits early in the morning of April 22nd, 1898, and dropped anchor off Friday Island.

The township of Thursday Island, or Port Kennedy, as it is officially termed, had increased considerably during the past decade. This was partly due to the natural growth of the frontier town of North Queensland, and partly to the fact that it has become a fortified port which commands the only safe passage for large vessels through these dangerous straits. So assiduous have been the coral polyps in defending the northernmost point of Australia, that although the straits measure some eighty miles between Cape York and the nearest coast of New Guinea, what with islands and the very extensive series of intricate coral reefs, there is only one straightforward passage for vessels of any size, and that is not more than a quarter of a mile wide.

Although the town has increased in size, its character has not altered to any considerable extent. It is still the same assemblage of corrugated-iron and wooden buildings which garishly broil under a tropical sun, unrelieved by that vegetation which renders beautiful so many tropical towns. It is true a little planting has been done, but the character of the soil, or perhaps the absence of sufficient water, renders those efforts melancholy rather than successful.

Many of the old desert lots are now occupied by stores and lodging-houses. The characteristic mountains of eviscerated tins, kerosine cases, and innumerable empty

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bottles which betoken a thirsty land, have been removed and cast into the sea. Thriving two- or three-storied hotels proclaim increase in trade and comparative luxury.

There is the same medley of nationalities—British, Colonial, French, German, Scandinavian, Greek, and other European job lots, in addition to an assortment from Asia and her islands. As formerly, the Pacific islands are well represented, and a few Torres Straits islanders are occasionally to be seen. Some of the latter are resident as policemen, others visit the island to sell pearl-shell, *bêche-de-mer*, and sometimes a little garden produce, and to purchase what they need from the stores.

One great change in the population is very striking, and that is the great preponderance of the Japanese. So far as I remember they were few in number ten years previously, and were, I believe, outnumbered by the Manila men; now they form the bulk of the population, much to the disgust of most of the Europeans and Colonials. Various reasons are assigned for this jealousy of the Japanese, and different grounds are taken for asserting that the influx should be checked, and restrictions enforced on those who have already settled.

It appeared to me that the bedrock of discontent lay in the fact that the Japanese beat the white men at their own game, mainly because they live at a lower rate than do the white men. A good proportion of the pearl-shelling industry is now carried on by the Japanese, who further play into each other's hands as far as possible. A good example of their enterprise is shown by the fact that they have now cut out the white boat-builders. A few years ago, I was informed, some Japanese took to boat-building and built their first boats from printed directions in some English manual. Their first craft were rather clumsy, but they discovered their mistakes, and now they turn out very satisfactory sailing-boats. It is impossible not to feel respect for men who combine brains with diligence, and who command success by frugality and combination.

The white men grumble that the Japanese spend so little in the colony and send their money away; but the very same white men admit they would themselves clear out as soon as they had made their pile. Their intentions are the same as are the performances of the Japanese; but the white men cannot, under the present conditions, make a fortune quickly, and certain of them cannot

keep what they do make. There are white men acting as divers for coloured men's pay who some years ago owned boats of their own. The fall in value of pearl-shell a few years since is scarcely the sole reason for this change of fortune; bad management and drink have a good deal to answer for.

Some white men contend that as this is a British colony, and has been developed by British capital and industry, the Japanese should not be allowed to reap the benefit; but a similar argument might be applied to many of the industrial enterprises of the British in various parts of the world. As an outsider, it appears to me that it is some of those very qualities that have made the British colonist what he is that manifest themselves in the Japanese. In other words, the Japanese are feared because they are so British in many ways, saving perhaps the British expensive mode of life. It is probably largely this latter factor that renders the Japanese such deadly competitors.

Formerly there were in Torres Straits regular *bêche-de-mer* and copra industries, now there is very little of the former, and none of the latter. Large, slimy, leathery sea-slugs gorge the soft mud on the coral reefs; these when boiled and smoke-dried shrivel into hard rough rolls, which are exported in large numbers to China. These *bêche-de-mer*, or, as the Malays call them, "tripang," are scientifically known as *Holothuria*, and are related to sea-urchins and starfish. Copra is the dried kernel of the coconut.

When one walks about the township and sees the amount of capital invested, and when one considers what is spent and how much money is sent away, it is hard to realise that all this wealth comes out of pearl-shell and pearls. During the past thirty years very many thousands of pounds have been made out of pearl-shell in Torres Straits; but now the waters have been overfished, and unless measures are taken to protect the pearl oysters, the harvest will become yet scantier and scantier. In any case, the time for big hauls and rapid fortunes is probably over.

It was not till the late afternoon of Saturday, April 30th, that we actually started, and then we were only able to beat up the passage between Thursday Island and Hammond Island, and anchored about six o'clock in the lee of Tuesday Island. There are very strong tides between these islands, and I have seen even a large

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ocean steamer steaming full speed against a tide race, and only just able to hold her own, much less make way against it.

We left Tuesday Island at 4 a.m. in a stiff breeze and chopping sea, and so could only make Dungeness Island by 4 p.m. Twelve hours to go fifty-five miles! We landed at the mangrove swamp, but there was little of interest. We hoped to reach Darnley Island next day, but only fetched Rennel Island by 5.30 p.m. This is a large vegetated sandbank, on which we found traces of occupation, mainly where the natives had camped when *bêche-de-mer* fishing. We all suffered a good deal from sunburnt feet, the scorching by the sun being aggravated by the salt water.

We made an early start next morning and reached Erub, or Darnley Island, at three in the afternoon. Immediately on landing I went to Massacre Bay to photograph the stratified volcanic ash that occurs only at this spot in the island, and which is the sole visible remains of the crater of an old volcano. The rest of the island is composed of basalt, rising to a height of over 500 feet, and is well wooded and fertile—indeed, it is perhaps the most beautiful island in Torres Straits. Save for rocky headlands which separate lovely little coves fringed with white coral sand, the whole coast is skirted with groves of coconut palms and occasional patches of mangroves. The almost impenetrable jungle clothes the hills, except at those spots that have been cleared for "gardens." Even the tops of the hills are covered with trees.

On Friday, May 6, we dropped anchor off the Mission premises at Murray Island. On landing we were welcomed by Mr. John Bruce, the schoolmaster and magistrate. He is the only white man now resident on the island, and he plays a paternal part in the social life of the people. I was very affectionately greeted by Ari the Mamoose, or chief of the island, and by my old friend Pasi, the chief of the neighbouring island of Dauar, and we walked up and down the sand beach talking of old times, concerning which I found Pasi's memory was far better than mine.

I found that one of the two Mission residences on the side of the hill that were there ten years before was still standing and was empty, so I decided to occupy that, although it was rather dilapidated; and it answered our purpose admirably. The rest of the day and all the next

were busily spent in landing our stuff and in unpacking and putting things to rights. We slept the first night at Bruce's house, which is on the strand. When I went up next morning to our temporary home I found that the Samoan teacher Finau and his amiable wife had caused the house to be swept, more or less, and had put down mats, and placed two brightly coloured tablecloths on the table, which was further decorated with two vases of flowers! It seemed quite homely, and was a delicate attention that we much appreciated.

We had a deal of straightening up to do on Sunday morning, but I found time to go half-way down the hill to the schoolhouse, and was again impressed, as on my former visit, with the heartiness of the singing, which was almost deafening. The congregation waited for me to go out first, and I stood at the door and shook hands with nearly all the natives of the island as they came down the steps, and many were the old friends I greeted. I invited them to come up and see some photographs after the afternoon service.

We made the place as tidy as possible, and we had a great reception in the afternoon. Nearly all my old friends that were still alive turned up, besides many others. To their intense and hilarious delight I showed them some of the photographs I had taken during my last visit, not only of themselves, but also of other islands in the Straits. We had an immense time. The yells of delight, the laughter, clicking, flicking of the teeth, beaming faces and other expressions of joy as they beheld photographs of themselves or of friends would suddenly change to tears and wailing when they saw the portrait of someone since deceased. It was a steamy and smelly performance, but it was very jolly to be again among my old friends, and equally gratifying to find them ready to take up our friendship where we had left it.

Next morning when we were yarning with some natives others solemnly came one by one up the hill with bunches of bananas and coconuts, and soon there was a great heap of garden produce on the floor. By this time the verandah was filled with natives, men and women, and I again showed the photographs, but not a word was said about the fruit. They looked at the photographs over and over again, and the men added to the noise made by the women. On this occasion there was more crying, which, however, was enlivened with much hilarity. Then the Mamoose told Pasi to inform me

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in English, for the old man has a very imperfect command even of the jargon English that is spoken out here, that the stack of bananas and coconuts was a present to me. I made a little speech in reply, and they slowly dispersed.

CHAPTER II

• THE MURRAY ISLANDS

TORRES STRAITS were discovered and passed through in August, 1606, by Luis Vaez de Torres. They were first partially surveyed by Captain Cook in 1770, and more thoroughly during the years 1843-5 by Captain Blackwood of H.M.S. *Fly*, and in 1848-9 by Captain Owen Stanley of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*. H.M. cutter *Bramble* was associated with both these ships in the survey. But in the meantime other vessels had passed through: of these the most famous were the French vessels the *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, which in the course of the memorable voyage of discovery under M. Dumont d'Urville were temporarily stranded in the narrow passage of the Island of Tut in 1840.

Bampton and Alt, the adventurous traders and explorers of the Papuan Gulf, came in the last years of the eighteenth century, and since then there have not been wanting equally daring men who, unknown to fame, have sailed these dangerous waters in search of a livelihood.

Mr. John Jardine was sent from Brisbane in 1862 to form a settlement at Somerset, in Albany Pass; but the place did not grow, and in 1877 the islands of Torres Straits were annexed to Queensland, and the settlement was transferred from the mainland to Thursday Island.

The islands of Torres Straits, geographically speaking, fall into three groups, the lines of longitude $140^{\circ} 48' \text{ E.}$ and $143^{\circ} 29' \text{ E.}$ conveniently demarcating these subdivisions.

The western group contains all the largest islands, and these, as well as many scattered islets, are composed of ancient igneous rocks, such as eurites, granites, quartz andesites, and rhyolitic tuff. These islands are, in fact, the submerged northern extremity of the great Australian cordillera that extends from Tasmania along the eastern margin of Australia, the northernmost point of which is the hill of Mabudauan, on the coast of New Guinea, near

Saibai. This low granitic hill may be regarded as one of the Torres Straits islands that has been annexed to New Guinea by the seaward extension of the alluvial deposits brought down by the Fly River. Coral islets also occur among these rocky islands.

The shallow sea between Cape York peninsula and New Guinea is choked with innumerable coral reefs. By wind and wave action sandy islets have been built up on some of these reefs, and the coral sand has been enriched by enormous quantities of floating pumice. Wind-wafted or water-borne seeds have germinated and clothed the sandbanks with vegetation. Owing to the length of the south-east monsoon, the islands have a tendency to extend in a south-easterly direction, and consequently the north-west end of an island is the oldest, hence one sometimes finds that in the smaller islands a greater vegetable growth, or the oldest and largest trees, is at that end of an island; but in time the vegetation extends uniformly over the whole surface. The islands of the central division are entirely vegetated sandbanks.

The eastern division of Torres Straits includes the islands of Masaramker (Bramble Cay), Zapker (Campbell I.), Uga (Stephen's I.), Edugor (Nepean I.), Erub (Darnley I.), and the Murray Islands (Mer, Dauar, and Waier), besides several sandbanks, or "cays."

All the above-named islands are of volcanic origin. The first five consist entirely of lava, with the exception of two patches of volcanic ash at Massacre Bay, in Erub, to which I have already referred. Mer, the largest of the Murray Islands, is composed of lava and ash in about equal proportions, while Dauar and Waier consist entirely of the latter rock. It is interesting to note that where the Great Barrier Reef ends there we find this great outburst of volcanic activity. It was evidently an area of weakness in one corner of the continental plateau of Australia. In pre-Carboniferous times the tuffs were ejected and the lava welled forth that have since been metamorphosed into the rocks of the Western Islands; but the basaltic lavas of the Eastern Islands belong to a recent series of earth movements, possibly of Pliocene age.

Strictly speaking, to the three islands of Mer, Dauar, and Waier should the name of Murray Islands, or Murray's Islands, be confined; but in Torres Straits the name of Murray Island has become so firmly established for the largest of them that, contrary to my usual

practice, I propose to adopt the popular rather than the native name.

Mer, or Murray Island, is only about five miles in circumference, and is roughly oval in outline, with its long axis running roughly north-east to south-west. The southerly half consists of an extinct crater, or caldera, which is breached to the north-east by the lava stream that forms the remainder of the high part of the island. This portion is very fertile, and supports a luxuriant vegetation, which, when left to itself, forms an almost impenetrable jungle; it is here that the natives have the bulk of their gardens, and every portion of it is or has been under cultivation. The great crescentic caldera valley, being formed of porous volcanic ash and being somewhat arid, is by no means so fertile; the vegetation, which consists of grass, low scrub, and scattered coconut palms, presents a marked contrast to that of the rest of the island. The slopes of the hills are usually simply grass-covered.

The most prominent feature of Mer is the long steep hill of Gelam, which culminates in a peak, 750 feet in height. It extends along the western side of the island, and at its northern end terminates in a low hill named Zomar, which splays out into two spurs, the outer of which is called Upimager and the inner Mëkernurnur. Gelam rises up from a narrow belt of cultivated soil behind the sand beach at an angle of 30 degrees, forming a regular even slope, covered with grass save for occasional patches of bare rock and low shrubs. At the southern end the ground is much broken. The termination of the smooth portion is marked by a conspicuous curved escarpment; beyond this is a prominent block of rock about half-way up the hill. This is known as the "eye." The whole hill seen from some distance at sea bears a strong resemblance to an animal, and the natives speak of it as having once been a dugong, the history of which is enshrined in the legend of Gelam, a youth who is fabled to have come from Moa. The terminal hill and the north end of Gelam represent the lobed tail of the dugong, the curved escarpment corresponds to the front edge of its paddle, while the "eye" and the broken ground which indicates the nose and mouth complete the head.

The highest part of Gelam on its landward side forms bold, riven precipices of about fifty feet in height. A small gorge (Werbadupat) at the extreme south end of

the island drains the great valley; beyond it rises the small, symmetrical hill Dëbëmad, which passes into the short crest of Mergar. The latter corresponds to Gelam on the opposite side of the island; it terminates in the steep hill Pitkir.

Gelam and Mergar form a somewhat horseshoe-shaped range, the continuity of which is interrupted at its greatest bend, and it is here the ground is most broken up. The rock is a beautifully stratified volcanic ash, with an outward dip of 30 degrees. Within this crater is a smaller horseshoe-shaped hill, which is the remains of the central cone of the old volcano. The eastern limit of the degraded cone is named Gur; the western, which is known as Zaumo, is prolonged into a spur called Ai. In the valley (Deaudupat) between these hills and Gelam arises a stream which flows in a northerly and north-easterly direction, and after receiving two other affluents empties itself into the sea at Korog. It should be remembered that the beds of all the streams are dry for the greater portion of the year, and it is only during the rainy season—*i.e.* from November to March, inclusive—and then only immediately after the rain, that the term "stream" can be applied to them. There are, however, some water-holes in the bed of the stream which hold water for many months.

The great lava stream extends with an undulating surface from the central cone to the northern end of the island. It forms a fertile tableland, which is bounded by a steep slope. On its west side this slope is practically a continuation of the sides (Zaumo and Ai) of the central cone, and bounds the eastern side of the miniature delta valley of the Deaudupat stream. At the northern and eastern sides of the island the lava stream forms an abrupt or steep declivity, extending either right down to the water's edge or occasionally leaving a narrow shore.

A fringing coral reef extends all round Mer, but has its greatest width along the easterly side of the island, where it forms an extensive shallow shelf which dries, or very nearly so, at spring tides, and constitutes an admirable fishing-ground for the natives.

A mile and a quarter to the south of Mer are the islands of Dauar and Waier. The former consists of two hills—Au Dauar, 605 feet in height, and Kebe Dauar, of less than half that height. Au Dauar is a steep, grassy hill like Gelam, but the saddle-shaped

depression between the two hills supports a luxuriant vegetation. There is a sand-spit at each end.

Waier is a remarkable little island, as it practically consists solely of a pinnacled and fissured crescentic wall of coarse volcanic ash about 300 feet in height. There is a small sand-spit on the side facing Dauar, and a sand beach along the concavity of the island. At these spots and in many of the gullies there is some vegetation, otherwise the island presents a barren though very picturesque appearance.

Dauar and Waier are surrounded by a continuous reef, which extends for a considerable distance towards the south-east, far beyond the region that was occupied by the other side of the crater of Waier. We must regard Dauar and Waier as the remnants of two craters, the south-easterly side of both of which has been blown out by a volcanic outburst, but in neither case is there any trace of a lava stream.

The climate, though hot, is not very trying, owing to the persistence of a strong south-east tide wind for at least seven months in the year—that is, from April to October. This is the dry season, but rain often falls during its earlier half. Sometimes there is a drought in the island, and the crops fail and a famine ensues. During the dry season the temperature ranges between 72° and 87° F. in the shade, but in the dead calm of the north-west monsoon a much higher temperature is reached, and the damp, muggy heat becomes at such times very depressing.

The reading of the barograph shows that there is a wonderful uniformity of atmospheric pressure. Every day there is a remarkable double rise and fall of one degree; the greatest rise occurs between eight and ten o'clock, morning and evening, while the deepest depression is similarly between two and four o'clock. In June, that is in the middle of a dry season, the barograph records a pressure varying between 31 and 33, which gradually decreases to 28 to 30 in December, again to rise gradually to the midsummer maximum.

Like the other natives of Torres Straits, the Murray Islanders belong to the Papuan race, the dark-skinned aboriginal people of the West Pacific who are characterised by their black frizzly or woolly hair. They are a decidedly narrow-headed people. The colour of the skin is dark chocolate, often burning to almost black in the exposed portions; the features are somewhat coarse,

but by no means bestial; and there is usually an alert look about the men, some of whom show decided strength of character in the face. The old men have usually quite a venerable appearance.

Their mental and moral character will be incidentally illustrated in the following pages, and considering the isolation and favourable conditions of existence, with the consequent lack of example and stimulus to exertion, we must admit that they have proved themselves to be very creditable specimens of savage humanity.

The Murray Islanders have often been accused of being lazy, and during my former visit I came across several examples of laziness and ingratitude to the white missionaries. As to the first count, well, there is some truth in it from one point of view. The natives certainly do not like to be made to work. One can always get them to work pretty hard in spurts, but continuous labour is very irksome to them; but, after all, this is pretty much the same with everybody. Nature deals so bountifully with the people that circumstances have not forced them into the discipline of work.

They are not avaricious. They have no need for much money; their wants are few and easily supplied. Surely they are to be commended for not wearing out their lives to obtain what is really of no use to them. The truth is, we call them lazy because they won't work for the white man more than they care to. Why should they?

As to ingratitude. They take all they can get and, it is true, rarely appear as grateful as the white man expects; but this is by no means confined to these people. How often do we find exactly the same trait amongst our own acquaintances! They may feel grateful, but they have not the habit of expressing it. On the other hand, it is not beyond the savage mind for the argument thus to present itself. I did not ask the white man to come here. I don't particularly want him. I certainly don't want him to interfere with my customs. He comes here to please himself. If he gives me medicines and presents that is his look-out, that is his fashion. I will take all I can get. I will give as little as I can. If he goes away I don't care.

Less than thirty years ago in Torres Straits might was right, and wrongs could only be redressed by superior physical force, unless the magic of the sorcery man was enlisted. For the last fifteen years the Queensland

Government has caused a court-house to be erected in every island that contains a fair number of inhabitants, and the chief has the status of magistrate, and policemen, usually four in number, watch over the public morality.

The policemen are civil servants, enjoying the following annual emoluments—a suit of clothes, one pound sterling in cash, and one pound of tobacco. In addition, they have the honour and glory of their position; they row out in their uniforms in the Government whale-boat to meet the Resident Magistrate on his visits of inspection to the various islands, and they go to church on Sundays dressed in their newest clothes. There are doubtless other amenities which do not appear on the surface.

The Mamoose, or chief, being a great man, “all along same Queen Victoria,” as they proudly claim and honestly imagine, is not supposed to receive payment.

But there are recognised perquisites for him in the shape of free labour by the prisoners. It would seem as if such a course was not conducive to impartial justice, for it would clearly be to the judge’s interest to commit every prisoner; this temptation is, however, checked by the fact that all trials are public, and popular opinion can make itself directly felt.

Most of the cases are for petty theft or disputes about land. It is painful to have to confess that during our recent stay in Murray Island many of the cases were for wife-beating or for wife-slanging. The Mamoose is supplied with a short list of the offences with which he is empowered to deal and the penalties he may inflict. The technical error is usually made of confusing moral and legal crimes. I gathered that very fair justice is meted out in the native courts when left to themselves.

The usual punishment is a “moon” of enforced labour on any public work that is in operation at the time, such as making a road or jetty, or on work for the chief, such as making a pig-sty or erecting fences. The alternative fine used to be husking coconuts and making copra; the natives in some cases had to supply their own coconuts for this purpose—the number varied from 100 to 1,000, according to the offence. This was chiefly the punishment of the women, the copra was one of the Mamoose’s perquisites. Fines are now paid in money.

At night-time the prisoners are supposed to sleep in jail—an ordinary native house set apart for this purpose

—but at the present time in Murray Island, owing to the absence of a jail, they sleep at home ! and during the whole of the time they are under the surveillance of one or more policemen. Very often it appeared to me that a policeman's chief duty consisted in watching a prisoner doing nothing. Very bad, or often repeated, offenders are taken to Thursday Island to be tried by the Resident Magistrate.

CHAPTER III

WORK AND PLAY IN MURRAY ISLAND

ALTHOUGH we have a fair amount of information about the external appearance, the shape of the head, and such-like data of most of the races of mankind, very little indeed is known about the keenness of their senses and those other matters that constitute the subject commonly known as experimental psychology. My colleagues were the first thoroughly to investigate primitive people in their own country, and it was the first time that a well-equipped psychological laboratory had been established among a people scarcely a generation removed from complete savagery.

Dr. Rivers undertook the organisation of this department, and there were great searchings of heart as to what apparatus to take out and what to leave behind. There was no previous experience to go upon, and there was the fear of delicate apparatus failing at the critical time, or that the natives would not be amenable to all that might be required of them. Fortunately the latter fear was groundless. It was only in the most tedious operations, or in those in which they were palpably below the average, that the natives exhibited a strong disinclination to be experimented upon. Sometimes they required a little careful handling—always patience and tact were necessary, but taking them as a whole, it would be difficult to find a set of people upon whom more reliable and satisfactory observations could be made. I refer more particularly to the Torres Straits islanders.

The visual acuity of these people was found to be superior to that of normal Europeans, though not in any very marked degree. The visual powers of savages, which have excited the admiration of travellers, may be held to depend upon the faculty of observation. Starting with somewhat superior acuteness of vision, by long attention to minute details, coupled with familiarity with their surroundings, they become able to recognise things in a manner that at first sight seems quite wonderful.

The commonest defect of eyesight among Europeans is myopia, or short-sightedness, but this was found to be almost completely absent amongst savages. The opposite condition, hypermetropia, which is apparently the normal condition of the European child, was very common among them.

The colour vision of the natives was investigated in several ways. A hundred and fifty natives of Torres Straits and Kiwai were tested by means of the usual wool test for colour-blindness without finding one case. The names used for colours by the natives of Murray Island, Mabuiag, and Kiwai were very fully investigated, and the derivation of such names in most cases was established. The colour vocabularies of these islands showed the special feature which appears to characterise many primitive languages. There were definite names for red, less definite for yellow, and still less so for green, while a definite name for blue was either absent or borrowed from English.

The three languages mentioned, and some Australian languages investigated by Rivers, seemed to show different stages in the evolution of a colour vocabulary. Several North Queensland natives (from Seven Rivers and the Fitzroy River) appeared to be almost limited to words for red, white, and black; perhaps it would be better to call the latter light and dark. In all the islands there was a name for yellow, but in Kiwai, at the mouth of the Fly River, the name applied to green appeared to be inconstant and indefinite, while there was no word for blue, for which colour the same word was used as for black. In Torres Straits there are terms for green. In Murray Island the native word for blue was the same as that used for black, but the English word had been adopted and modified into *būlu-būlu*. The language of Mabuiag was more advanced; there was a word for blue (*maludgamulnga*, sea-colour), but it was often also used for green. In these four vocabularies four stages may be seen in the evolution of colour languages, exactly as deduced by Geiger, red being the most definitive, and the colours at the other end of the spectrum the least so. As Rivers has also pointed out, it was noteworthy, too, that the order of these people in respect to culture was the same as in regard to development of words for colours. Rivers found that though the people showed no confusion between red and green they did between blue and green. The investigation of these colour-

names, he thought, showed that to them blue must be a duller and darker colour than it is to us, and indeed the experiments carried out with an apparatus known as Lovibond's tintometer afforded evidence of a distinct quantitative deficiency in their perception of blue, though the results were far from proving blindness to blue.

Numerous observations were made by Rivers on writing and drawing, the former chiefly in the case of children. The most striking result was the ease and correctness with which mirror writing was performed. Mirror writing is that reversed form of writing that comes right when looked at in a looking-glass. In many cases native children, when asked to write with the left hand, spontaneously wrote mirror writing, and all were able to write in this fashion readily. In some cases children, when asked to write with the left hand, wrote upside down.

Experiments were made on the estimation of time. The method adopted was to give signals marking off a given interval; another signal was then given as the commencement of a second interval, which the native had to finish by a similar signal when he judged it to be equal to the previous given interval. Rivers found that this somewhat difficult procedure met with unexpected success, and intervals of ten seconds, twenty seconds, and one minute, were estimated with fairly consistent results.

The conditions for testing acuity of hearing were very unfavourable on Murray Island, owing to the noise of the sea and the rustle of the coconut palms. Myers found that few Murray Islanders surpassed a hyper-acute European in auditory acuity, while the majority could not hear as far. No great weight, however, could be attached to the observations, because all the men were divers, an occupation that certainly damaged the ears to some extent. To investigate their range of hearing a Galton's whistle was used, and it was found they could hear very high notes. Twelve Murray Islanders were tested for their sense of rhythm; this was found to be remarkably accurate for 120 beats of the metronome to the minute, and somewhat less so for 60 beats.

Myers tested their sense of smell by means of a series of tubes containing solutions, of varying strength, of odorous substances like valerian and camphor, and the results, while not altogether satisfactory, tended to show that they had no marked superiority in this respect over the members of the expedition.

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With regard to taste it was very difficult to get information, as the natives, naturally enough, did not like strange substances being put into their mouths. Sugar and salt were readily recognised, acid was compared with unripe fruit, bitter is most uncertain, and there is no distinctive name for it in the Murray Island vocabulary.

Numerous time-reaction experiments were made by Myers. The time of the simple reaction is not sensibly longer, but probably in many cases even shorter, than would be that given by a corresponding class of Europeans. Myers points out that the experiments clearly showed the great differences of temperament among the individuals investigated. There was at one extreme the slow, steady-going man, who reacted with almost uniform speed on each occasion; at the other extreme was the nervous, highly-strung individual, who was frequently reacting prematurely.

There is a consensus of opinion that savages are less sensitive to pain than Europeans, but there is always the doubt whether they are really able to bear pain with fortitude. However, the conclusion McDougall arrived at, that the Murray Islanders were distinctly less sensitive than the Europeans in the expedition, was supported not only by their statements, but also by tests depending on simple pressure of the skin made by a small piece of apparatus. It should be understood that the degree of pain produced was in all cases so slight as not to spoil the pleasure and interest of the subjects in the proceedings.

It was found that the natives had points on their skin specially sensitive to cold, exactly as is the case with Europeans. As to touch, when tested by McDougall to see how close the points of a pair of compasses must be put on the skin before they cease to be felt as two, their sensitiveness was in general better than that of the members of the expedition.

A series of tin canisters of the same size and appearance, but variously weighted, was prepared by McDougall; another series having the same weight, but of different sizes, was also provided: the first experiment was to test the delicacy of discrimination of the differences of weight, and the second to determine the degree of their suggestibility by the effect of size, as appreciated by sight and grasp, on the judgment of weight. It was interesting to find that although the abstract idea of weight seemed entirely new to the minds of these people, who had no word to express it, and who, moreover, could have had

no practice, yet they were more accurate than a practised European.

It would be tedious to recount all the work that was accomplished in the psychological laboratory; but it was most interesting to watch the different operations and to see what earnestness, I may say conscientiousness, most of the subjects exhibited in the performance of the tasks set them. We never knew what they thought of it all, or of us—perhaps it was as well that we did not.

In the preliminary report Rivers has published, he notes that our observations were in most cases made with very little difficulty, and, with some exceptions, we could feel sure that the natives were doing their best in all we asked them to do. This opinion is based not only on observation of their behaviour and expression while the tests were being carried out, but on the consistency of the results; the usually small deviations showed that the observations were made with due care and attention.

Attempts were made, but with very little success, to find out what was actually passing in the minds of the natives while making these observations.

One general result was to show very considerable variability. It was obvious that in general character and temperament the natives varied greatly from one another, and very considerable individual differences also came out in our experimental observations. How great the variations were as compared with those in a more complex community can only be determined after a large number of comparative data have been accumulated.

Another general result pointed out by Rivers is that these natives did not appear to be especially susceptible to suggestion, but exhibited a very considerable independence of opinion. This observation is of importance, as there is a widely spread idea that the reverse is the case with backward peoples. Leading questions were found not to be so dangerous as was expected.

Ray was engaged practically the whole of every morning in studying the Miriam language with Ari, the Mamoose of Mer, and Pasi, the Mamoose of Dauar. He worked them very hard, and often I had to go into the inner room in which he studied and liberate the poor chiefs, who frequently were quite done up, while Ray himself was as keen and fresh as ever. The good men conscientiously turned up regularly, though I am sure they must often have been heartily sick of the whole concern. Giving the names of things is one matter, but

it is quite a different affair to plod through empty phrases in all their possible moods and tenses, hour after hour, day after day, and week after week. They were not the first, nor will they be the last, to feel repugnance at the study of grammar.

The construction of the language was found to be very complex, modifications of sense in the verb being expressed by an elaborate system of prefixes and suffixes, for example :—

<i>Kaka mari natageri,</i>	<i>E netat le detageri,</i>
I tell you.	he tells one man.
<i>Kaka abi detageri,</i>	<i>E neis le daratagri,</i>
I tell him.	he tells two men.
<i>E wiabi daratagereda,</i>	<i>Neis netat le abi detagridare</i>
he tells them.	three men tell him.

Nouns are declined through several cases by means of suffixes : *e.g.* *tulik*, a knife; *tuliku*, by means of a knife; *tulikra*, of a knife; *tuliklam*, from a knife, etc.

Ray distinguishes two groups of languages in British New Guinea, which he has termed respectively "Papuan" and "Melanesian." The former he regards as indigenous to New Guinea, or at all events it may be regarded as such for all practical purposes. The latter group of languages bears such close resemblances to the language spoken in the great chain of islands in the Western Pacific (or Melanesia) that there is no doubt they are all derived from the same source. A third group of languages, current in this part of the world, is that spoken on the Australian continent. It is thus a matter of some interest to discover to which linguistic group we must assign the languages of Torres Straits.

I have to thank my colleague for giving me the following information, which will sufficiently explain the differences between these three groups of languages.

The Papuan languages agree with one another in very few characteristics, and totally differ in vocabulary and constructive particles. Consonantal sounds are very fully used, but closed syllables are not common except in the western languages. Demonstrative words indicating the place or direction of actions are numerous. Nouns and pronouns are declined through various cases by means of suffixes. Adjectives precede substantives. The pronoun in some languages has a trial as well as a singular, dual, and plural; but the inclusion or exclusion

of the person addressed is rarely indicated. The verb is very complicated, and is modified by prefixes and suffixes, its forms indicating the number of subject and object, as well as tense and mood. Numeration is limited, and rarely goes beyond two. Parts of the body are much used in counting.

The Melanesian languages have a very general agreement among themselves in grammatical construction and vocabulary. They use consonants very freely and have some consonantal sounds which are difficult to transliterate. Many syllables are closed. Demonstrative words pointing hither and thither are much used. Nouns are divided into two classes, with or without pronominal suffixes, according to the nearness or remoteness of the connection between possessor and possessed. Words may represent any part of speech without change, but the use of a word is sometimes shown by prefix or affix. Number and case are shown by separate words preceding the noun. Adjectives follow the noun. Pronouns are numerous, and often of four numbers—singular, dual, triple, and plural. The first person always has forms including or excluding the person addressed. Any word is made into a verb by the use of a preceding particle, which usually marks tense and mood, and in some languages person and number. Verbs have causative, reciprocal, frequentative, and intensive forms. Numeration is extensive, and there is counting up to high numbers.

The Australian languages are in some respects similar to the Papuan, though prefixes are not commonly used. Certain consonantal sounds are rarely heard. Nouns and pronouns are declined by means of suffixes through various cases. Adjectives precede the noun. The pronoun has no triple number, and some languages have the inclusive and exclusive forms in the first person. The verb is modified as to time and mood, and sometimes number, by suffixes, and has numerous but, as a rule, simple forms. Numeration does not proceed beyond two, or three at the utmost.

The grammar of the Murray Island (or Miriam) language bears no resemblance to the Melanesian, and but little to the Australian. It must therefore be regarded as belonging to the Papuan group. The speech used by the Mission is a debased form of the original, as Pasi told Ray, "they cut it short." Ray is of opinion that, as most of the young people know English, it is very

probable the pure language will die out with the older folk.

It is interesting to note that the construction of words and sentences by the Western islanders, but not the vocabulary, corresponds with that of the natives of Northern Australia, and is not Papuan.

Several of the elder men used to come and talk to me at various times, but they came more regularly after we had witnessed the Malu performances, and while the excitement about them was still fresh. Baton and Mamai were the first to come; they were policemen during my previous visit, and were consequently old friends. I obtained, however, more valuable information from Enocha and Wano, who were pillars of the Church, but being old men they also knew about the past; unfortunately there were very few alive at the time of our stay in the island who knew first-hand about those matters that interested us most.

These good people enjoyed describing the old ceremonies. Often they brought me something that was formerly employed in their mysteries or a model of it.

When any action was described the old fellows jumped up and danced it in the room; sometimes two or three would perform at once. I always had a drum handy to be in readiness when they broke forth into song, and for the dance they took bows and arrows or whatever may have been appropriate from the stack of implements that was in a corner of the room.

We had many interesting séances, and it enabled us to get a glimmer of the old ceremonies that was most tantalising. If only we could have seen the real thing, how different would the description be! How little, after all our efforts, could we accomplish by mere hearsay! But even an undress rehearsal or an imperfectly performed representation was better than nothing at all.

For example, Bruce and I were independently trying to work out the rain-making ceremony or charm. We obtained more or less full descriptions that agreed on the whole and which supplemented each other. He got some *zogo mer*, or "sacred words"—that is, the ritual incantation employed—from Gasu, a noted and credited rain-maker. I tried these on Ulai, a somewhat disreputable old man, who has been of considerable use to us, and who at the same time gave us much amusement; he immediately reeled off a lot more words. Gasu then admitted that most of these were correct. I next tried

Enocha, who had the reputation of being a great master in the art of rain-making. He passed most of Ulai's words, denied others, and gave me fresh ones. Eventually we arrived at a version that may be taken as authentic; but doubtless each rain-maker has his traditional formula, which may differ in details from that of a rival practitioner.

A little incident was rather curious. Late one evening, when Gasu was teaching Bruce the *zogo mer* of the rain charm, a smart little shower came suddenly and unexpectedly from an apparently cloudless sky. There was not a native next morning who had not his own opinion as to the origin of the shower.

It seemed very strange to us that our informants, however friendly and anxious to help us, so often kept back something till their hands were forced, so to speak, by information gained from another source. Then it became possible to go one step further. I think this was due in many cases simply to a lack of appreciation of what we wanted to know; in other instances there appeared to be an ingrained reticence which prevented their speaking freely about sacred or magical ceremonies. When, however, it became evident to them that we already knew something about the ceremony or formula in question, there was but little reluctance in giving information, especially when they did not know how much or how little we knew.

I mention these details in order to give some idea of the method we adopted for gaining our information. It is comparatively easy to get an account of a ceremony or custom from one man, but we invariably checked this information by inquiring from other men, always selecting the oldest men available. Even amongst ourselves no two people will describe any occurrence in the same manner, and one will emphasise a certain point which another may omit. Hence, in collecting from natives, we were very careful to obtain as many versions as possible and to sift the evidence. The results often appear meagre for the really considerable amount of time and pains we spent on attaining them; but, on the other hand, we feel fairly confident as to their accuracy. Interesting as all this was, it involved a great deal of very tedious work. One had to let the old men ramble on, and it often happened that they got on to side issues and barren narrations; but even so our patience was occasionally rewarded by a hint of something which we

would not otherwise have come across, and which, followed out later, led to a really interesting record. Tact and patience are necessary in extracting reliable information from primitive folk.

I should perhaps add that although we communicated with one another in jargon, or pidgin-English, we used native words whenever there was a possibility of a misunderstanding arising, and by the context we could usually make certain as to the significance of new or obscure native terms. If the context failed to elucidate the meaning, we arrived at it by questioning all round the subject, or by allowing our informant to give his explanation in his own way. I have given several examples of the pidgin-English spoken in the Torres Straits in the course of this narrative. It is a quaint, though not an ideal mode of communication of ideas, but with practice and the employment of suitable illustrations and similes, one can get along fairly well. I found, too, one could often elucidate a statement by acting it, or by using sticks and stones as dummies; it is remarkable what can be done in that way, and the natives quite enter into the spirit of the thing.

One day Bruce surprised me by showing a minute bull-roarer that was hung round the neck of a *doiom*. A *doiom* is the stone effigy of a man that is used in the rain-making ceremony. I had all along felt that a bull-roarer should appear in the performance, but I could not hear of one. Well, here it was, worn as a neck pendant, with two seed rattles. I showed it to Ulai; he said it was not correct, and brought me another model, which was much larger. Then I showed them both to Enocha. He scoffed at Gasu's little bull-roarer, admitted that Ulai's was more correct, but added that Ulai didn't know about it. He then promised to let me have the correct thing. This was probably little more than professional jealousy, as Gasu was noted as a successful rain-maker.

That same morning Enocha and Wano were alone with me, and I turned the conversation to rain-making; then a happy inspiration seized me, and I asked them to give me a demonstration. They agreed. I provided one of the several *doioms* I had already collected, and we adjourned to the shade of a neighbouring tree, where, hidden by bushes, we would be quite unobserved and undisturbed. Although we had not the proper appurtenances, a pantomime was gone through, and I jotted down full notes. It was strange to see these dear old

men doing everything half seriously, and at the same time laughing as if they were truant schoolboys at some forbidden pleasure. By a strange coincidence the school children were singing "Auld Lang Syne" in the school-



FIG. 1.—Rain Shrine at Mer.

house down the hill, whilst the old men were rehearsing "old-time fashion" a short distance off.

A couple of days later Gasu gave us a complete demonstration at the other end of the island, with all the accessories. Four large plaited coconut leaves were erected to represent rain clouds; there was a blackened

patch on each of these to mimic the blackness of a rain cloud, and one or two pendant leaves imitated the falling rain. The four screens inclosed a small space in which a hole was made in the ground. The *doiom* was decorated with certain leaves, and packed in a banana leaf with various minced leaves and numbers of red seeds; the leaf was filled with water and placed in the hole, the rain-maker all the while muttering the magical formulæ. During part of the performance a lighted brand was waved about, and at another a bamboo clapper was rattled. Thus were simulated the lightning and thunder. Several instances came to my notice during my recent and earlier visits to Murray Island of the employment of this ceremony.

When I was arranging for the purchase of Gasu's *doiom*, Jimmy Dei, the sergeant of the police—a very intelligent man and a devout churchgoer—objected to the transaction, as they might not be able to obtain rain in the future when they required it. The very day after I had bought Gasu's *doiom* he wanted it back, and would gladly have returned the goods I gave him in exchange, for his was a very famous charm, and it even had the proud distinction of having a name of its own. Sometimes even a potent charm like this will fail in its function, and once this mischance befell this particular *doiom*, whereat Gasu was much enraged and threw it on the ground, and, alas! the head broke off; then Gasu repented, and fastened the head on again with wire. I must confess I felt very sorry for Gasu when he regretted having yielded to my importunity and wanted his *doiom* back, but the collecting instinct was stronger than pure sentiment, and I had to inform him that it was then too late. Recently I have had a letter from Mr. Bruce, in which he says, "Gasu is always speaking of you and his *doiom*, and adds, 'Mind you, if he had not asked for it, I would not have given it to the Professor.' " Poor old Gasu! he was half blind when we were there, now he has completely lost his eyesight, and I am afraid he does not bear a pleasing memory of our visit, but still mourns the loss of his old and powerful charm.

In the same letter Bruce writes: "We have still some very powerful *doioms* left on the island. The new church was badly injured last year by the foundations settling, owing to the rain of a very heavy thunderstorm, but all the natives maintained it was the thunder that did the damage. But the storm must have been made

by someone. Enocha was first suspected, but he denied his ability to do so, as he says he does not make thunder and lightning to spoil things; he only makes good rain to make men's gardens grow, and 'besides,' he said, 'I am an *ekalesia*, I did not spoil the sacred house.' So they had to fall back on Wali, as he was not an *ekalesia*, or member of the Church, and he had been angry with Finau, the teacher, about something. They have now made Wali an *ekalesia* to protect the building from further damage."

The worthy Finau never appeared to realise the nature of our work or its effect upon the natives. He evidently thought that the interest we took in the old customs and ceremonies would tend to a recrudescence of paganism, and there is little doubt that he intentionally hindered and hampered our investigations. He was not sufficiently alert to appreciate the fact that we were really playing into his hands. We bought and took away many legendary and magical stones, including a large number of rain charms, and in having representations of the Malu ceremonies we must have stripped off some of the glamour that ignorance throws round the unknown. We doubtless revived impressions in the memory of a few old men, but the younger men would be disillusioned by what they witnessed. It is needless to add that we never undermined his influence as a teacher, nor did anything that would be a stumbling-block to the feeblest of his adherents.

Finau often preached loudly against native dancing, and consigned those who attempted a little of it to hell, where, he informed them, they would have kerosene poured over them, and then they would be burnt; but, perhaps as he was himself a Samoan, he allowed certain South Sea dances, which the natives constantly practised under the tuition of a native of Rotuma who was living on Murray Island. These dances were to be performed at the opening of the new church in Darnley, which was to take place in several months' time, and doubtless the opening of the church Finau was building in Murray Island would be commemorated in its turn in a similar manner.

In the Rotuma dances that we saw the men stood side by side in three or four rows, and went through rather graceful movements with heads, arms, and legs. Most of the movements appeared to be conventionalised representations of hauling ropes and other nautical

actions. After a series of evolutions had been performed the front rank retired behind, and the second rank took its place. All was gone through again, and so on in succession until the last rank had danced in the front row.

One evening soon after our arrival there was a "play" in a village close by. It still seems to be the fashion for the people on one side of the island to learn new songs from Thursday Island or from the crews of fishing-boats. When they consider themselves proficient they go to other villages on the opposite side of the island and there sing them. Shortly afterwards a return visit is paid.

This custom of one side of the island challenging the other in friendly rivalry is apparently an old one, and seems to point to a dual division of the population such as we found later in the western islanders, and which is of fundamental social importance among the Australians and many Papuan and Melanesian peoples. This particular performance was certainly trivial and mean; but surely the white man and not the native must be criticised for this. The visitors from Las and other villages were all dressed in their Sunday best, the girls stood in a clump in the middle and sang Japanese and other songs. Then a man blowing a whistle walked round and round and called out, "Twenty-five cents a ride," or something to that effect. Next a number of men ranged themselves in pairs, like the spokes of a wheel radiating from a hub of girls. The latter sang, and the men walked round and round the girls, gradually going faster and faster. This was in imitation of a merry-go-round which had paid a couple of visits to Thursday Island. So popular was this merry-go-round that I was informed the owners made a profit of £1,600 for three months' work!

To a sing-song tune of "la, la, la—la, la, la," sundry very solemn couples of girls separated themselves from the throng and danced a polka—of a sort—slowly and carefully. One or two pairs of men danced more vigorously. I saw only two couples of opposite sex dancing together, and though these good people are considerably emancipated from the past and were actually copying a white-man's dance, still their feeling of delicacy was too strong to permit them to indulge in promiscuous dancing.

One funny man, dressed in a long figured-calico dressing-gown, danced by himself; his antics were

greatly appreciated. Some of the girls had covered their faces with white, and had painted a dab of red pigment on each cheek, perhaps in imitation of the Japanese women of the settlement in Thursday Island which goes by the name of "Yokohama."

Every now and again we ran one thing hard on Murray Island; for example, for a week or so some of us studied "cat's cradle" games. McDougall soon became fascinated by these, and Myers eventually succumbed. But *kamut*, as the natives call their string figures, is a very different matter from the uninteresting and simple performance to which we were accustomed as children.

Two distinct kinds of operations may be performed with string, namely, tricks and figures. The former are usually movements which appear to form knots or ties, but which really run out freely. The figures are more complicated and are supposed to bear some resemblance to natural objects. Our "cat's cradle" belongs to the latter category, but we have also numerous string tricks.

Some of the string tricks are the same as those practised at home. One was intended to represent some food held in the hand which was offered to the spectator, but when the latter attempted to take it, saying, "You got some food for me?" the food disappeared as the player replied, "No got." A similar, apparently knotted puzzle terminated in two loops, which represented a mouse's ears, but on attempting to catch it the whole ran out.

Some of the string figures represented divers objects, as a bird's nest, coconut palm, the setting sun, a fish spear, a crab, a canoe, and many others. Quite a number were moving figures—working models, in fact; such were, for example, a sea-snake swimming, a man dancing, and so forth. The most interesting was a fight between a Dauar man and a Murray Islander. In this *kamut*, by working the strings, two loose knots collided in the centre and became mixed up, but eventually one knot returns with a loop on it, which is the successful Murray Islander returning with the head of his adversary!

Little songs are sung to many string figures as they are being played, which may be the relics of some magical formulæ. Several *kamut* illustrate legendary beings such as Geigi, the boy king-fish, or his mother Nageg, the trigger-fish. One represents the taboo grounds of Gazir and Kiam, where some of the Malu ceremonies were held.

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We learnt a good many of these *kamut*, but they were very difficult to remember, owing to the extreme complication of the processes in making the figures, and we had to practise them constantly. Eventually we invented a system of nomenclature, by means of which we found it possible to write down all the stages of manipulation; and we found as a rule the more complex the figure the easier it was to describe. By rigorous adherence to our system it will be possible for others to reproduce the Murray Island figures and to record others from elsewhere. Generally Rivers and Ray first learnt a particular figure, and gradually worked out the description by slowly performing the movements and dictating the processes to me, but I did not watch what they were doing.

Then one of them read out the description while I endeavoured to reproduce the figure from the verbal description alone. We were never satisfied until it could be so done without any possibility of mistake. We had many fights over the descriptions, and always felt very proud of ourselves when one account was satisfactorily finished. But I can very well imagine that had we been observed some people would have thought we were demented, or, at least, were wasting our time.

One afternoon some of us went to a *kaikai*, or feast. The word *kaikai* means food, a meal, a feast, or to eat. It is in use all over the South Seas, and is derived from the Polynesian *kai* (food). The Miriam (*i.e.* the Murray Island) name for a feast is *wetpur*. This was a funeral feast for the son of "Captain Cook," of Erub; the boy had died about a year previously.

The proceedings opened with a *kolap*, or top-spinning match. Top-spinning was a great institution in Murray Island during the time of our stay there. On one occasion there were thirty tops spinning at the same time. The men sang songs, and there was great cheering-on of slackening tops, and shouting and jeering when one stopped. At the critical time, as a top was dying, great care was taken to shelter it from the wind so as to prolong its "life" a few seconds longer. At one match we timed the four best tops, and found they span for 27½, 26½, 25½, and 24 minutes respectively.

The tops are made of a fine-grained volcanic ash, and have the shape of a split-pea, with a diameter of from about 4 to 7½ inches. There is a long palm-wood stem. The flat upper surface of the top is almost invariably

painted in coloured rings or with various devices, red, white, yellow, and blue being the usual colours. Objects or incidents of everyday life are often drawn, and not infrequently their legends are depicted.

The top is spun by repeated slow, steady, sliding movements of the outstretched palms. Formerly the tops were spun on pieces of shell, now pieces of broken crockery, or the under surface of a cup or saucer are usually employed. The tops are kept in specially made round baskets, in which a nest of calico is often placed as a further protection to the top. It is very amusing to see grown men gingerly carrying with both hands a top ensconced in its basket, with at least as much care and seriousness as a young wife carries her firstborn. We have seen men of all ages engaged in these matches, the grizzled taking as much interest in the performance of their tops as the young men. Usually one section or side of the island is pitted against another.

There is a decided tendency for the enthusiasm of the natives to carry their amusements beyond bounds. One time it will be *Tamar*, and the good people will so impoverish their gardens by vying with one another in heaping up food that scarcity often results. During our stay top-spinning became almost a debauch, and the men played *kolap* so assiduously every weekday that they had no time to attend to their gardens, and on Saturdays they did not bring in enough food to last till the Monday. The Puritan Sabbath is in full force, and none would dream of breaking it by getting food on Sunday, consequently numbers of children came to school on Monday morning without having had any breakfast. This made them peevish and inattentive, so Mr. Bruce had to complain to the Mamoose, and an edict was issued prohibiting the *kolap* matches on Saturday, and the men were told to go to their gardens on that day as heretofore.

After this particular match two "copper Maoris" were opened. A "copper Maori," or earth-oven, is a large shallow hole in the ground, in which stones are placed and a fire lighted—this makes the stones red hot. "Native food" of various kinds—yams, sweet potatoes, taro, etc.—is wrapped in banana leaves and placed on the hot stones. Small pigs are put in whole. The food is then covered over with leaves, and sometimes mats and earth are heaped over all. In an hour or two the food is cooked to perfection. It is the best method of cooking food, as the juices and flavours are retained.

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The name "copper Maori," or *kōpa Mauri*, as it is here pronounced, is now common all over the Pacific, though this method of cooking has everywhere in the West Pacific its local name, and therefore is an indigenous and not introduced custom. In Torres Straits the earth-oven is called *ame* or *amai*, but the introduced word alone is used when speaking to foreigners. The word *kōpa* is the Maori name for the ordinary earth-oven, or more correctly for the hole in the ground. The similarity of sound between *kōpa* and "copper" has led to the current belief that as the whalers in New Zealand used large coppers for boiling down the blubber, the native method of cooking came to be called "copper Maori," that is, the Maori copper.

By this time a mat was spread apart from the others, to which we were invited along with the two Mamoooses, Ari and Pasi. We had pork, yams, pumpkins and bananas, and green coconuts to drink. Most of the men sat on each side of a long row of mats, the food being placed down the middle. They ate from the packets with their fingers, and munched chunks of roast pork with evident gusto. They gave us plates and knives and forks, but I preferred a banana leaf, native fashion, to a plate. The women and children had their food apart in various family groups.

After all was over the women placed their baskets in two rows and the hosts filled each with an equal amount of raw native food. The party then broke up.

CHAPTER IV

THE MALU CEREMONIES

IN various parts of the world there are very important ceremonies in which the lads are formally received into the community of men. Before undergoing these initiation ceremonies they have no social position, but subsequently they are recognised as men, and are at liberty to marry. There may be numerous grades of rank through which it may take many years to pass, but the first series of ceremonies is all-important.

Initiation ceremonies are observed all over Australia, and throughout the greater part of Melanesia, as well as in portions of the Indonesian Archipelago, not to mention other regions of the earth. It would take too long if I were to attempt even the briefest description and analysis of the various customs connected with these important rites in this quarter of the globe; but the following features are fairly widely spread.

When the lads show by the sprouting hair on the face that they are attaining manhood, their male relations agree that they should be initiated. This ceremony may take place annually or at intervals of two or three years.

The lads are secluded in a tabooed spot in the bush, access to which is strictly prohibited to any non-initiated person. Sacred emblems are frequently shown to the lads; these are often masked men who symbolise some legendary or mystical person or event. Usually a flat, thin piece of wood shaped like a willow leaf is shown to them; this is the so-called bull-roarer. It is fastened to one end of a piece of string, the other being lashed on to a stick. The apparatus is whirled round and round above the head of the operator, and according to its size and shape it makes a buzzing or a humming noise; the movement may be varied by violently lashing it backwards and forwards, when it gives rise to a siren-like shriek. The weird and mysterious sounds issuing from the bush terrify the women and children, who regard

them as the voices of spirits. The secret is soon learnt by the young initiate, who is given a bull-roarer and warned never to show it to a woman or child on penalty of death.

Whatever may be done, or shown, or told to the lads is to be kept secret by them, and by way of emphasising this they are usually frightened in various ways or subjected to severe treatment.

Certain restrictions, or taboos, are generally placed on the lads for a variable time, and during the probationary period they are instructed in the moral code, social customs, and sacred legends of the community, and, in fact, all that it behoves a "man" to know.

Every tribe is composed of several divisions or clans, and it is the rule in Australia and in some parts of Melanesia for each clan to be intimately associated with at least one class of animals, plants, or natural objects. This animal, or whatever it may be, is spoken of as the totem of the clan or individual, and it should be borne in mind that the totem is a species of animal, or plant, not an individual one. Thus all cassowaries, and not any one particular bird, are the totem of the whole cassowary clan, or of each member of that clan. It is the business of the clan relatives of the boy to see that he is duly instructed in the duties and prohibitions that his particular totem imposes on him.

In communities at this stage of culture there are certain definite restrictions as to marriage and intercourse with women. It is now nearly universally the rule that a man may have nothing to do with a woman who belongs to the same totem as himself. In some cases the group from which he may choose his wife is yet more restricted. Any infringement of this rule is a most heinous offence, for the perpetration of which the death penalty may be inflicted on one or both offenders.

Although a tribe may be subdivided into quite a number of clans, these usually fall into two groups. For example, the clan groups of "Eaglehawk" and "Crow" are very widely spread throughout Australia. Members of any particular clan of one tribe have friendly relations with the members of a corresponding clan in another tribe; these two clans may or may not have the same totem, but in either case they are recognised as affiliated.

In the foregoing account I have very briefly sketched some of the main features of a totemic society. It is probable that in its more primitive stage all the members

of a community had an approximately equal position according to their grade and irrespective of their particular clan or totem. We find, however, at the present day that there are various interesting stages of the disintegration of this old social system; especially is this the case in Melanesia.

Speaking in general terms, what seems to happen is as follows. One clan or group becomes more influential than the others and arrogates privileges to its members, who thus constitute a powerful secret society. Although at first membership was restricted to those who were born into the clan, eventually it seems as if anyone who could afford to pay the charges might be admitted.

Other secret societies or clubs would be formed by ambitious men, which might in turn acquire more or less power, or, on the other hand, might prove of no account. Gradually the system breaks down; in Florida, for example, the old men sat and wept over the profanation of the ancient mysteries and the loss of their own power and privilege. In Murray Island true totemism does not exist now, whatever may have been the case in the past; but there is an important *sacred* society or brotherhood, the power of which was broken by the missionaries.

For a long time I had been trying to get the natives of the village of Las, on the eastern side of the island, to give us a demonstration of the ancient initiation ceremonies connected with the Malu cult. All was supposed to be ready on Thursday afternoon, July 28th, so we walked over, but found no preparations made. We were greatly disappointed, and I spoke rather strongly to some of the influential men, but I did not feel at all hopeful as to the result.

Next day, after an early breakfast, I walked to Ulag to inquire after a star-shaped stone club that was used in the old Malu ceremonies; this I borrowed, and also arranged for a similar club and the sacred drum to be brought. Of all the paraphernalia appertaining to this cult only these three implements remain.

In the afternoon matters began to look more lively, and it was soon evident that something was about to happen.

We were taken to the taboo ground at Gazir, and shortly afterwards the men assembled and went through a representation of the first ceremony, at which the sacred masks were shown to the lads (*kersi*) who were to

be initiated. Now no masks remain, and we had to be content with an exceedingly poor counterfeit of what must have been a very awe-inspiring ceremony. There were just sufficient echoes of it, as it were, to enable us to catch something of the old solemnity. The meaning of the reiterated couplet that was sung on this occasion is to the effect that Malu had bad teeth! Could anything be more trivial? It quite pained me when I heard the translation of the chant.



FIG. 2.—The Malu Ceremony at Las.

When this was over we hastened down to the sand beach at Las, and shortly afterwards the second ceremony was performed, very much as I had seen it ten years before. There were many discordant elements in the performance, but these it is now impossible to eliminate.

After this exhibition we spent many days in going over the details of the ceremonies and songs. Information of this kind which appears so simple when written is surprisingly difficult and tedious to collect. It is by no means easy to get the natives to understand precisely what one requires. There is also little doubt that they do not care to speak freely about the sacred rites they

revered in the past. I allude, of course, to the old men, for even the middle-aged know very little of their ancient customs, and the young men nothing at all.

The habit of secrecy was too ingrained to be readily relinquished. In nearly every inquiry of this sort we found there were certain *zogo mer*, or "sacred words," which it was always very difficult to obtain. Sometimes these are magical phrases, as in the charm for making rain, or a formula that was known to but a very few men, like that employed at Tomog Zogo. Naturally the *zogo mer* of the Malu ceremonies were not to be repeated lightly.

There were some sacred words which they disliked mentioning: for example, the culture hero in the "Myth of Origin" of these ceremonies is always spoken of as *Malu*, and this name is known to women and children—it is, in fact, what they call an *au nei*, i.e. a "big" or "general" name; but his real name is *Bomai*—this is the *zogo nei* (sacred name) or *gumik nei* (secret name), which only initiates may learn, and is one of those "unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

On the occasion of my previous visit to Murray Island I quite failed to get models made of the Malu masks, and it was not till the close of the present visit that I could persuade anyone to make us some; but by this time we had worked up a temporary recrudescence of interest in these and other ceremonies, and eventually our good friends Wano and Enocha agreed to make the models for me, but on the understanding that I should give each of them ten shillings, which they particularly requested should be paid in gold, as they wanted to put it in the plate at the annual missionary meeting. I provided them with the requisite cardboard, as it was out of the question to get the masks constructed of turtle-shell ("tortoise-shell") like the originals. Nearly every day one or other came to tell me how well they were getting on, and how pleased I should be with the result; they were evidently hugely delighted with themselves.

One evening, on their way to the weekly prayer-meeting, they brought the masks very carefully hidden, and by this time I was almost as excited as they were. Both models were slightly different from what I expected, but there is no doubt they are as accurate representations of the old masks as it is now possible to obtain. The

face-mask is of open work, painted red, and stuck on it are scattered white feathers. The raised nose is made of beeswax; the eyes are two red seeds; a ring of wax represents the lips. Cardboard models represent the beard of human lower jawbones. Above are feathers of the Torres Straits pigeon and croton leaves. Behind is a model of a turtle.

Next morning I incautiously showed these masks to a woman who happened to be about the place. Later in the day Enocha came to me in a great hurry and besought me not to let any woman see them, and, of course, I respected his wish. This was an interesting proof of the sanctity in which the original was held. The ceremonies had not been held for a quarter of a century, the people are all Christian, and yet even now a woman may not see cardboard models of the tabooed masks!

We had many male visitors to see the masks, and it was quite pathetic to see the expressions of pleasure tempered with sadness manifested by the old men. They shook their heads and clicked, and even the tears started to their eyes. Ichabod!

I seized the opportunity of the possession of these models to induce some of my friends to give us another performance of that part of the Malu ceremony in which masks were worn. Two days before we left the island we went to Kiam, the other taboo ground where the ceremony was held. One year it was held at Gazir, and the following at Kiam, on the opposite side of the island. Gadodo, Kilerup, and another man dressed up, and I had the satisfaction of being able to take a cinematograph picture of the processional dance. The grotesque masks worn by ruddled men, girt with leafy kilts, had a strange effect as they emerged from the jungle, and very weird was the dance in the mottled shade of the tropical foliage, a fantasy in red and green, lit up by spots of sunshine.

In order to give the reader a substantially accurate idea of the Malu ceremonies, I do not propose to describe exactly only what we saw, but I shall endeavour, as briefly as possible, to resuscitate the past. The *kersi*, painted and decorated in a peculiar manner, were marshalled on the taboo ground by some elders; beyond was the round house, in which the emblems were kept. Between the hut and the boys was an avenue of men with long staves, who performed rhythmic movements, which bore some resemblance to those made in energetically

punting a boat. Near the *kersi* sat the drum-beaters, and round about in their allotted places, according to their clans, were former initiates. The *kersi* sat tailor-wise in a semicircle, with hands resting on their legs, feeling very frightened. Suddenly the fearsome procession appeared at the other end of the avenue of men, and the three *Zogole* slowly marched with peculiar movements. They alone wore leafy girdles (it should be remembered that at that time the Torres Straits men invariably went nude, except the performers of certain ceremonies). The head of the first *zogole* was covered with a ruddled turtle-shell mask, representing a human face, which had a beard of human jaw-bones; above the face were leaves and feathers, and hanging from it behind was a painted carapace of a turtle, the latter was supported by a long string by the second *zogole*. The third *zogole* bore a turtle-shell mask representing a hammer-headed shark, on which was a human face; it was provided with human arms and hands, and decorated with leaves, feathers, and turtle-shell figures of birds, frogs, and centipedes. When the *zogole* came to the semicircle of *kersi* they turned round and kicked out behind. They retired and advanced again, and then once more. The sacred words were uttered and the chant sung. The *kersi* were told the hidden name, and they had to make a present of food to the *zogole*.

This was certainly the essential initiation ceremony; it was followed by another, which had not the same sacred character, as women and children were allowed to be present. The latter was, in fact, a public recognition service, an acknowledgment that the *kersi* had been duly initiated, and that henceforth, after the completion of all the ceremonies, they were to rank as members of the fraternity.

The second ceremony took place in the afternoon or early evening on the sand beach between the village of Las and the sea. The spectators sat in a confused crowd along the village fence, the newly initiated lads occupying a prominent position.

The drum-men appearing from behind a point at the southern end of the beach, ran forward and beat their drums with the characteristic staccato rhythm, and as the chant slowly augmented in sound, all the other voices were hushed, and the audience sat motionless in hushed expectancy.

Two or three pairs of *omai le* rushed forward, with

bent body and trailing arms; with their hands they jerked up sand behind them as they ran, ever and again stopping and playing about and jumping over each other after the manner of the dogs they personated.

These were followed by several pairs of *daumer-le*, who, in the intervals of running forward, jumped about in a crouching attitude, and beat their chests with the palms of their hands, thereby imitating the perching and the flapping of the wings of the Torres Straits pigeon (*daumer*).

They were succeeded by a group of *girigirile*. The bird that they personified is a native of New Guinea, but what it is I was unable to discover.

With a whirl and a rush a revolving group of men next swept along the sand beach, the inner circle of young men brandished stone clubs, while the outer circle of old men carried sticks.

These operations were watched by the three *zogole*, who slowly and sedately marched along till they arrived opposite the spectators, and they then stood still. The reddened bodies of the *zogole* were entirely covered with white feathers, and their heads were similarly obscured; each carried five wands in his right hand. Although they were visible to the women, the personality of the *zogole* was supposed to be unknown to them, and should any woman divulge the name of one of the *zogole*, "she die that night."

The old women heaped up food in front of the *zogole*, and the ceremony concluded, as usual, with a big feast.

After initiation the lads underwent a long course of instruction, and had to submit to certain taboos. They were told to make a large garden and build a big house and a fence. They were also instructed in certain agricultural details; for example, one variety of yam, the *ketai*, should be planted beside a big tree and allowed to remain there for four or five years, and clusters of green bananas were to be tied up to form what is known as *sopsop*. They were cautioned not to spend all their time in fishing, and not to steal bananas and yams from other people's gardens, nor to filch anything from another man; neither were they to play any more, nor to talk too much. During the whole of that dry season they were not to cut or dress their hair, to dance or feast or smoke or behave unseemly in any way. If they divulged what happened at the mysteries to any woman

or child or to a man who did not belong to the favoured clans, they were threatened with the penalty of death, and it would have been inflicted too.

One must admit that a course of instruction in the work that men have to do, in addition to information as to rules of conduct, the customs of the tribe and the traditions of the elders, was a training of some importance, and I believe lasted for some eight months. Especially as it occurred at an impressionable age of life, when new ideas and sensations are surging up, and when the fuller life of adult manhood is looming in the immediate future. The emotions of the lads were quickened by the remarkable ceremonies in which they had recently participated, and their minds were kept more or less on the stretch by the knowledge of others yet to follow.

Part of the Malu ceremonies consisted in thoroughly frightening the *kersi* with "Devil belong Malu." This was accomplished by men disguised by being completely covered with coconut and banana leaves, who rushed about making noises by hitting or rubbing together two rough clam shells. The lads were beaten with clubs; sometimes they were merely bruised, but some old men still bear the scars of wounds they received at this time. Naturally the fright the boys then received left a lasting impression on them. They were informed that if they divulged any of the Malu secrets *magur* would kill them. Every man who offended against Malu would also be punished. The *kersi* were also told "no keep word close to heart, he go speak quick; but in big toe, then you keep him long, when grey hair, no speak." In other words they had to bury the secrets deep so that they would not be revealed, even should the lads grow to be old men, but otherwise the secrets might escape. The *kersi* were informed later that the *magur* were not spirits, but only men dressed up. Women and un-initiates had a great dread of *magur*, and the women and children, at all events, believed them to be spirits. They only knew of them by this name; but the *zogo nei*, known only to the initiates, was *Ib*.

It is pretty evident that *magur* was essentially the disciplinary executive of the Malu cult. All breaches of discipline, acts of sacrilege, and the like were punished by *magur*. *Magur* was also the means of terrorising the women and thereby keeping up the fear and mystery of the Malu ceremonies. There is no doubt that this great power was often abused to pay off personal grudges

or for the aggrandisement or indulgence of the Malu officials.

The life of the Torres Straits Islanders was at all times hedged in with observances, for the powers of the unseen world are very real to savages, and most of the ordinary events in Nature have to be supplemented by magical processes. Indeed, the magic connected with planting is as essential as is the agricultural process itself, and without certain specific magical rites it would be foolish to expect abundant crops of fruit or success in fishing.

It is difficult for us to realise the awe and reverence that were felt by these people for these sacred ceremonies, and it must be admitted that this intense feeling, combined as it was with reticence and discipline, had a strong educative effect on the people. For this reason, if for no other, these ceremonies are worthy of a very careful study. Whatever tends to take a man out of himself and to weld him into a solidarity, limited though that may be, is an upward step in the slow and laborious evolution of man, and deserves our sympathetic respect.

The paraphernalia of nearly every ceremony of all peoples are generally foolish, and often grotesque, to the outsider; but they awaken deep religious sentiment in the true believer, who, when duly instructed, beholds in them a symbolism that visualises the sacred legends and aspirations of his community. There cannot be the least doubt that these sentiments exist among so-called savages, and those who scoff at their ceremonies thereby condemn themselves.

CHAPTER V

ZOGOS AND MUMMIES

WE all like to know what has happened recently, or what will probably take place in the immediate future, and so we read the daily paper to learn the news. Savages, after all, are not very different in many ways from ourselves, and they, too, want to know what is going on. Although our Murray Island friends had no written language, and consequently could have no newspapers, they managed to invent a system for finding out about things which appeared to answer their purpose admirably—at all events they were very proud of it. The cynical might hazard a suggestion that the news imparted by the Murray Island oracle was not appreciably more fallible than that which appears in many of our newspapers.

I discovered the old Murray Island oracle ten years ago, and being anxious to renew my acquaintance with *Tomog Zogo*, as it is called, we went to have a look at it; but we found it dreadfully overgrown with vegetation. I grubbed about for some time, but gave it up as hopeless till we had some help; so we went on to visit some other relics of the past. As we were going through the bush to see a garden *zogo* stone that had "come by itself" from Erub, thirty miles off, we came across a party of men who had been collecting wood to burn the lime for the new church. They were having a "spell" and eating in groups; then some of them began to dance the Rotuma dance that they so often practised, and which they intended to perform on the occasion of the opening of the new church at Erub. It was pleasingly unexpected to come suddenly upon a convivial group of twenty to thirty men. We chatted, joked, and passed on.

Next morning I sent the sergeant, Jimmy Dei, and some policemen to cut away the bamboos and undergrowth that obstructed *Tomog Zogo*, and Ray and I spent a long afternoon in mapping it. We placed two long bamboos east and west along each side of the large

group of stones that constitute the *zogo*. Then we tied taut strings across from the one to the other bamboo at intervals of two feet. Next we marked on a sheet of squared paper the positions of the bamboos and strings, each square of the paper representing six square inches on the ground; there were thus four squares between each two lines of string on the paper. Ray measured the distance of every stone from the nearest bamboo and string, and thus I was able to put down each stone on paper with a very fair degree of accuracy.

The following afternoon we all went to the *zogo*. We learnt the names of the stones, and then at our request the *zogo* men placed themselves in the right position and attitude for consulting the *zogo*, and then they were photographed. It was very suggestive to see the reverent affection the old men had for the *zogo*, and they seemed gratified at the care with which it had been cleaned and mapped.

This famous *zogo* consists of a collection of stones, on each of which was formerly placed a large shell, usually a great *Fusus* or a helmet-shell; each stone, with its shell, represented a village or a district of the island. A little way off was a single stone and shell that stood for the whole island. Divination was accomplished by the voices and movements of birds, lizards, insects, or the appearance of natural objects. Anything that happened to the separate stone and shell concerned all the inhabitants of the island; but anything that happened to one of the grouped stones and shells related only to the man or men who lived in the house or district represented by that particular stone and shell. There was thus a means for both analysis and synthesis.

At the eastern end of the group of stones were a large number of giant-clam shells; many were concentrically arranged, and formerly there were more of them, the smaller within the larger, so that the whole must have looked like a huge white rosette, and safely ensconced in the centre was a small star-shaped stone, the *zogo* itself; the concentric clam shells formed the "house of the *zogo*." In other words, the small stone was the oracle, the clam shells were its shrine. *Tomog Zogo* acted as *The Police News*, *The Hue and Cry*, and a morning newspaper, with a little prophesying thrown in.

A very limited number of men belonged to this *zogo*, and they consulted it only at daybreak, "small fellow daylight." Those who came to inquire of the oracle

would stand up in a particular spot and say, "Tomog Zogo, you know everything, tell us the truth." After they had asked the definite question for which they required an answer, they sat down on some leaves, with their legs crossed under them, with their closed fists on their knees.

It is a fixed belief amongst most savage peoples that no one gets ill or even dies from natural causes, but that all these misfortunes are due to magic, and it is necessary to find out who perpetrated this evil. Supposing, for example, someone in the island was sick; the friends of the invalid would approach the men who belonged to *Tomog Zogo*, and would ask them to find out who had brought this misfortune on their friend. Next morning the *zogo* men would start before sunrise, and would ask the *zogo*, "Who made So-and-so sick? where does he live?"

Then the inquirers would sit down in a row and wait. By-and-by a lizard might come out of one of the shells; this would indicate the house where the man lived, and later, by means of careful inquiries in the village, they would try to discover who he was. When they had satisfied themselves, they would tell him to take his sorcery stone and to put it in the sea. As the stone was cooled by the water, so the patient would recover from his illness. Whether the man had made sorcery or not, he would always own to it and do as he was told, partly to save trouble and partly because he was pleased to have the reputation of being able to perform this kind of magic.

The *Tomog Zogo* was also consulted if a man was very ill, in order to find out whether he would recover. If a dead lizard was seen, he would be expected to die, and it is pretty certain he would do so.

It was the custom to attend the *zogo* every morning to discover if anything was going to happen. If a spider's web was seen hanging on the bushes, it would foretell the appearance of a white man's ship coming from the direction in which the web was hanging.

The appearance of a certain wild fowl would foretell the approach of a canoe from that particular quarter whence the fowl emerged from the bush, and its behaviour would indicate how soon the canoe might be expected.

If a red spot was seen on a leaf it would mean a fight, and its position would show whence the danger would come.

When an evil-smelling fungus sprang up within the area of stones there would be a famine, or a scarcity of yams.

Should a stream of ants come from the bush to the northward of the *zogo*, the diviners would expect a visit from the natives of the mainland of New Guinea, and if the ants carried their cocoons (the so-called "ants' eggs") in their mouths, it would mean that the men would bring some sago with them.

If there was no "news," nothing would happen.

Supposing the *zogo* was consulted for a definite purpose and no answer was vouchsafed. The men would sit watching patiently till the sun was high, then they would consult together, and probably would agree that the absence of response indicated a "big sick," and that some sickness or epidemic was in store for the island.

The Mamoose promised to give us a private rehearsal of *Tomog Zogo* the next morning at daybreak. I was up in time, but he did not come. I had a little talk with him later in the day, and the following morning he arrived, and one or two of us went just before sunrise in the "old-time fashion." We told the Mamoose we were anxious for the speedy arrival of the Mission vessel, the *Nieue*, and wanted to know when she was coming. We heard some birds twittering in the bushes, which Mamoose gravely assured us meant a boat was approaching. After sitting a long time on dew-bespangled dead leaves, we retired. The chief point of interest to me was the fact that the steady-going old chief, who had long been a deacon of the church, was still a believer in this famous *zogo* to which he and his ancestors belonged, and whilst he was sitting motionless in the old spot and intently gazing at the *zogo* and listening for the message from the birds, the church bell was ringing summoning the people to the early morning prayer-meeting.

Later in the day George Rotuma's lugger came in and brought us a mail, so the birds had not twittered in vain.

On the opposite side of Murray Island from the Mission Station is the village of Las, perhaps the largest and most important village in the island in former times. As it was the main centre of the ancient Malu ceremonies, I thought it would be well for me to stay there for a day or two. So in the afternoon of Wednesday, May 18th, Rivers and I walked over along the new road, made by prison labour, that skirts the greater part of the island.

Rivers went with me, as he wanted to see if it would be practicable to take some psychological apparatus over there to test those people who would not, or could not, come across to us.

We had a pleasant walk. The faithful Pasi accompanied us, as did Gadodo, Pasi's cousin and our host. We found Gadodo had a large grass house of the now usual South Sea type—that is, oblong, with one doorway and no other opening. In the interior, along the end walls, were bamboo stagings, about three to four feet from the ground, which served as beds. All the houses of the eastern islanders were formerly circular and quite small. There is only one beehive house remaining in Murray Island. After we had deposited our luggage in the house, we had the usual drink of coconut water, and squatted on a mat by Mrs. Gadodo's side to have a chat. Then we had a walk along the sand beach. Our dinner consisted of a plate of boiled sweet potatoes, bananas, and pumpkin, all mixed up together, with a coconut for drink.

After the evening meal we sat on mats by the light of lamps in the village inclosure, and yarned and played "cat's cradle." Soon the bell sounded for prayers, and Enocha came with his service-book, and several others gathered together. Pasi started the hymn, read the lesson, and prayed, of course, all in Murray Island language.

Very soon after this the small boys arranged themselves round some branched posts which had been planted in the sand so as to inclose an oval space, and clamoured for *tama*. *Tama* is a sort of market that was said to have been introduced here by Loyalty Islanders, and appears now to be firmly established, though its popularity waxes and wanes from time to time. I heard of it ten years before, but never witnessed it, so I was very pleased at the present opportunity.

A crowd soon collected, made up chiefly of children, and a fire was lit in the centre of the area. We sat apart, as this was our first appearance at a *tama*. There was a great deal of noise and fun going on. The game is as follows. The players bring firewood (*i.e.* coconut-palm leaves and other fuel) and food; the "master" (of ceremonies) goes round the circle, standing in front of each player in turn. The latter holds up the object he has brought, saying, "*Tama*," and mentions what he holds up. The "master" asks, "Where did you get

this? " And a reply is made which is supposed to be a true answer, but as a laugh often followed, I suspect some humbugging went on. This took some time. Then a prayer was made!—why, I don't know; it seemed very comical in a game—and then "New man, new man!" was shouted out, and Pasi, Rivers, and I went into a circle near the fire, and a small mat was placed there too. Several brought us coconuts as a present, which were placed on the mat. Then the "master" pointed a glowing fire-stick at me, and said words to this effect: "You see this fire-stick; you go home and look after wife belong you. If you do not bring firewood and food next time, you will be thrown into the sea." The *tama* concluded after Rivers had been similarly introduced, and Rivers and I very shortly turned in, as we were very tired; but Pasi stayed up, as he wanted to hear the small boys practise their songs!

We were up early next morning, and got the local legend of the disreputable Iruam from Pasi and Gadodo. Soon after an early breakfast of wild sweet potatoes and green coconuts, and an attendance at morning prayers, I took my camera and note-book, and went along the beach to pick up some information of which I had previously gained clues.

Soon after starting I heard about an ancient fighting custom associated with *Ziriam Zogo*, at a place called Meket. There was a turtle-shell mask, which no woman was allowed to see, that was kept in a hole in the rock. I asked Pasi to sketch the mask for me in the sand; then I asked another man to do so. Of course I did not let either look at the other man's representation until they had finished. As I found they differed, I made further inquiries, and found that an old man named Wano, who lived close by, knew all about the ceremony; so he was fetched, and he drew a diagram on the sand. By dint of much questioning and pantomimic action, I found out something about the ceremony and the character of the mask. This consisted of a turtle-shell face, with pearl-shell eyes surmounted by a turtle-shell crescent about three feet across, decorated on each horn with a black-tipped feather of the white Torres Straits pigeon and two seed rattles. Attached to the chin of the mask was a rope about six feet long, to which a large number of human lower jawbones were tied. Before I left Murray Island Wano made a rough wooden model of the mask for me.

After a fight a number of men would come here with bows and arrows and clubs, especially with the former. The men formed a circle and danced with appropriate shooting gestures; two men, painted red and wearing dance-petticoats, danced in crouching attitudes in the centre, and all sang a weird song. One of the central dancers would wear the mask and would carry in his right hand a club, and in his left a bleeding, decapitated human head. The other man supported the rope of human jawbones.

At the back of my old friend Mamai's house at Warwe was a shrine of stones and shells, on which were two stones called *Zabarker*. *Zabarker* was formerly a woman who came from New Guinea, and Mamai told me her short but not very edifying story. She is now a somewhat pyramidal black stone resting on a saucer-shaped stone of granite, which represents her canoe. The upper stone is a piece of the local lava, but the granite occurs only in the western islands, some hundred and twenty miles or more away, or in the hill of Mabudauan, in New Guinea, also about the same distance from Murray Island. I now find there are quite a number of these foreign stones in the island, which evidently point to some forgotten migration from, or former intercourse with, the western islands.

A little farther along the coast is the ancient and efficacious *Wag Zogo*, at the small cape called Tur Pit. In a sandy-bottomed recess in a block of lava on the foreshore lie an oval and a spherical granitic boulder, named respectively *Neiu* and *Sager*. Some four or five men used to take a number of plants called *geribe* and coconut leaves, which they pointed repeatedly at the stones, and "a big wind" would immediately come from the south-east. As long as the leaves remained there, so long would the wind continue. Here again we find foreign stones, which I was informed came from New Guinea, but they must have come from the Western Islands. I asked if they could make a south-east wind during the north-west monsoon, but I was informed that the ceremony could only be done during the south-east season. In this, as in other cases, I found that the impossible was never attempted. A rain charm would not be made when there was not expectation of rain coming, or a south-east wind raised during the wrong season.

The sun beat fiercely on the sand beach, and the heat

and glare, combined with the talking and excitement, tired us much, so we went back to Las and lay down for an hour or two in the cool, dark house. After another meal of boiled yams and a coconut drink, I went along the shore in the opposite direction and photographed an oblong stone on the beach, that was once a man named *Iruam*, who deservedly came to a bad end.

An old dancing-ground, *Dam*, associated with the Malu ceremonies, was next visited. It was situated to the north-east of Las in the bush, a few yards from the beach. This was overgrown by vegetation, so we set to work and cleared it. A quadrangular area of shells, mostly the large *Fusus*, amongst which were five stones, was laid bare. This had a general N.N.W. to S.S.E. direction. At right angles to this group of shells was a series of stones, arranged like a fish-hook extending for a distance of about fourteen feet. About fifteen feet to the south-east was another stone, *Goi*. Three of the stones were foreign; all the remainder were, I believe, local stones—two of them were blocks of coral.

When this particular ceremony was carried on, a taboo was put for some distance on each side of the sand beach to warn off all unauthorised persons. The four officiating men mixed the ashes of a scented root with oil in a couple of shells; two of them held the shells while the other two anointed the initiates between the first two toes and on the knee and shoulder of the right side. These men next held a large *Fusus* shell in each hand, the first two stood side by side, the second two crouched behind them, and a number of pairs of men crouched behind these; this double row formed up between *Goi* and the other stones. On the opposite, or north-west, side of the island-stones the *kersi* clung in fright round the three *zogole*, who stood close together.

Finally all went and jumped in the sea; after swimming about for a short time the *kersi* were rubbed with coconut oil and painted in a particular manner and given a pigeon's feather to wear. The boys were shown the stones and told their names, and were informed that they were placed there by Malu. There can be little doubt that these stones formed a kind of map, or chart, for the instruction of the youths, and to impress upon them the wanderings of Malu on his voyage to Murray Island. I could not help recalling a parallel instance to this that occurred during my former visit to Murray Island, when the white missionary was instructing, by

means of a map, the young native teachers in the three journeys of St. Paul.

We next went up the hill to Gazir, where, in a thicket of bamboos, the first of the Malu ceremonies was held. These ceremonies have already been dealt with. There is no doubt that if reliable information is to be obtained on sacred customs, one must go to the very spot where the ceremony took place in order to gain it, for not only does a right comprehension often depend on a knowledge of local conditions, but the place itself, by the association of ideas, recalls incidents to the narrator's memory.

On our way back we met Seligman, who had come across to join us. We had the usual meal of boiled yams and coconuts. Prayers were followed by another *tama*, which was a little better than that of the night before. Pasi and I joined the circle, and Seligman was left outside. When the "master" came round to me I showed a piece of firewood, which I threw into the fire, then I said "*Tama*—" (the native name for the variety of cooked yam Pasi had given me; I have forgotten what it was). The "master" said, "Who gave it you?" and I said, "My wife in England cooked it for me," at which there was a laugh. Then I held up a coconut Gadodo had given me, and lastly some tobacco, a piece of which I gave to the "master." Thus I fulfilled the injunction laid upon me the previous night, and I was not ducked in the sea. When the round was finished a prayer was offered, and Seligman was next admitted as Rivers and I previously had been. After this preliminary ceremony a sort of auction, or market, is supposed to take place; but these were very small *tamas*, and very little trading was done. Bruce tells me that at large *tamas* a great deal of buying and selling may occur, and good prices are often realised. As in some other matters, the natives overdo *tama*, and rivalry in buying food results in the paralysing of ordinary routine daily work.

After *tama* I persuaded Enocha and another man to sing to me. Both belonged to the *zagareb* group, the members of which used formerly to beat the drum and sing the songs at the ceremonies; they were, in fact, the bards of the islands. One quite beautiful mournful couplet was a funeral dirge for a deceased Malu initiate.

Another Malu chant, which ran as follows—"O welwa, O lelelewar, O welwatamera, O gulabatamera, O wei—wei, wei—wei," etc., sounded most pathetic, and led one

to expect a suitable meaning; but the translation, so far as I could make out, is—"O feathers! O yams! O feathered stone-club! O dry banana leaf!"

We were then interrupted by a "play." The people from our side of the island had come over to give a return performance, and with them had come Ontong, our cook. Two of the men had painted their faces a bright pale red, and one or two lads and lassies had only one side of the face so ruddled. They had but one song, the sole words of which were—

"Oh you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you won't go to heaven when you die."

This was sung *ad nauseam*. Usually they sang it "You mussa be," which sounded like "You mustn't be." To this song various tricks were performed, and the serious polka which I have already described was danced to a very simple tune. The tricks consisted of string puzzles, turning round under one's arm, the hand of which was resting on a stick, and the following well-known riddle: "Add five to six and make nine." Six strokes ||||| were made in the sand, and the spokesman said the village would belong to him if no one could guess it. He then came up to me, and in a loud whisper said it was not meant for me, and besought me not to disclose the answer. Of course I did not dream of giving the show away. No one gave the answer, which, of course, was the addition of five strokes \ \ ≡ to the others to make N I N E. I was not sure whether the hosts did not know the answer, or whether those who did were too polite to give it. There was also a sham boxing-match. I found afterwards the Las people did not think very much of the performance.

DAUAR

Dauar consists mainly of two hills. The geologist recognises in these parts of an ancient volcano, but the natives have a different opinion concerning their origin. Two women of Dauar, named Pepker and Ziaino, had a race in the making of mud-pies with the object of deciding who could make the largest heap. Ziaino was soon tired, and called out, "You no finish? I finish now." And that is why Kebe Dauar is such a small hill. I will conclude the story in the words in which it was told to

me. "Him (Pepker) he sing out, 'I no finish now.' Make him, make him, make him that hill. He finish, he sing out, 'I finish now.' " Pepker is now a rude stone figure, nearly a foot in height, and at the present time, together with several other "Lot's wife" stones, is in the collection at Cambridge.

We paid several visits to Dauar, but, not to be tedious, I will only describe one. We sailed across in the early morning with Pasi, Smoke and his wife, and one or two others. On landing we were met by Keriba, and after

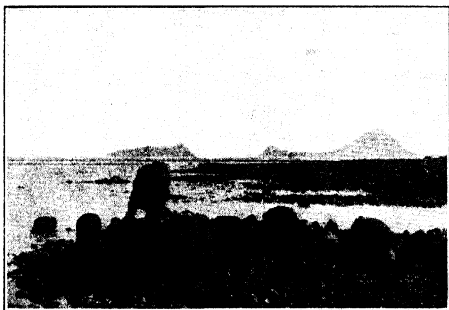


FIG. 3.—The Islands of Waier and Dauar, with a Fish Shrine in the Foreground.

knocking down and eating a little wild fruit, which, by the way, was scarcely worth the effort, we sat in the welcome shade of some umbrageous trees close to the beach and listened to a couple of legends of local heroes told by Keriba. One related to an old man named Iriam Moris, whose appetite and capacity would be the envy of the most "aldermanic" of City fathers. On one occasion he ate four large shellfuls of small fish, an immense king-fish, which was really a metamorphosed lad named Geigi, and he finished off with the fish-trap, cooking-stones, firewood, and ashes—in fact, all he could lay hands on; and in the terse jargon of that part of the world: "He kaikai (*i.e.* eat) so much, he can't walk about; he lay like a stone. He say 'I feel good now' " ! Later Geigi's mother killed Iriam Moris and resuscitated

her son. During this narration we were sitting on a slightly convex rock that was all but covered with sand, but was none other than the "big belly" of Iriam Moris.

We walked through beautiful and luxuriant scrub and native gardens and visited a *zogo* in a garden in the saddle between the two hills. The whole of the low land of the island has been more or less cultivated, so there is no old jungle anywhere; but it is all the owners of the land can do to prevent the rampant vegetation from overrunning their gardens of yams and sweet potatoes or smothering the bananas. It requires a more facile pen than I can wield and a better knowledge of plants than I possess adequately to describe such

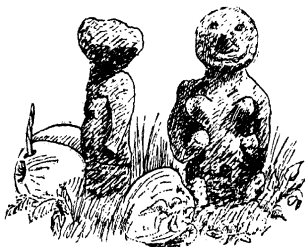


FIG. 4.—Ziai Neur Zogo.
A Therapeutic Shrine.

scenes. As is usually the case in most of the uncultivated tropical districts I have seen, there were but few flowers, and these were of no special beauty; but this is partly made up for by the varied form and hue of the green foliage and by the bold contrasts of light and shade that result from vertical sunshine. The smooth broad leaves of the bananas above and of aroids below give the eye welcome "areas of repose" amid the multiplicity of detail and the unceasing struggle for mastery that almost oppress one in tropical vegetation.

The *zogo*, which was one object of our walk, was called *Ziai Neur*, that is, "the girl of the south-west," but why this was her name I could not discover. The *zogo* consisted of two images, male and female, roughly

carved out of vesicular lava. When a man has a "bad sick" they take the fluid of a green coconut and wet the image with it, and the patient gets well. After Wilkin had photographed them, I tried to purchase them from a man named Billy who had been working in a garden close by, and came to see what we were about. Billy refused to part with them. Pasi quietly told me that as this garden belonged to Billy's wife and not to him, I should deal with the lady directly, and consequently Billy had nothing to do with it. The next day Pasi communicated with her, and the woman was willing to let me have the *zogo*; but the man was obdurate, and they had a quarrel over it. Eventually I had to forgo the transaction, as it did not answer my purpose to have any unfriendly feeling springing up with regard to ourselves or our work.

Most of the shrines we visited on this and other occasions looked at first sight like confused masses of shells and stones. The preliminary business was to cut down overhanging branches, creepers, and the undergrowth generally, then to clear away the dead leaves and other rubbish. When this was done a certain amount of order became apparent. Occasionally a few stones required to be placed upright, or broken ones put together. The best view for the photograph had to be carefully chosen, and further clearing of the foliage was generally necessary; sometimes branches of trees a little way off had to be lopped if they cast distracting shadows. Usually little twigs, leaves, or tiny plants had to be removed from the ground or from between the stones and shells, so as not to unnecessarily complicate the picture.

When all was ready the photograph was taken, as usual by Wilkin; and we sat down, and a native told me the "storia" connected with it. This I wrote down as nearly as I could in his own words, or at all events with some phrases verbatim. It was most interesting to hear these yarns on the spot, told by natives who believed in them. In some cases we have brought away the chief stone so that it can be exhibited in the museum along with a photograph of it *in situ*. We could not always buy the stone, as sometimes the natives were not willing to part with it, and never did we take anything without permission or without full payment.

We crossed the island and came out in the bay named Sauriad, which is mentioned in the chief legend of these islands as being where Malu fled after he had been

entrapped on the sand spit. At one spot, named Orme, there is the important *U zogo*, or coconut shrine. Only old men officiated here; they rubbed themselves with the fluid from a coconut, and this made the palms productive. The *zogo* now consists of a few large clam shells on some rocks. One larger *kaper* tree had a great *Fusus* stuck into it, round which the bark had partially grown; under a smaller *zom* tree were two large blocks of stone, on which were one or two giant clam shells. I do not know if there was anything further. We visited two other *zogos*, but there was nothing of interest about them or anything worth photographing.

The most satisfactory translation of the word *zogo* is "holy" or "sacred"; or a holy or sacred spot such as an oracle or a shrine for magical rites; or a potent object or charm. As in all primitive religions, holiness is not an ethical idea; indeed, as Robertson Smith points out in his *Religion of the Semites*, "at the Canaanite shrines the name of 'holy' was specially appropriated to a class of degraded wretches devoted to the most shameful practices of a corrupt religion." *Zogo* does not mean "tabooed," or "prohibited," as the Miriam word for that idea is *gelar*.

When walking along a sand beach at the western end of the island we saw, close in shore, very dense shoals of small fish, locally called *tup*. At one spot two small sharks were preying on them, and wherever a shark swam there was a band of clear water, and the yellow sand could be seen beneath; elsewhere the water was solidly black with fish. It reminded me of a certain town-and-gown row in my undergraduate days, when the market-place was a dense mass of men, mainly undergraduates, but wherever the proctors moved there was always a clear space around them.

WAIER

Waier is a remarkable island, consisting of a crescentic, greatly fissured wall of volcanic ash, with the upper edge pinnacled and battlemented like an old castle. In the hollow of the crescent is a narrow sand beach, behind which, close to the rocks, is a little vegetation.

Shortly after we had rounded the southern point of the island, and were walking along the bay, we came to a black stone about fifteen inches in length lying broken in the grass, on a heap of stones and shells at the foot of

the cliff. We stuck it upright and cleared away the weeds, in order to get a photograph of the gentleman, who is named *Waipem*, but who after all has no particular shape, though a little pit on each side of the head does duty for the eyes. Formerly the men who belonged to this *zogo* erected in front of the image three bamboos like a football goal, on the crossbar of which were hung various kinds of fruit, and "man think inside himself, 'If we give you plenty fruit I think you give us plenty turtle.'" They would then go to the two points of the island and look out for the turtles, which would be sure to come. This little ceremony was only performed about January—that is, during the turtle season.

In a small cave a little further on were two slabs, which represented two women called *Au kosker* ("big women"). Their heads had fallen off; one had been much battered by the sea, but the other was in a better state of repair, and some white paint indicated the eyes, nose, and mouth. We replaced this head, but could not repair the other, which we placed by the side of the body.

So far as I could make out, all the *Au kosker* ever did was to come out in the night-time and dance in a circle on the sand beach, waving and crossing their arms. *Waiet* used to look at them and beat a drum; after that the two ladies retired to their cave.

I had previously heard about *Waiet*, and took this opportunity of finding out more about him. Whatever he was supposed to be in ancient times, *Waiet* was until recently represented by a turtle-shell human effigy about four feet in height that was kept in a cave high up in the *Au kes*, the large central fissure of *Waier*. At the time of the *Waiet* ceremony the fraternity assembled on the sand spit, which is also called *Waiet*, and yarned about the lads (*kersi*) who were about to be initiated. Most of the men then walked round the southern side of the island to the tabooed ground. Three sacred men (*zogole*) took *Waiet* from his cave and placed him on a small column-like stone, which was pointed out to us. The stone is now overshadowed by vegetation, and there are still to be seen the great *Fusus* shells that radiated from it; but formerly the place was clear, and *Waiet* could be seen from afar. A *zogole* stood on each side of the image.

The lads who were to be initiated into this *zogo* were

brought from the sand spit round by the north side of the island and hidden behind a great mass of rock that had fallen from the cliff. When the proper time came, two men were sent by the *zogole* to fetch the *kersi*, who came kneeling and laden with presents of coconuts, bananas, and yams. Each *kersi* had in his mouth a large white shell painted red, which protruded from his lips. The boys had to traverse some eighty or ninety yards on their knees from their hiding-place to the shrine of Waïet. These Waïet ceremonies lasted for a fortnight, during which time there was more or less continuous singing and drum-beating.

MUMMIES

The natives of Erub and the Murray Islands frequently used to make mummies of their dead relatives. The details of the process need not be narrated here. The wizened corpse, which might almost have been made of papier-mâché, so light was it, was lashed to a bamboo framework; it was painted red, and pieces of mother-of-pearl from a nautilus shell were inserted in the orbits, a round spot of black beeswax serving for a pupil. Finally the mummy was decked with various ornaments. When it was complete and inodorous a final feast would be provided, and it would be suspended in the house. There the mummy would remain, swinging with every breath of wind and turning its gleaming eyes with each movement of the head, until it fell to pieces with old age.

When the body crumbled away word was sent to the friends to come and assist in cutting off the head. A big feast was held, and a man who was skilled in making portrait faces in beeswax on skulls was also present. Later the artist made the wax model of the deceased's face; anyhow, the length of the nose was accurate, as immediately after death the length of the nose was measured with a piece of wood, which was safely kept for the purpose of securing the right proportion of the imitation nose.

When the face was finished the head was given to the nearest male relative. The men then cried. Later it was taken to the women, who also had a good cry. The inevitable feast followed, at which the artist received a large share of food.

The modelled and decorated skulls of relatives were kept probably partly for sentimental reasons, as the

people are of an affectionate disposition, and like to have memorials of deceased friends, but mainly for divinatory purposes.

A duly decorated skull when properly employed became a divining *zogo* of remarkable powers, and was mainly used in discovering a thief, or the stolen article, or a man who had by means of sorcery made someone sick. But this could only be done by *beizam le*, or members of the shark group, who were also members of the Malu fraternity. All who engaged in this hunt went in the early evening to the *zogo* house, and one of the *zogole* took the Malu mask and put it on, repeating a certain formula. After leaving the house, the *zogole* carried the skull in front of him, and all marched with a particular gait till they heard a kind of grasshopper called *kitoto*, and they rushed in the direction from which the noise proceeded. One particular *kitoto* was believed to guide the men to the house of the offender. Should the men lose the right direction the *kitoto* would wait for them to come up, ever and again making its sound, "Sh, sh." Ultimately they were led to a house, and this must, of course, according to their ideas, be the house of the malefactor.

It was of no use for the man to deny the evil deed, for *kitoto* had found him out; and, moreover, the *beizam le* were so powerful that it was as much as his life was worth to resist. If he happened to be a *beizam le* himself he might try to brazen it out among his friends; but if he was an outsider it would be useless, and he would have to pay the fine.

I was naturally anxious to obtain one of these divining heads; even by the time of my former visit they had all been done away with—at least, so I was informed. I had therefore to be content to have a model made for me.

First a skull had to be procured—and for other reasons I was very desirous of making a collection of skulls; but it was long before I could obtain any (I am referring now to my former visit), though I constantly said, "Me fellow friend belong you fellow. 'Spose you get me head belong dead man, I no speak. 'Spose you get him, I no savvy what name you catch him, that business belong you fellow. What for I get you fellow trouble?"

Eventually I came across a man who volunteered to get me some, and I promised to give him sixpence per head; or, as I put it to him, "One head belong dead man he sixpence, one head belong dead man he sixpence ;

you savvy? " and as I spoke I touched and turned down, native fashion, the fingers of the left hand, beginning with the little finger. He understood perfectly.

Next day he brought me a basket of skulls, and he could tell me the names of some of them, too! As he handed out one skull and mentioned a man's name, I noticed that the nursemaid of the missionary's wife, who was standing by, looked rather queer; but as it was none of my business, I took no notice. Later I found that the skull in question belonged to the girl's uncle! I do not believe she objected to my having the skull, but that the other man should have the sixpence



FIG. 5.—Divining Skulls.

—the money had gone out of the family. When paying the man I ticked off each skull on the fingers of my left hand, and paid for it; but I had not enough sixpences, and so gave him half a crown for five skulls. At this he looked very askance, although I assured him the payment was quite correct. Fortunately Bruce was standing by, and said he would give him five sixpences for it at the store.

Hearing one day, during my former stay at Murray, that a woman had died, and being grieved at the particular circumstances attending her death, I determined to pay my visit of condolence. After dark I went to the village where she had lived, and found her laid on the beach with her head to the sea, and clothed in her best dress and wearing her new hat, all her fancy calico being

laid on the body. The husband was sitting at the head, and close by were several men, women, and children laughing and chattering over their evening meal. Then the brother came up and bent over the body, wailing and sobbing.

Shortly afterwards a canoe was brought to convey the corpse to a more populous village, so that they might have a good cry.

Then I saw one of the most impressive sights it has yet been my lot to witness. It was a beautiful tropical moonlight night, the sand beach being illuminated with soft whiteness by the moon, and countless stars glittered overhead. On one side the strand was bordered by the gently lapping waves of the calm ocean, and on the other by a grove of coconut palms, their grey stems, arising from a confused shadow of undergrowth, topped by sombre feathery crowns, a peaceful adjunct to a scene of sorrow, and the antithesis of the ghastly mockeries of the funeral plumes of the professional upholstery, which have only lately been abolished in England. A small crowd of some twenty or so of us were walking along the beach with the noiseless footfall of bare feet, keeping abreast of the canoe, which, with its sad freight, was poled along by the husband at one end, and the brother at the other. As I saw the black silhouette of the canoe and its crew against the moonlit sky and sea, silently gliding like a veritable shadow of death, and heard the stillness of the air broken by the moaning of the bereaved ones, my mind wandered back thousands of years, and called up ancient Egypt carrying its dead in boats across the sacred Nile—there with pomp, ceremony, and imagery, here with simplicity, poverty, and stern realism.

At length we came to the village, the inclosure of which was covered with family groups, mothers with babies surrounded by their families, and many a little one was laid asleep upon the sand, well wrapped up to keep off the flies.

The corpse was carried to a clear space, and again the gay trappings of life were spread over the dead. An old woman, I believe the deceased's mother, came to the head, and sitting down, bent over the body and commenced wailing. Then on all sides the cry was taken up, mainly by the groups of women who by this time had taken their places round the dead. As one dropped out, another would join in, and so with varying accessions

in volume, occasionally dying away to all but silence, the mournful sound continued through the night, rising and falling in weird manner, recalling to my memory the keening I had heard in far-away Kerry eighteen months previously.

Then I left them. The dead one surrounded by a changing circle of weeping women; beyond, the family groups each illumined by its own flickering fire, babies asleep, children playing, adults talking, young men laughing, and a little love-making taking place in the background; and above all the quiet, steady, bright face of the moon impassively gazing, like Fate, on the vicissitudes of human life.

CHAPTER VI

KIWAI AND MAWATA

THE Kiwai people are somewhat different from the Torres Straits islanders in appearance and customs; their skin is very slightly lighter, and the nose is more arched; they do not use ceremonial masks except for the final stage of initiation, and they build long houses. There are other differences which need not now be mentioned. I think it is very probable that they came down the Fly River and drove some at least of the pre-existing population before them.

A very interesting feature about the Kiwai natives is that they are still in a totemistic stage of culture; in other words, their social life is bound up with a reverence for certain natural objects. A community is composed of certain clans, each of which is associated with a particular class of object; it may be a crocodile, a croton, or a pandanus tree. The animal or bird, or even an inanimate object, is the *nurumara*, as they call it, of every member of that clan, and a representation of that *nurumara* or totem is often worn on the person or carved on objects or otherwise employed as a kind of armorial bearings.

The following is a list of all the totems I have been able to record from Kiwai Island :—

<i>Sibara</i> , crocodile.	<i>Abiomabio</i> , mangrove.
<i>Diwari</i> , cassowary.	<i>Oso</i> , croton or dracæna.
<i>Demaury-uru</i> , a cat-fish.	<i>Oi</i> , coconut palm.
<i>Soko</i> , nipa palm.	<i>Dudu-mabu</i> , a reed.
<i>Korobe</i> , a crab that lives in the nipa palm.	<i>Gagari-mabu</i> , a small variety of bamboo.
<i>Mabere-uru</i> , a tree.	<i>Duboro-mabu</i> , pandanus.
<i>Bud-uru</i> , a kind of fig tree.	<i>Nowai-dua</i> , Polynesian chestnut.
	<i>Noora</i> , a stone.

There is a remarkably disproportionate number of plant to animal totems, which is very unusual, and even one of these latter, *korobe*, is associated with *soko*, the

nipa palm being the main totem, while the crab that inhabits it appears to be subsidiary.

I have previously drawn attention to the large number of decorative designs on objects from the Fly River and neighbouring coast of New Guinea that are derived from plants. As we had then no information on the subject, I did not venture to offer an explanation, though I did suggest that the decorative employment of animals in Torres Straits and in the Louisiades and neighbouring islands was due to totemism. The distinctive character of the decorative art of this region can now be similarly explained.

Totemism has a restricted distribution in British New Guinea. We could find no trace of it in the Central District either among the Motu stock or among the hill-tribes that we visited. Sir William Macgregor has recently stated that it is prevalent all over the east end of the Possession, but it disappears at Mailu or Table Bay. There is no true totemism in the eastern islands of Torres Straits. It is true that there were dog and pigeon men in Murray Island, but the dog and pigeon dances during one of the Malu ceremonies were admitted to have been introduced by ancient culture heroes from the western islanders, among whom I discovered totemism ten years previously.

There do not appear now to be any ordinary totem restrictions on Murray Island, as there certainly were till very recently in Tutu, Mabuig, and other of the western islands of Torres Straits, and as certainly there are still in Kiwai.

In Kiwai a man may not kill or eat his *nurumara*. The children inherit the father's *nurumara*, and the wife assumes that of her husband, as she has to go and live with him in the clan house. This custom accounts for the exchange of women when a man marries; thus it is usual for a man's family to give a suitable girl in exchange for his bride, and so the balance of the sexes in a clan is approximately maintained.

Dedeamo, my interpreter, was a croton; his wife was originally a coconut, their boy was a little croton. When I asked Dedeamo what was his wife's name he refused to tell me. One frequently finds that people in a low stage of culture decline to tell you their own names, lest you should obtain power over them, but one can generally get from them the names of other people; this good man evidently thought it was wiser to be on the safe side.

The Hon. B. A. Hely, the Resident Magistrate of the Western Division, says that when a tree is the *nurumara* of a clan, the members of that clan do not eat the fruit of that tree or use it for building or other purposes. For instance, the *soko* people roof their houses with sago leaves instead of the customary nipa palm. He adds: this custom is broken through in Kiwai villages, but it is maintained on the mainland. The *duboro-mabu* people make their mats of banana leaves instead of employing the leaves of the pandanus. The *gagari-mabu* people do not use bamboo. It is believed that the killing, eating, or using for any purpose of a *nurumara* would result in severe eruptions on the body.

Mr. Hely also informs us that in fighting or dancing the representation of the man's *nurumara* is painted on his chest or back with clay or coloured earth, and it is a fixed law in battle that no man should attack or slay another who bore the same cognisance as himself. A stranger from hostile tribes can visit in safety villages where the clan of his *nurumara* is strong, and visitors from other tribes are fed and lodged by the members of the *nurumara* to which they severally belong.

At Iasa we bought an oval board about three feet in length that has a face carved on one side. It is called *gope*, and is hung up in houses to bring good luck; it is sometimes placed in the bow of a canoe for the same purpose. During the evening we spent there a similar but much smaller one (seventeen and a half inches in length) was pointed out to me by a native in the east end-room, and I managed to secure it also; but in the course of my confidential talk the following day I discovered that this was not a *gope*, but a *madubu*, or bull-roarer; they had previously spoken of it as a *gope* as some boys were near, and these were not permitted to know about the *madubu*. In my memoir on *The Decorative Art of British New Guinea* I had hazarded the suggestion that the *gope* is derived from the bull-roarer, and the evidence now appears fairly conclusive on this point.

One function of the *madubu* is to ensure good crops of yams, sweet potatoes, and bananas. I was not able to find out the whole ceremony, but gathered that a fence is made in the bush—one man goes first and makes a hole, and others come later with the *madubus*. When the natives were telling me about this I asked to be allowed to see a *madubu*, and one was brought. It was

a thin ovoid slat of wood, very roughly made. I offered a round metal looking-glass for it, which was accepted. Two others were brought me on the same terms, one being a smaller specimen. I was particularly requested not to let women or children see them, and not to show them to the Saguane people, as "they no savvy that thing." Of course, I carefully kept my promise to this effect.

The bull-roarer is also employed in the initiation of boys into manhood. I gather that there are two initiation ceremonies; at the first the *madubu* is shown to the initiates in a tabooed and fenced-in portion of the bush. The second *moguru* ceremony takes place in the rainy season or north-west monsoon. The boys to be initiated, *koiameri*, are taken to the bush, and the *orara* is shown to them. This is a wooden image of a nude woman, which was described to me as "god belong *moguru*"; a smaller form of it is known as *umuruburo*, this is a thin flat board cut into the shape of a human being. During the ceremony the men are decorated, and wear a head-dress made of cuscus skin; or some wear on their heads long, doubled-up strips of the skin, decorated with feathers. The skin head-dresses, *marari*, like the images, must not be seen by women. I managed to secure both forms of headgear.

Women and uninitiated boys may not see an *orara*, nor an *umuruburo*. These, together with the *madubu* and *marari*, are carried at night-time from the house to the bush, and returned to their hidden receptacles in the end-rooms of the long houses. Between the *moguru* ceremony and the yam harvest the men make pandean pipes, and every young man carries and plays one.

I was informed of one fact which may throw some light on initiation ceremonies. The human effigies "look after" sago in the same way as the bull-roarers "look after" yams, sweet potatoes, and bananas. According to some notes made by Ray, the *orara* is shown to the initiates during the north-west monsoon, at the time when the sago is planted; but the *madubu* is swung and shown to the initiates when yams are planted in the south-east monsoon.

When food is scarce or of bad quality, if, for instance, a sago palm is split and found to be "no good," the natives make *moguru* and put "medicine along *moguru* for *kaikai*," that is, perform *moguru* magic for food. Unfortunately there was not time for me to follow up

this line of inquiry, but probably it will be found that the *moguru* ceremony is primarily a fertility ceremony, perhaps originally agricultural, and later social. The younger members of the community had to be initiated, some time or other, into the processes necessary for producing a good harvest. The time when the lad was growing into a man would suggest itself as being a suitable

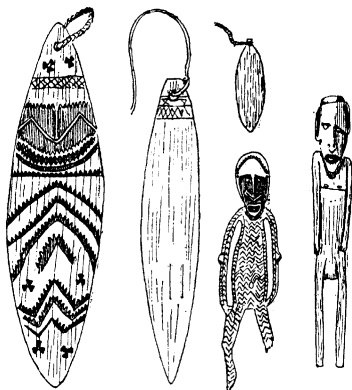


FIG. 6.—Agricultural Charms of Kiwai.

(One-sixth natural size)

Three *madubu* (bull-roarers) for yams, and two *umuruburo* (female effigies) for sago

time for this, and for being instructed about his *nurumara*, and being recognised as a member of the clan.

In several parts of the world certain rites connected with agriculture were, or are, performed by nude women, and it is possible that these nude female effigies may have an analogous significance. Later I shall allude to the association of girls with the annual agricultural ceremonies in the Hood Peninsula. Probably a secondary sexual element has crept into the significance of these effigies in Kiwai. Similar effigies were said to have been employed as love charms in Murray Island, but I did

not find out that there they had any agricultural significance; but this may merely have been due to the fact that a specialisation had taken place, owing to insular conditions.

It is, however, significant that the name of the Murray Island love charm was *neur madub*, that is "girl *madub*." When I was in Erub in 1888 I obtained a *neur madub* (Fig. 7), which originally came from the island of Masig; it is a wooden image of a girl with scarification markings; the length is eight inches. I was informed that when a young man wanted to marry a girl who would have nothing to say to him, he would go to a magician, and the latter would apply "poison medicine" to this figure and the girl would become insane. The *suguba* or *sokop madub* was a slat of wood, roughly shaped into a male figure, which was used to make tobacco grow. In Mabuag wooden human effigies, called *madub*, were kept in a small hut along with bull-roarers (*bigu*). The *Madub* used to "turn devil" (*tartaian markai*) at night-time, and go round the gardens and swing the bull-roarers to make the yams grow. They also danced and repeatedly sang—



FIG. 7.

Neur Madub, or
Love Charm

"O ari ina, ina dauaiia mule."
("Oh! the rain is here, here by the bananas
it passes along.")

In the daytime the *madub* turn into wood.

A wooden image, called *Uvio Moguru*, is used, according to Mr. Chalmers, at the initiation of the young men, and it must not be seen by women or children. He says it is also called *Oraoradubu* (which is usually translated as "God"). I suppose this is the same sort of image as that which was given to me as *orava*, but of the male sex (*dubu* means "male" or "man"). "*Oraoradubu* makes everything grow, and they bring him presents of food when the planting season comes. They place food alongside of him, and then return and carry it away and eat it. He is always consulted before fighting, and presents are given to him, and he is appealed to for help to enable them to secure heads. If anyone is sick, food

is given to Uvio, who is placed on the top of a big house (*darimo*), and he is addressed, 'Oh, Uvio, finish the sickness of our dear one, and give life.' The food is left there. Uvio is also taken and placed on the sick one when asleep, and he or she will get better. Uvio is always brought at night, because he is then a living being; during the day he is only a piece of wood. He cannot cause the dead to live."

Until very recently these people were head-hunters; when an enemy was killed the head was cut off with a bamboo knife and carried home on a rattan sling, which was inserted under the jawbone. The head was hung over a fire and all the hair singed off. During this process all the young girls of the village assembled and danced in a ring near—but not round the fire—singing all the while. The head was then taken away and all the flesh removed; after the skull was washed a carved peg was stuck in the skull, by means of which it was hung up on the main post of the house. This information was obtained from Mr. Chalmers, who also states that a young man could not marry if he had not a skull trophy, as no young woman would have him. Sometimes a young man would go to his friends at a distance—say to Mawata or Tureture—and would remain there some months. On his return home he would bring with him several skulls which he had bought from, or through, his friends, but whatever his relatives might have been told in confidence, they gave out that he was a great brave, and the lady he loved would soon be his. A canoe has often been given in exchange for a skull.

We left Saguane shortly before midday on September 15th, had a roughish spin across the mouth of the Fly River, and early in the afternoon we glided through the narrow mangrove-bordered channel between Parama and the mainland of New Guinea. We ran on a mud-bank at the western entrance, and as we had to wait till the tide rose we all went ashore at Old Mawata. Here we found a temporary village of simple huts built on the ground.

We bought several petticoats and some bows and arrows. A living cuscus was also offered for sale in a basket, and was bought for two fish-hooks and a stick of tobacco; so now for the first time we had a pet. The cuscus is the New Guinea representative of the Australian phalangers, or "opossums" as they are popularly called, and is a gentle nocturnal creature that feeds

mainly on fruit. It has a face something like a lemur's, and a very long prehensile tail, the terminal third of which is pink and destitute of fur. The dense fur is of a creamy-yellow colour mottled with dark brown.

Formerly most of the men of Torres Straits produced scars in elaborate patterns on their shoulders, and the practice is still maintained by certain tribes on the neighbouring coast of New Guinea. I had paid some attention to this form of scarification, and was always on the look-out for fresh examples. On inquiry I found that the custom had quite died out, but there was one old man left who had this mark, and he was much amused when I sketched it.

These Western Papuans have such very dark skins that ordinary tattooing would not show on them. Like the Negroes, Australians, and other very dark peoples, they produce large and sometimes prominent scars which, being lighter in colour than the skin, are fairly conspicuous. It is evident from the appearance of many of these scars that the process of producing them must have been very painful.

Wilkin made notes of and photographed a number of the huts, which were very simple in construction, and which I at once saw were very like the former dwellings of the Western Torres Straits islanders. The islanders have all adopted the kind of house introduced by South Sea men, so the evidently very primitive character of these huts and the diversity they exhibited were of especial interest to us, as they gave us an idea of what had elsewhere passed away. The leaf petticoats also of the women of these primitive people were quite the same as were the petticoats of the Torres Straits women before they adopted the hideous calico gowns they all wear now.

On my first visit to Mawata my first business was to get the women to exuviate, and to appear in their native dress, for, as I explained to them, if I wanted to photograph calico I could do that at home. After a little time they retired to their houses with much laughing and giggling, and reappeared dressed solely in a scanty fibre garment tucked between the legs. Many of the women had a raised scar which extended from breast to breast—this is said to be made when a brother spears his first turtle or dugong; some had cicatrices on their upper arms and shoulders; most had scars on various parts of their bodies, but these were the

result of cuts made for the purpose of removing pain by bleeding.

A native dance was got up for our benefit; owing to the shortness of time at the disposal of the dancers their costume was not so elaborate as is usually the case. On this occasion only the men danced, and of these there were about twenty or thirty. The usual dress consisted only of a pair of short pants; in the belt a tail was fastened behind, either of leaves or a flap of red or gaily-coloured calico. The head was ornamented with a head-dress of white or black feathers or a band of bright-coloured calico; sometimes leaves or flowers only were inserted in the hair. Some put flowers in the large holes they make in the lobes of their ears. On their arms they wore woven cane armlets or bands, generally decorated with tassels or the gaily-coloured leaves of the croton; on the left forearm they wore a long cane arm-band, which is used to protect the arm from the bow-string when they shoot with bow and arrow, a long bunch of cassowary feathers was usually stuck in this arm-guard. Finally, there were bands of pale yellow leaves on their legs.

It is very difficult to describe the dancing, which was always accompanied with the beating of drums. Sometimes the men danced in a circle in single file, going either from right to left or the reverse; there was a pause after each turn. One figure was somewhat more complicated: the men advanced in a line up each side of the dancing-ground, the first pair who met retreated a little in the middle line, still facing the spectators; when the next two arrived, the first pair separated to allow them to pass between, and the new-comers took up their position behind the former, and so on, until the last pair passed between the gradually lengthened avenue of standing men. Several of the dances imitated actions in real life, such as planting yams or picking up pearl-shell from the bottom of the sea, or animals were represented, and a man would mimic the movements of a crab, a lizard, or a pelican.

The Pelican dance was the last; a couple of men came forward, jumped up into the air, and alighted on the tips of their toes. As the drum-beats became more rapid, so was their jumping quicker; so active were they, that we could hardly follow their movements. When they were tired other pairs came up, until all had danced. It was really a fine sight, and, of course, we

duly clapped each set of dancers, and well they deserved it.

Where missionary influence is strong enough, the native dances are discouraged or altogether stopped. I once saw an illustration of the change that has taken place in Warrior Island. Some of the younger performers were rather ashamed to dance, others were imperfectly acquainted with the steps, but the old women danced splendidly, and thoroughly enjoyed it. The natives were beginning to care less for their old customs and more for trade, as the men can earn quite a lot of money by fishing.

After the dancing we gave scrambles for tobacco, first to the children only, then to the women only. It was amusing for all of us, and there was great screeching and laughing. Then the barter commenced, and I was fortunate enough to obtain a number of interesting objects.

For a scrub-knife, that is, a knife with a very long blade that is used for cutting down the underwood when they make their gardens, I obtained a mask in the shape of a crocodile's head made of tortoise-shell. This mask was worn during certain religious dances, and when I asked the man from whom I bought it to put it on in order that I might see how it was used, he refused, as he said if he did so he would die by a slow and painful illness, and he did not want to run the risk of this to please me, nor even for a stick of tobacco. Evidently it would be regarded as sacrilege to wear a mask of this kind on any other occasion than the sacred ceremony to which it belonged.

Below one of the large houses there were clusters of human skulls hanging like bunches of grapes or strings of onions; these were the skulls of enemies killed in battle, and they were hung up as trophies.

The possession of skulls is a sign of bravery, and so the men like to have them, and the women are very proud of their husbands if they have several. In fighting they use the bow and arrow and stone clubs. The most common kind of stone club is that which has a perforated disc of hard stone, finely polished and brought to a sharp edge, which is mounted usually on a short length of rattan, but there are others which have knobbed or star-shaped heads. Some of the skulls I obtained had holes in them that clearly showed with which kind of club the men had been killed.

After a man is killed his head is cut off with a bamboo knife; the blade is made of a split piece of bamboo, the handle being bound round with plaited string. When the knife is to be used a nick is made on the edge, close to the handle, with a small shell; then a strip is peeled off from the other end, the nick preventing the handle from splitting.

The rind of bamboo is full of minute flinty particles, so much so that a freshly-cut edge is very sharp, and will cut off a man's head; but it will suffice for only one occasion, and a fresh edge has to be made for each head that is cut off. One knife I bought had five nicks, which means it had been used for the purpose of cutting off the heads of five people, and another had nine notches.

Along with the knife I bought a cane loop, or sling; this is used for carrying home the heads after they have been cut off.

CHAPTER VII

TOTEMISM AND THE CULT OF KWOIAM

MABUIAG is a larger island than Murray, and consists of several hills three or four hundred feet in height, some are about five hundred feet high. It is, roughly speaking, triangular in outline, each side measuring about a couple of miles. Owing to the character of ancient igneous rocks the island is only moderately fertile, and the vegetation has more of an Australian character than has that of Murray Island. There are also small grassy plains with scattered pandanus trees, and here and there a cycad. The somewhat conical rocky hills are mostly covered with trees, with grassy patches on their summits. Water is rather scarce.

Compared with the Murray Islanders, the people of Mabuiag are much better off so far as clothes and European commodities are concerned; but, as already stated, the island is much less fertile—indeed, little native food is now grown, barely enough for daily use.

Mabuiag has been for a longer time, and also far more thoroughly, under the influence of the white man than has Murray Island. Consequently the social and economic conditions have been more modified, and one immediately perceives that the people are more civilised, and it does not take long to find out that they are more intelligent as a whole. The men do more fishing, and are altogether more industrious than are the Murray Islanders.

There appear to have been five chief clans in the island: *kodal* (crocodile), *tabu* (snake), *sam* (cassowary), *dangal* (dugong), and *kaigas* (shovel-nose skate), to which subsidiary or small totems were added. The members of the first three clans were called *kai augūdau kazi*, or children of the great *augūd*, or totem; and those of the two latter were the *mūgi augūdau kazi*, or children of the small *augūd*. These two clans formerly had their headquarters on the windward or south-east side of

Mabuiag, whereas the three others were mainly located on the opposite side of the island.

I was informed that the hammer-headed shark (*kursi*), the shark (*baidam*), the sting-ray (*lapimul*), and the turtle (*waru* or *surlal*) totems were associated with the skate-dugong group; the phrase used was, "They all belong water; they all friends." On the other hand, the dog (*umai*) was a subsidiary totem to the snake-cassowary-crocodile group; with the exception of the amphibious crocodile, these are all land animals.

There undoubtedly was supposed to be an intimate connection between the totem and its clansmen. For example, the crocodile-men were bloodthirsty, lusty, and always ready to fight any number of the water group; they had "no pity for people." If a crocodile-man killed a crocodile, the other members of the clan would kill him; a member of another clan might kill a crocodile with impunity, but the *kodal*-men would mourn for it.

The snake-men were always ready for a row, and were handy with stone clubs. They used to put out their tongues and wag them as snakes do, and they had two small holes in the tip of their noses, which were evidently made to represent the nostrils of the snake.

The shark-men, like those previously mentioned, were "spoiling" for a fight. Sometimes the dog-men were fierce, at other times friendly, and "glad to see other people." If a dog-man killed a dog, his fellow-clansmen would "fight" him, but they would not do anything if an outsider killed one. A member of this clan was supposed to have great sympathy with dogs, and to understand them better than did other men.

No cassowary-man would kill a cassowary; if one was seen doing so, his clansmen would "fight" him, as they felt sorry. "*Sam*, he all same as relation; he belong same family." The members of the cassowary clan prided themselves on being specially good runners. If there was to be a fight a *sam*-man would say to himself, "My leg is long and thin; I can run and not feel tired; my legs will go quickly, and the grass will not entangle them." It is worth noting that the cassowary does not occur in the islands of Torres Straits; if it ever did, it must have been exterminated very shortly after the islands were inhabited. Possibly Mabuiag men occasionally visited the mainland of New Guinea; but the adoption of the cassowary as a totem points to a time when the ancestors of the Mabuiag people actually

inhabited New Guinea. The same argument applies, though with less force, to the crocodile. It is true crocodiles occur sparsely on some of the islands, and that reptile might thus be, so to speak, an indigenous totem, but they are very common and dangerous in the swamps of the New Guinea coast.

On certain occasions each of the dugong-men was painted with a red line from the tip of his nose up his forehead and down his spine to the small of the back. I obtained in this island a wooden model of a dugong that was used as a charm, and which was painted with a red line in a corresponding manner. The men's foreheads were decked with upright leaves to represent the spouting of the dugong when it comes to the surface of the water to breathe, and leaves were also inserted in the arm-bands like water splashing off the dugong when it comes into very shallow water. This decoration was made when the dugong-man performed a magical rite in the *kwod* (or taboo ground) that was situated in their particular region of the island. A number of different plants were put on the ground, and a dugong was placed on the top. Several men took the dugong by the tail and hoisted up the tail in such a way as to make the dugong face the rest of the island—for the *kwod* was near the seashore, and faced the great reefs on which the dugong abound. There can be little doubt that this was a magical rite performed by the dugong-men to make the dugong come towards the island of Mabuiag. The dugong used in this ceremony was given to the turtle-men.

When only one turtle was obtained on a turtle expedition it was taken to the *kwod* of the turtle-men, who performed a pantomimic ceremony which symbolised the increase of turtle.

The origin and significance of totemism are still very obscure, and it is possible that quite different social, magical, and semi-religious institutions have been grouped together somewhat artificially as totemic.

In certain Australian tribes, and probably formerly in all, it is the duty of the men of a class to preserve or increase their totem by means of rites; thus particular foodstuffs or objects of especial utility are rendered more available for the community.

The behaviour of the dugong-men and turtle-men in Mabuiag fits in with this Australian practice, and I am inclined to think that further evidence of a similar nature will be forthcoming in New Guinea. It might be

mentioned in this connection that though rain is not a totem, the office of *aripuilag*, or "rain-maker," was hereditary in Mabuiag, and consequently rain-making would be the function of a particular family.

In Mabuiag a woman kept her totem when she married, and I was informed that children inherited their father's and mother's totems, but the father's was the chief one. I was also informed that though a man might not marry a Mabuiag or Badu woman belonging to the same *augüd* as himself, this restriction did not apply to women from other islands.

In dealing with totemism in Kiwai I have already pointed out the value of belonging to a totemic clan when visiting another village, and we found the same to apply among the western islands of Torres Straits. A man visiting another island would naturally be looked after and entertained by the residents who belonged to the same *augüd* as he did. In warfare a man would never willingly or intentionally kill an enemy whom he knew belonged to the same totem as himself. So that apart from its supposed economic use, totemism was undoubtedly an ameliorating influence in social intercourse, and tended to minimise inter-tribal antagonism.

Seligman discovered in Mabuiag a very interesting custom relative to the seclusion of girls on attaining womanhood. Remarkable as this practice was, very similar customs from various parts of the world have been recorded by Dr. J. G. Frazer in his erudite study in comparative religion, *The Golden Bough*. The following is from the preliminary account already published by my colleague:—

"When the signs of puberty appeared, a circle of bushes was made in a dark corner in the house of the girl's parents. The girl was fully decked with leaves, and she sat in the centre of the bushes, which were piled so high round her that only her head was visible. This seclusion lasted for three months, the bushes being changed nightly, at which time the girl was allowed to slip out of the hut. She was usually attended by two old women, the girl's maternal aunts, who were especially appointed to look after her. These women were called *mowai* by the girl; one of them cooked food for the girl at a special fire in the bush. The girl might not feed herself nor handle her food, it being put into her mouth by her attendant women. No man—not even the girl's father—might come into the house. If he did see his

daughter during this time he would certainly have had bad luck with his fishing, and probably smash his canoe the first time he went out. The girl might not eat turtle or turtle eggs; no vegetable food was forbidden. The sun was not allowed to shine on her. 'He can't see day time; he stop inside dark,' said my informant.

"At the end of three months the girl was carried to a fresh-water creek by her *mowai*, she hanging on to their shoulders so that not even her feet touched the ground, the women of the village forming a ring round the girl and her *mowai*, thus escorting them to the creek. The girl's ornaments were removed, and the *mowai* with their burden staggered into the creek, where the girl was immersed, all the women joining in splashing water over the three. On coming out of the water one of the *mowai* made a heap of grass for her charge to sit on, while the other ran to the reef and caught a small crab. She tore off its claws, and with these she ran back to the creek, where a fire had meanwhile been made, at which the claws were roasted. The girl was then fed on these by the *mowai*. She was then freshly decorated, and the whole party marched back to the village in one row, the girl being in the centre, with the *mowai* at her side, each of them holding one of the girl's wrists. The husbands of the *mowai* (called by the girl *wadwam*) received her and led her into the house of one of them, where all ate food, the girl then being allowed to feed herself in the usual manner. The rest of the community had meanwhile prepared and eaten a feast, and a dance was held, in which the girl took a prominent part, her two *wadwam* dancing, one on each side of her. When the dance was finished, the *mowai* led the girl into their house and stripped her of her ornaments. They then led her back to her parents' house."

One day Mr. Cowling invited us to go in his centre-board cutter to Pulu, as he knew we were anxious to visit that sacred islet. We landed at Mumugubut, a pretty little sandy bay surrounded by granitic rocks, which were fissured and undercut in an extraordinary manner. To the right, projecting high from massive boulders, was a gigantic T-shaped rock, which is called Kwoiam's throwing-stick. This redoubtable hero implanted his weapon here after the slaughter of a number of Badu men who had humbugged him. Kwoiam had followed these men from Mabuia, and landing elsewhere on the island, walked close to this tiny bay. Natives point

out a rock lying on the ground against which Kwoiam pressed his foot when preparing to throw his spear against his sleeping foes, but concluding this spot was not suitable, he made a *détour* inland, and took up a position whence he commanded a better view of the unconscious Badu men. He again prepared to hurl his spear, pressing hard with his right foot against the ground, which immediately became a shelf of rock to give him a better purchase for his foot. A little inland from the bay are a number of large slabs of rock which represent the bodies of the men killed and decapitated by Kwoiam.

To the left of Mumugubut are some smoothed rocks on which are perched immense boulders, like glaciated rocks and *blocs perchés*. As a matter of fact, they are due to the same kind of weathering that carves out the Devonshire tors, and which leaves the large granite boulders on the flanks of Dartmoor.

We passed round these rocks, and then struck inland. A short way from the beach is a cleft in the rocks, which in some places is very narrow, but in others widens out to leave two or three various-sized but small open spaces, which were utilised in former days as the retiring-rooms of the men engaged in certain ceremonies. One compartment was the cooking place, another the dressing-room; and in this latter was a great overhanging rock, under the shelter of which were kept the sacred objects. No women were allowed to come near this spot.

We scrambled over rocks and through scrub, and soon came to an open bay, with a fair amount of level ground below it.

The southerly end of this area was the *kwod*, or tabooed camp of the men. To the left, and at high-water mark, is a huge boulder with an overhanging smooth surface facing the *kwod*. On this smooth surface are some nearly effaced paintings in red of various animals, also some handprints made by placing the outstretched palm and fingers on the rock, and splashing the rock with powdered charcoal mixed with water. The handprint thus appears white on a black background. The legend of the origin of this rock is as follows.

Once upon a time, when the Mabuiag people were camping there, the boys and girls, in spite of the prohibition of their parents, were fond of continually twirling round on the beach with their arms extended. They played in this way every night till this great rock fell from the sky as a punishment, and killed every man,

woman, and child on the island, with the exception of two sweethearts, who fled and crossed over to Mabuiag at Kakalug. They bit a piece of a *kowai* tree that grew there, and "that medicine stop that stone." This pair of lovers became the progenitors of the present population. Parents still tell their children never to play this game (*gugabidë tiai*) at night, lest a similar catastrophe should recur. The rock is called *menguzi kula*, or "the stone that fell."

Near the centre of the *kwod* is a large oblong heap of dugong bones, *kai siboi*. At short distances from this were the fireplaces of the five chief clans. These were so arranged that the *Sam* (cassowary), *Kodal* (crocodile)



FIG. 8.—The Kwod or Ceremonial Ground in Pulu.

and *Tabu* (snake) fireplaces were comparatively close together, whereas the *Kaigas* (shovel-nosed skate) and *Dangal* (dugong) were much farther apart. This corresponds to a grouping of the three first as the "children of the big *augüd*," which was named *kutibu*. The two last were the "children of the little *augüd*," which was called *giribu*. *Kutibu* and *giribu* were two crescentic ornaments, or insignia, made by Kwoiam of turtle-shell; the former was worn on the upper lip, and the latter on the chest.

It appears to me that we here have a most interesting stage in the transformation of totemism, since we have the two main groups of the old totem (*augüd*) clans associated with relics of a national hero. There are other facts which point to the rise of a local hero cult, the hero himself (although he belonged to the *Kaigas* clan) being *augüd*, as were also *kutibu* and *giribu*.

It is very rarely that artificial objects are adopted as totems, and I believe this is the only instance of an individual man being spoken of as a totem. Although the natives called him *augūd*, they were evidently extending the use of that term to a point beyond which it could logically be applied; but having no name for the idea they were striving after, they were forced to employ an old term, though the meaning was strained.

At the back of the *kwod* are two heaps of *Fusus* shells—one slightly larger than the other—the *kai mat* and the *mūgi mat* (*kai* means "large," and *mūgi* is "small"). A short distance to the side of these are two small heaps of shells called respectively *kai augūdau kupar* and *mūgi augūdau kupar*, and beyond the latter is a double row of dugong ribs called *mūgi siboi*. These five shrines are close to the bushes and rocks that form the south-easterly border of the *kwod*.

The great annual ceremonies were held here at the rising of the star *Kek* (Achernar, α of Eridanus, or perhaps Sirius, of our constellations).

The annual death-dance first took place, at which men with leafy masks and bodies covered with the yellow sprouting leaves of the coco-palm danced with bow and arrow, and mimicked in their gait and attitudes persons recently deceased. The women, who sat a long way off, recognised the individuals who were personified, and with tears and lamentations called out, "That's my husband!" "Oh, my son!" according to their relationship with the deceased.

Women, too, have spirits that live after death, but, as that sex is by universal consent tabooed from performing sacred ceremonies, they could not personate deceased women; so men performed that office clad in a woman's petticoat, and carried brooms in their hands, their faces being hidden with the customary head-dress of leaves.

It was a remarkable fact that these people appear to have noticed that hilarity is a natural reaction at funerals, and this was provided for in the person of a sort of masked buffoon, the *danilkau*, who "played the fool" behind the back of some of the more serious performers.

The adoption of the lads into their respective clans took place immediately after the death-dances. So far as I could gather, there were not such important ceremonies on this occasion as in the case of the Malu cult

of Murray Island. I believe that masks were not employed at this time.

The only initiation ceremony, if such it can be called, that I could hear of was the chastising or torturing of the lads, more particularly the bad ones, in the *kwod*. The good boys were let off very easily, but a naughty one might be speared in the hollow of the knee by a stick armed with the spine of a sting-ray, or scraped with the rough, spiny skin of a ray, or be beaten about the ears and elsewhere with the nests of green ants, who bite ferociously, or chastised with wasps' nests. So far as we could learn, neither here nor in Murray Island was the bull-roarer employed at the initiation ceremonies. Here it was swung in connection with turtle ceremonies; it was also useful in making garden produce grow, but apparently it was not used to make wind or rain, as it was in some other islands.

The *kernege*, or lads to be initiated, were grouped on the farther side of the *kai siboi*. They remained in the *kwod* for several days, during which time they were instructed by their uncles (mothers' brothers only) in the moral code and customs of the community.

At the end of the *kwod* was a forked post; on this were hung, after the war-dance, the decapitated heads of the enemy that had been slain in battle. In front of this post are stones which mark the spot where the wedding-gifts were heaped of a certain legendary spirit named Tabepa who married Uga, a Mabuiag girl.

On some of the rocks beyond the ceremonial camp we found a few simple pictographs; we photographed and sketched some of these. One group consists of two *müri* dancing, and another beating a drum. A *müri* is a spirit that descends and ascends waterspouts. It has only two front teeth in each jaw. The waterspout (*bain*) is called in Mabuiag *klak markai*, or "the spear of the spirit"; it is with these that they catch dugong and turtle.

Under some of the boulders were a few human bones in a very bad state of repair.

Later on we struggled towards the centre of the island, scrambling up and over boulders, and forcing our way through dense tangled bush. Finally we came to an immense block of stone, the eastern face of which overhung to a considerable extent, forming a small, low cave, which some fifteen or twenty years ago had been nearly filled up with earth by a South Sea teacher. In

the old days, this cave was the storehouse of the skulls that were obtained in the forays. Most of the skulls were placed in heaps at the back of the cave, while some were kept in two long baskets. In this cave were also kept the two ceremonial stone clubs and the sacred emblems, the mysterious *kutibu* and *giribu*. The skulls in the baskets were painted red, and were said to have been provided with noses made of beeswax and eyes of mother-of-pearl, but this was probably done in only a few cases.

The mouth of the cave was built up on each side with large *Fusus* shells. Now the glory and mystery have departed, and earth and stones almost entirely fill up the space beneath the overhanging rock. We obtained one or two broken skulls and a number of fragments of skulls.

When any man was on his way to visit the *augüds* *kutibu* and *giribu*, the latter left their respective baskets in which they were kept and came to the entrance of the cave, but when the visitor came close, the *augüds* returned to their baskets and made a scraping noise; but the man never saw them moving, he only found them lying in their baskets.

Outside the cave are two oblong patches of *Fusus* shells, called respectively *kai mat* and *mügi mat*; the former belonged to the big *augüd*, and the latter to the little one. Each *mat* was called the *mari* of the *augüd*. A *mari* is a spirit, shadow, or reflection.

When the baskets showed signs of decay, new ones were made at the next *kek* season. The men belonging to each *augüd* gathered a plant called *boz*, the stem of which forms a kind of rope, and placed it on the *kai*- and *mügi-augüdau kupar* in the *kwod*, and later transferred each bundle of *boz* respectively to the *kai mat* and the *mügi mat*. A *mat*, it will be remembered, is a heap of *Fusus* shells. The symbolism of the operation is pretty obvious. The material of which the sacred baskets were to be made was dedicated or sanctified by first placing it on the "navel" of the *augüd* and then on its "shadow." I found afterwards that a heap of shells, *augüdau kupar*, or "navel of the *augüd*," occurred in the *kwod* of the islands of Tutu, Yam, and Muralug; the Kwoiam cult also extended to the latter island.

A large plaited mat was placed opposite the *kai mat* and *mügi mat*; on these the men of each division sat, and not one of them could budge from his mat for any

purpose until the basket was finished. This was accomplished at sundown, and "every one feel glad, time to spell and walk about." The following day the baskets were taken to the cave, and the contents of the old baskets transferred to the new. There were other details that need not be mentioned here.

All the sacred relics of Kwoiam were burned at the instigation of Hakin, a Lifu teacher at the time when the Rev. S. McFarlane was on Murray Island. The Mamoose gave his consent to their destruction, but only a South Sea man, Charley Mare, dared destroy these *auguds*; he burnt them on the spot.

The natives say that when the Mission party started for home the water was quite smooth, there being no wind whatever. As their boat rounded Sipungar Point, on their return, a sudden gust of wind made the boat heel over and nearly capsize, and that same night Charley's body swelled up, and he was sick for a fortnight.

Kwoiam is such a central feature in the legendary lore of Mabuiag that it is desirable that a brief outline of his story should be told, since the saga of Kwoiam is too long to be here narrated in full.

Kwoiam lived with his mother, who was blind, and he had an uncle for his henchman. One day, when his mother was plaiting a mat, Kwoiam abstracted with his toes a strip of leaf his mother was about to use, and missing it she asked who had taken it. Kwoiam confessed, and his mother cursed him; this made him angry, and he went outside the hut and called to his uncle to get the sprouting leaf of a coconut palm that he might deck himself for the war-path. When he was so accoutred he killed his mother, and then went on the rampage to avenge her death, or as it was told to me, "to pay for mother."

He went to several islands and to the mainland of New Guinea, sometimes slaying the population of a whole village, at other times merely requesting food or a new canoe. Eventually Kwoiam returned with a canoe-load of human heads, and he ordered his uncle to clean them for him.

On one occasion certain Badu men fooled him, refusing to give him some fish for which he had civilly asked them. These men retired to the island of Pulu for a midday siesta; Kwoiam followed them there and killed them all except two, who made their escape, but one of

them had his leg transfixd by a javelin hurled by Kwoiam. The two survivors died on reaching Badu immediately after they had narrated the fate of the others.

An expedition of Moa and Badu men was sent to retaliate; but Kwoiam killed all who were sent against him except four men. A second very large avenging expedition was sent, but when fighting against these Kwoiam's throwing-stick broke, and he was helpless. He slowly retreated backwards up his hill, and when the enemy pressed too closely upon him, he rushed forward, unarmed as he was, and frightened back his foes; this happened several times.

As soon as Kwoiam reached the summit of the hill he crouched in a prone position and gave up the ghost. A Moa man rushed up to him and began to cut off his head with a bamboo knife, but he had only made a small incision when he was stopped by another Badu man, who said, "No cut him head; he great man. Let him lie where he stop; he master over all these islands." So instead of insulting the dead warrior they did him honour, and piled over his body their bows, arrows, javelins, and stone clubs, saying that now Kwoiam was dead all the fighting was over. The cairn erected over his grave remains to this day, and on it are placed three ancient shell trumpets.

We spent one very pleasant day in visiting the spots associated with this legendary hero. On the plain near the sea is a large oval boulder, the head of the luckless mother. As we ascended the hill called Kwoiamantra (I think this means "Kwoiam's ridge") we passed between a long double row of stones that represented the heads taken by Kwoiam on the famous voyage when he paid the blood-price for the death of his mother. A short distance up the hill were some rocks, from out of a cleft in which a perennial stream flows. It arose in this wise. One day Kwoiam was thirsty, and he drove his spear into the rock, and water gushed forth and has never ceased to flow. The water fills a rock basin, and from this it trickles into a lower pool, and thence the stream flows down the hill. Ten years before I was informed that only old and important men might drink from the upper pool, whereas the lower was free to all; the penalty of unworthily drinking from the upper pool was premature greyness. I asked if I might drink there, and they were good enough to think that my claims

were sufficiently strong. Apparently I was presumptuous, as the penalty has been inflicted !

On a rock between the two pools is a slight concavity in which Kwoiam used to sit, and in front of it are several transverse grooves in the rock, caused, it is stated, by Kwoiam straightening his javelins there by rubbing them across the rock.

Near the top of the hill is a rough U-shaped wall of stones about two feet in height, which marks the site of Kwoiam's house; his mother lived on the flat land near the sea. Behind Kwoiam's house is a tor which commands an extensive view, not only of Mabuia and of some of the islets around, but also of a fine panorama of the great islands of Moa and Badu some five miles distant. This was the favourite look-out of Kwoiam, and it was from here that he saw the fleets of canoes from Badu and Moa that were crossing over to attack him.

As I sat there I thought of the deeds of the berseker. Below to the left was the grassy plain studded with pandanus and other trees where he was born and where he had his gardens. The site of his mother's hut is now occupied by a South Sea man, who has married a native woman, and aliens till Kwoiam's garden lands.

Far away was the prosperous village by the sand beach, nestling under the shade of a grove of coconut palms, the new church witnessing to the change that has come over the island.

In the old days, scattered throughout the island, were the hamlets of an agricultural fisher-folk, who, though fierce and savage, regulated their conduct by a code of morals that, so far as it went, was unimprovable. The emotions of awe, veneration, and mystery were cultivated by bizarre and sacred ceremonies; and the custom and sanction of ages had imbued their rude life with a richness of sentiment and a significance that we can scarcely realise.

Now the people are all gathered into one place under the ægis of a new religion, and are held together by an alien form of government. There is no glory, no independence, nothing to be proud of—except a church built by contract. Fishing is mainly practised to gain money to purchase the white man's goods and the white man's food. The dull and respectable uniformity of modern civilisation has gripped these poor people; but, to their credit be it spoken, they are still proud of the apotheosised Kwoiam.

Behind low-lying land were wooded hills that sent out a spur forming the northern limit of the bay and beyond this again were several low rocky islands. The pale green water fringed the bay with white surf, and beyond the limit of the fringing reef the deeper water assumed a fine blue hue. It was a pretty sight—the sear colours of the parched plain relieved with patches of the various green of coconut palm, banana, scrub, or garden plots, the red rocks variegated with green foliage, and the greens and blues of the sea relieved by a frill of white where the waves encircled the island shores.

On turning round one saw the long sky-line of the islands of Moa and Badu toothed with high hills, all colour being lost in the grey distance of a moisture-laden atmosphere. Here and there, along the coast, could be seen clouds of smoke, as the natives burnt the dead undergrowth to make their gardens. To the right various islets relieved the monotony of the waste of waters.

On the other side of the crest, overlooking Pulu and other islands, was the grave of Kwoiam. The low cairn was nine feet in height, with the head due east; it was surmounted by three reputed shell trumpets of the hero. How I longed to excavate the site! But I could not get permission from the natives, and I unwillingly gave way rather than rough-ride over their sentiment.

One little incident was very amusing as illustrating the change that has of recent years come over the people. I wanted one of the natives who had accompanied us to put himself in the attitude of the dying Kwoiam, so that I might have a record of the position he assumed, photographed on the actual spot. It took an incredible amount of persuasion to induce the man to strip, although he was a friend of ours, who knew us well. Eventually we succeeded, but the prudery he exhibited was ludicrous, and he managed to do all that we required without bringing a blush to the most sensitive cheek. There were, of course, only ourselves, and no women were present.

The bushes on the side of Kwoiam's hill have most of their leaves blotched with red, and not a few are entirely of a bright red colour. This is due to the blood that spurted from Kwoiam's neck when it was cut at his death; to this day shrubs witness to this outrage on the dead hero.

CHAPTER VIII

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

THERE were formerly two ways by means of which a young Torres Straits islander might find favour in the eyes of a girl—the one was skill in dancing, the other was the possession of a trophy of one or more human skulls as a token of personal bravery or prowess in war.

During the numerous and prolonged dances of former days, the young women watched the active movements of the capering youths, admired their glossy skin, their frizzly hair, their numerous gay ornaments, and took delight in their wonderful activity; and well they might, for a shapely, bronze-skinned savage is a vastly superior animal to a civilised male dancing at a ball. Pre-eminence had its reward, for, as the former chief of Mabuiaġ put it—"In England, if a man has plenty of money, women want to marry him; so here, if a man dances well, they want him too."

Amongst the western islanders it was customary for the young women to propose to the men. I obtained the following description of the way in which this affair was managed in Mabuiaġ. When a man was fancied by a girl she made a string armlet, and gave it to the man's sister or to some confidential person. On a suitable opportunity presenting itself, the confidante said to the young man, "I've got some string for you." Knowing what was meant, he replied, "Show it to me." He then learnt the girl's name and received her message. If the man was favourably inclined he accepted, and wore the *tiapuru* and sent the girl two leglets.

The girl next sent some food to the young man of her choice; he did not eat it, but gave it to his relations to eat, for, as he said, "perhaps woman he gammon." His parents also advised him not to eat the food, and his mother warned him, "You look after that armlet good, suppose you lose it, girl he wild."

The young woman again sent food, possibly the man might want to eat it, but the mother said, "Not so, or by-and-by you will get an eruption over your face and body." At all events, the relations preached caution so

as to make sure that the girl was not playing false. Perhaps the young man might wait for a month, or even longer, before precipitating affairs. He also informed his parents that he was in no hurry to leave the old home, and that he did not wish to make them sorry by his absence.

While the young man, who was certainly a prudent lover, was thus "lying low," the food was coming in all the time, and as regularly he gave it to his mother. After a time the latter said, "When will you go and take her?" He then consulted his immediate relatives, and said, "Suppose you tell me to take her—I take her." All being agreeable, the "big men" of the village were consulted, and they gave their consent. One day a friend would engage the young man in conversation, and the girl, who had been previously informed that the happy moment had now arrived, quietly came behind the unsuspecting youth and gently pushed some cooked food in front of him. He turned round sharply, and to his shame-faced confusion he saw his sweetheart and fully realised the delicate situation. His friends assured him that it was all right, saying, "Good thing, you take her now." They were then man and wife. This part of the proceedings required no further ceremony.

After marriage an exchange of presents and food was made between the relatives of the two parties concerned, but the bridegroom's relations gave a great deal more than those of the bride. The bridegroom stood on a mat, and all the presents from his side of the house were heaped upon it. The bride took these presents and handed them over to her people. The bridegroom gave his father-in-law a present of perhaps a canoe, or a dugong harpoon, or something of equal value. This was the final transaction, but should the marriage result in the usual adjuncts to family life, a payment had to be made to the wife's parents on the birth of each child.

Without going into details of custom of every island, it may not be amiss if I transcribe the account given me by my friend Maino of Warrior Island. Here again the ring of string was a preliminary feature, and the sister, in giving it to her brother, said, "Brother, I've got some good news for you; a woman likes you." He asked who it was, and after some conversation—if he was willing to go on with the affair—he told his sister to ask the girl to go into the bush and he would follow.

When the message was delivered, the enamoured

damsel informed her parents that she was going into the bush to get some food, or wood, or made some similar excuse. In due course the man met the girl, and they sat down and talked discreetly over their affairs. Any forward conduct on the part of the young man would have been regarded as bad form.

Breaking the embarrassing silence, the youth considerably asked, "You like me proper?"

"Yes," she replied, "I like you proper, with my heart inside. Eye along my heart see you. You my man."

Unwilling to give himself away rashly, he further inquired, "How you like me?"

"I like your fine leg; you got fine body, your skin good, I like you altogether," replied the girl.

Anxious to clinch the matter, the girl asked when they were to be married. "To-morrow, if you like," said the man, and they both went home and informed their respective relatives that they had arrived at an understanding. Then the girl's friends fought the man's people, "for girl more big," *i.e.* of more consequence, than boy; but the fighting did not appear to have been a serious business.

It was certainly the custom for a young man, or rather for his elders, to give a girl to the "brother" of the bride; the girl being either his own sister or a relative who, according to their scheme of kinship, bears a similar relationship. The "brother" may similarly not be an own brother. This "swapping" of "sisters" was the usual method of getting a wife. If a young man had no "sister" he might for ever remain unmarried unless he was rich enough to purchase a wife.

After marriage the husband usually left his own people and went to live with those of his wife, even if they belonged to a different island. There is, for example, considerable intermarriage between the inhabitants of the islands of Badu and Mabuia; in such a case the man divides his time between the two islands. It should be remembered that both the husband and the wife own land in their respective islands, and both properties require to be cultivated and looked after.

The husband had complete control over his wife; she was his property, for he had paid for her. In spite of the wife having asked her husband to marry her, he could kill her should she cause trouble in the house, and

that without any penal consequence to himself. The payment of a husband to his wife's father gave him all rights over her, and at the same time annulled those of her father or of her family.

A rich man might have several wives, but the wife first married was chief; she was "master" over the others, and issued orders to the last married wife, who conveyed the same to the intermediate wives. If the wives would not work or were inattentive to the commands of the first wife, the husband was laughed at by his friends and told he should not have so many wives. The wives all lived together.

A man might divorce his wife, in which case she returned to her parents. Incompatibility of temper was the common cause for such a step. The husband had no control over a divorced wife, who might marry again; but the new husband would have to pay the old one, and he would share the purchase goods with the woman's parents. In the case of divorce the father kept the children, but he might allow the mother temporarily to retain one, or even more, especially if they were very young.

One day during my former visit to Mabuiag there was a wedding; a widow with a baby boy had proposed to and been accepted by a young man from the island of Badu. The ceremony commenced at 7 a.m. with a full ordinary service in the church, which lasted over an hour. When this was concluded a messenger was sent to me, and I repaired to the church to witness the marriage. The bride and bridegroom were seated among their friends in different parts of the church, and on their names being called, they met and stood up in front of the Communion Table. After they had repeated certain sentences and a charge had been given by the teacher, the bride and bridegroom again retired to their former places.

At the conclusion of the ceremony a Church Meeting was held, which the bridegroom attended, and afterwards he went out dugong fishing with his friends to furnish the wedding feast. They were in luck that day, as they caught three dugong and two turtle. In the meantime I called on the bride and gave her a looking-glass, and left some tobacco for her husband. Following the usual custom, the man remained in Mabuiag and lived with his wife's people.

About the same time a native girl, who was employed

as cook by the chief of the island, repeatedly asked a Loyalty Islander, Charley Lifu by name, to marry her; but he did not wish to marry a Mabuia woman, as he would in that case have to remain permanently on the island, and he wanted to return to the South Seas. At last they arranged to have a talk in the bush to settle matters finally. The man was obdurate; and the girl was so chagrined that when she returned to the village she accused Charley of attempting to "steal" her, hoping that he would thus be forced to marry her in restitution. This caused considerable excitement, as Charley Lifu was the brother of the teacher's wife. The matter came before the chief in his capacity as judge, and after long deliberation on the part of the "old men," it was decided that the charge was unfounded, and was merely trumped up by the girl, who thus over-reached herself. I believe this was a just decision, as Charley was the gentlest and most obliging of my numerous coloured friends—a man who, I believe, would not do anyone an injury, and who would even perform a friendly act without waiting for the ordinary *douceur* of tobacco, but he was an incorrigible loafer.

The custom of a girl proposing marriage to a young man did not commend itself to the traditions of the missionaries, and they have tried to stop it, though I did not discover that it was necessarily at all an objectionable arrangement. It has certain definite advantages, and I was certainly given to understand that properly brought-up young men behaved with becoming bashfulness, and showed due deference to the wishes of their parents or elders.

The remarkable change that has come over the natives owing to the influence of missionary teaching is well exemplified in the fact that the girls frequently propose marriage to the men by writing; sometimes this is done by means of a letter, but I have known of a school slate being employed and sent to the young man.

I managed to secure one or two examples of such love-letters. The two first were written for me by Peter when I asked him what had occurred in his own case. They purport to be Magena's proposal and his acceptance; both of them are natives of Mabuia. The following is a transcription and literal translation:—

Okotoba 4, 1898.

Pita mido ninu ia ngai nutane ni ngözu korkak mina kōi
 Peter what your word? I try you. My heart truly big

ubine mizi nibeka nid lak ngõna iadu turane wa sena
 wish has for you. You again me tell. Yes, that
ngozi ia Pita ni iawa *ngai Magena.*
 my word. Peter you. Good-bye. I Magena.

Okotoba 4, 1898.

Magena ngai iauturane ni ngai lakõkeda mina kõi ubine
 Magena I tell you. I again same truly big wish
meka nibeka ngau ia kede mina mina ubine meka wa
 have for you. My word thus true. True wish have. Yes,
matamina pibeka a ngaikika wa keda ni Magena iawa
 quite proper give then to me. Yes so. You Magena. Good-bye.
ngai Pita.
 Peter.

The following is Peter's own translation of these letters:—

"*Pita, what do you say? I try you. My heart he like very bad for you. You send me back a letter. Yes, this talk belong me. Pita, you. Good-bye. Me, Magena.*"

"*Magena, I make you know. Me just the same, I want very bad for you. My talk there. If you true like me, all right, just the same; good for you and good for me. Yes, all right. Finish. You, Magena. Good-bye. Me, Pita.*"

One informant gave the following as a typical letter of proposal from a girl to a man. Ray has kindly literally translated this for me. I also add the native's version of it.

*Kake * ngau ubi gar ina mido ni ngaikika ubin meka*
 I say my wish indeed this. ^(Sign of question) you for me wish have?
wao mina keda ni ngaikika ubin mizi ninu na ia mido,
 Yes, true that you for me wish have. Your if word what.
wa nagaikika modabia ngapa palanekai ubil za na a
 Yes to me answer hither will write wish (thing) if and
ubigil za na wa matakeda minaasin sena
 not wish (thing) if yes all-the-same finish that
ngau ia ngau nel—
 my word, my name.

"*I say, I tell you about what I want. What do you say,*

* Ray informs me that *Kake!* is a word of address to a woman; the corresponding term to a man is *Kame!* I suppose my informant, who was a Mabuiag man, made a slip, as he would himself naturally begin a love-letter with "*Kake!*"

you want to come with me? Best thing you come along with me. What do you think about it? If you got something to answer back, then you let me know. 'Spose you want to come with me, let me know, then I know; 'spose you don't, you let me know, so I know. Best thing you come with me. My name——"

The answer might be—

"All right, I come along you," or "No, I no want to come along you."

Another proposal is a copy of an original letter which happened to fall into my hands and which I still possess. It was from a Murray Islander named Kimel, who was then in Mabuiag offering marriage to Anuni, a Mabuiag girl.

Unfortunately I did not see her reply; but I know she received this letter, and I have no reason to believe my possession of it hindered the course of true love from running smoothly.

It is interesting to note that Kimel, being a Murray Islander, followed his tribal custom of the man proposing marriage.

Januare 1, 1899.

<i>Peike Anuni</i>	<i>kara jiawali marim mama neur kaka</i>
This Anuni (is)	my writing to you you a girl I
<i>makiriam nakō *</i>	<i>ma kari lag nakō Ad emeret detagem</i>
young man (?)	you me like (?) God formerly made
<i>Adamu a Eba kosker a kimiar mokakalam kaka mari lag</i>	
Adam and Eve woman and man	same way I you like
<i>nakō ma kari lag nakō ma nole geum kak makiria abkoreb</i>	
(?) you me like (?)	you not afraid nothing young man suitable
<i>marim ma kari abkoreb Ad emeret detagem kosker abkoreb</i>	
for you you me suit.	God formerly made woman suitable
<i>ko kimiar nagiri kimiar abkoreb ko kosker nagiri kaka</i>	
for man possessing man	suitable for woman possessing I
<i>mari laglag nako mer karim ma kari umele kaka nole</i>	
you like what word for me you me know I not	
<i>mokakalam nerut le kaka dorge le peike kara mer</i>	
like some other men I work man.	This my word
<i>marim. Sina Kara nei</i>	<i>Cimell</i>
to you. The end My name.	

Mabuiag.

**Nako* is an interrogative.

" January 1, 1899.

" This, Anuni, is my letter to you. You are a girl, I am a young man. Do you like me ? God formerly made Adam and Eve a similar man and woman. I like you, do you like me ? Don't be afraid at all of a young man suitable for you. You suit me. God formerly made woman suitable for having a man, and man suitable for having a woman. I like you. What message for me ? You know me. I am not like some men, I am a man of work. This is my message to you. The end. My name

" Cimell

" Mabuiag."

CHAPTER IX

CAPE YORK NATIVES

ON November 2nd, we went to Somerset, in Albany Pass, Cape York. We went prepared to measure and study the Australian natives of the Gudang tribe, of which Macgillivray wrote; but they have all died out, or at all events none now live in their own country; the same remark also applies to neighbouring tribes. We were greatly disappointed, as it was important to determine whether they had any relationship to the islanders. It was very saddening to be continually pulled up in our researches by the oft-repeated cry of "*Too late!*"

As an illustration of the way in which natives did their best to assist us in our work, I must mention the thoughtfulness of a certain policeman on Thursday Island named Jimmy Matauri, who is a member of the Yaraikanna tribe of Cape York. On November 7th, Jimmy sent me four of his fellow-tribesmen who had come to Thursday Island on a shelling boat. We were very glad of this opportunity to measure them, as they filled up an annoying gap in our work, these people being virtually the same as the nearly extinct Gudang, whom we failed to meet at Somerset. Physically they are fairly typical Australians—the six men measured had an average height of 5 feet 4 inches, and they had long, narrow heads, and I should imagine there is extremely little if any Papuan blood in their veins.

As soon as the men were measured, I inquired about their bull-roarers. I led up to the question by referring to the middle upper front tooth, which was absent in all of them, and which I knew must have been knocked out during initiation ceremonies. They acknowledged having the bull-roarer which they called *umbalako*, and promised to make some for me.

In the afternoon of the following day they turned up with the promised bull-roarers. These were 5½ inches in length and painted red, black, and white. There were no sticks as there should have been, so we supplied the

men with a broken box-lid, a tomahawk, and a knife, and the omission was soon rectified. Whilst this was being done in an out-building, Sarah, the waitress, brought us out a cup of afternoon tea, and the natives deftly hid the bull-roarers. For a woman to see a bull-roarer would be a terrible sacrilege, and there was evident relief when the unsuspecting Sarah took her departure.

After taking their photographs we had a talk on their customs, and more particularly on their initiation ceremonies. When the boys have "little bit whiskers" they are taken into the bush, about the end of the south-east monsoon, and the *langa*, as the lads are called, are isolated for a variable period lasting from a month to a year, apparently according to the age of each lad. Each *langa* is looked after by a *mawara* (his future brother-in-law), who anoints him with bush medicine in the hollow of the thigh (near the head of the femur), in the pits of the groin, the hollows above the collar-bones, the hollows of the temples, and at the back of the knee. This is done to make the boy grow.

During the period of seclusion the *langa* wears a short kilt; he is not allowed to talk nor play, and has to remain all the time in the *tera*, which corresponds with the *kwod* of the islanders.

At the end of the period the real ceremonies are held, in which all the men participate. The *langa* are painted red, white, and black in a fearsome manner and otherwise decorated.

In the *yampa* ceremony the *langa* sit in front of a screen, which has somewhat of a horse-shoe shape; the men of the tribe are stationed a good way off behind the screen, and quite out of sight of the initiates. A tall post is erected within the inclosure, and a man climbs up this and addresses the people beyond, stating that the *langa* have been well looked after, and asking for food. The people then throw food to him while he is still up

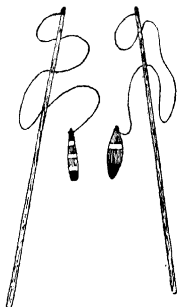


FIG. 9.—Bull-roarers.

Umbalako of the Yaraikanna tribe, Cape York. About one-thirteenth natural size

on the post, the food being tied up in palm leaves or in baskets. If the *anachena* fails to catch one of the bundles, he comes down the pole and another climbs up, and so each take their turn till all the food has been thrown.

The swinging and exhibition of the bull-roarer follow this ceremony, but of course no women or children are allowed to witness this. Finally a front tooth is knocked out, and then the lad is recognised as a man. A year later the *okara*, or test for endurance, supplemented the earlier ceremony of initiation.

After dinner Jimmy Matauri came for us, and we went with him to an open spot behind some sheds and houses. There were our four friends, with very little on in the way of clothing, but with their bodies variously lined with whiting which I had previously given them. They swung the bull-roarers first, circling them round their heads, and produced the ordinary buzzing noise. Then they rapidly turned, facing the opposite direction, and at the same time swung the bull-roarers horizontally with a sudden backward and forward movement of the hand, which made them give out a penetrating yelping "Bow-wow!" It was a weird sound, and extremely incongruous in an environment of corrugated-iron sheds, and not far from a steam merry-go-round, with its grating machinery, discordant whistles, and monotonous music, blatantly making merry on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' birthday! The contrasts which greet one constantly in such places as these are often most violent.

The four natives then gave a short exhibition of a dance, which consisted of a slow walk, strongly flexing each leg alternately, and occasionally standing still momentarily, bending the head from one side to the other, the men uttering low grunts all the time.

Next they gave a demonstration of the method used in knocking out an initiate's front tooth. The subject lies on the ground on his back, with his head resting on the operator's lap; the latter takes a kangaroo bone in his left hand, and a stone in his right, and inserts the former first on one side and then on the other of the tooth to be extracted, the bone being worked sideways; this is done several times till the tooth is loosened. The tooth is then smartly tapped, and with each tap the name is mentioned of one of the "countries" owned by the lad's mother, or by her father, or other of her relatives. These are given in order, and the name

spoken when the tooth breaks away is the country to which the lad belongs in future. The lad is then given some water with which to rinse his mouth, and he gently lets the gory spittle fall into a leaf water-basket. The old men carefully inspect the form assumed by the clot, and trace some likeness to a natural object, plant, or stone; this will be the *ari* of the newly made man. So far as I know, this is a previously undescribed method of fixing the territory of an individual, or rather that land over which he has hunting, and root and fruit collecting rights. It is worth noticing that only the lands belonging to the mother's family were enumerated; that is, a boy inherits from his mother and not from his father. Thus the mother's land goes to her children, and a father's to his nephews and nieces. On November 10th the same natives came again for a talk in the afternoon, and we obtained some additional information from them. Tomari, one of the most intelligent of them, has three *ari*: (1) *aru*, a crab, which fell to him through blood divination at initiation in the manner just described; (2) *untara*, diamond fish; (3) *alungi*, crayfish. The two latter were given to him as the result of dreams. It appears that if an old man dreams of anything at night, that object is the *ari* of the first person he sees next morning; the idea being that the animal, or whatever appears in the dream, is the spirit of the first person met with on awakening. Tomari's father was a carpet-snake, his mother an oyster, and his wife a particular kind of fruit. Women obtain their *ari* in the same manner as men. A wife must be taken from another "country," as all belonging to the same place are brothers and sisters; which indicates that there is a territorial idea in kinship and in the consequent marriage restrictions.

The *ari* is thus a purely individual affair, and is not transmissible, nor has it anything to do with the regulation of marriage, therefore it is not a totem, in the usual acceptance of that term.

CHAPTER X

A TRIP DOWN THE PAPUAN COAST

My first impression of the Eastern Papuans or Papuo-Melanesians was that they are markedly different in several characters from the Torres Straits islanders, who are Western Papuans. They are shorter, lighter, and redder in colour, have less rugged features, and a somewhat more refined appearance. They are all tattooed. The younger men appear to tattoo their faces only, though some of the old men have patterns on the arms and legs and chest. The women are tattooed more or less all over. True tattooing, which consists in pricking pigment into the skin, does not show on very dark skins; indeed, the skin of most of the Eastern Papuans is often so dark that the tattooing does not readily show on it. Like the African negroes and the Australians, some of the Western Papuans ornament their body by means of severe scars. This practice of scarification has now ceased in Torres Straits and is diminishing on the mainland of New Guinea, where the influence of the white man extends; but we have seen many men amongst the Torres Straits islanders and Western Papuans who tattoo themselves slightly, in imitation of Polynesian or Eastern Papuans. It appeared to me that these people are less excitable than the Torres Straits islanders.

We saw the whole process of making pots except the baking in a wood fire. None of us had seen the manufacture of hand-made pottery before, and we were consequently much interested in it. Delena and Yule Island in Hall Sound are the most westerly points at which pottery is made along this coast of British New Guinea. The pots are made of three shapes. The whole is done with clay, sand, water, a board on which the clay is mixed, a wooden beater, a stone, and a shell; no wheel is employed, but the pot is supported in an old broken pot and can thus be easily turned round. The women are very dexterous in using their hands and fingers, and they can make several pots in a day. The

people have not much to trade with, and we did not see any decorated bamboo tobacco pipes.

What interested me most was a child's toy throwing-spear. It consists of a short, thin reed, in one end of which is inserted the mid-rib of a palm leaflet, to represent the blade or point; but the real interest consists in the fact that it is thrown by means of a short piece of string, one end of which is knotted and then passed twice round its shaft; the other end is passed twice round the index finger. The reed is held between the thumb and other fingers, with the index finger extended; when the spear is cast the string remains in the hand.

The use of a cord to increase the distance to which a throwing-spear or javelin can be hurled is an ancient, though not a common contrivance. The Greek and Roman soldiers employed a strap (*ἀγκύλη* or *amentum*), which was secured to about the middle of a javelin to aid them in giving it force or aim. In this case the strap left the hand of the thrower.

The only examples of this device I can find among recent peoples are in the Southern New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and Loyalty Islands. Captain Cook was the first to describe the practice, but it has been several times recorded since the great navigator's day. The short cord employed by these Melanesians is knotted at one end and has a loop at the other for the insertion of the tip of the forefinger of the right hand. The Maori, however, used a long-handled whip, *kotaha*, for hurling javelins.

Rigid wooden spear-throwers are more widely distributed. They occur all over Australia, and the Cape York variety was borrowed by the Western Islanders of Torres Straits. Strangely enough, in German New Guinea a distinct type of throwing-stick occurs on the Sepik river. Another form of throwing-stick occurs in America among the Eskimo and among the Conibos and Purus of the Upper Amazon, and formerly among the ancient Mexicans.

This child's toy may yet prove to be a link in the chain of evidence of race migration.

These people also make very complicated string figures (cat's cradle); indeed, this amusement is widely spread in this part of the world.

Mr. Dauncey gave me three shields, a number of small masks from the Papuan Gulf, and, best of all, a sorcerer's

kit, which consisted of a strongly-made round cane basket, about a foot in diameter and ten inches in height, which was lined with the cloth-like spathe of the coconut-palm leaf. It contained a cooking-pot, *uro* or *keke*, that from its appearance evidently came from Boera, inside which were the following objects :—

A small, pointed coconut receptacle (*biobio*), three inches in length, decorated with strings of grey seeds; the medicine inside was kept in place by a plug of bark cloth. When wishing to harm a person the coconut is pointed to the place where the patient sits. The patient may ultimately recover. Attached to this were the lower jaw of a baby crocodile (*auki*), this makes dogs kill pigs, and a small bamboo tube (*baubau*), containing a black powder which is used for decoration in a dance.

A spine of a sting-ray (*daiadai*), which is employed thus : When a man is enamoured of a girl from another village, who will have nothing to say to him, he takes the spine of the sting-ray and he sticks it in the ground where the girl has been, then he puts it in the sun for a day or two, and finally makes it very hot over a fire. In a couple of days the girl dies. Before dying she tells her father about the young man, and the bereaved parents instruct a sorcery man to kill the young man by magic.

A smooth ovoid stone, three inches in length, closely surrounded with netted string, has had pink earth rubbed over it, and was enveloped in a piece of black cloth which was part of a man's belt. This is taken into the garden at planting season and held over a yam, then water is poured over the stone so that it falls on to the yam. The stone is left on the ground in the garden till all the yams are planted; the stone is then returned to its bag.

Several pieces of resin were tied together with netted string in three little parcels, one having leaves wrapped round the resin. They were inside a small netted bag (*keape*). The bag with its contents is put on the top of a net that is to be used for catching a turtle in the night-time. This must be done by one man only, and no one else must see him do it. The charm must be put away before going out to fish the next morning. Another version was that the resin (*tomena*) is put in a fire so that the smoke of the ignited resin rises up into the net which is used to catch turtle or dugong. In either case it is a turtle or dugong fishing charm.

In the pot was also a broken skull of a small turtle;

three cassowary toe-nails, one of which was hollow, being used as a protecting sheath for a spear when hunting pigs or kangaroos, so that the point of the spear should not break when thrown on the ground; various fragments of a friable, whitish, shelly earth (*āniānina-dina*), which comes from Toaripi, Lealea, and other places, and is eaten in the bush when no food is available.

Besides these there were also rounded pebbles of various sizes (*nadi*); two elongated ones, much larger than the others, were said to be yam stones, and the smaller ones may also be similar charms; some of the latter were in a bamboo tube (*baubau*), which had a protecting handle. In an old calico bag were nodules of iron pyrites and various stones, rounded pebbles, friable gritty rock, and a small piece of white coral (*ladi*), etc.

I should add that on subsequent occasions I showed one or two natives the contents of the sorcerer's basket, and the information I have given as to the nature of some of the objects was gathered from them. If we could get several sorcerers to tell the truth about their own practices much remarkable information would be obtained.

GAILE

Gaile, or Kaile (but the real name is Tava Tava), is a marine pile village, built perhaps a quarter of a mile from the shore on the fringing reef; but some houses are now built on the shore. Sir William Macgregor, the then Lieutenant-Governor, encouraged this innovation; but Mr. A. C. English, the very efficient Government agent for this district, states it is regrettable from a sanitary point of view, as the natives are far cleaner and healthier in their villages built over the salt water.

On arrival, we were met by the teacher, a Port Moresby native, who accompanied us all the time and acted as interpreter. We photographed the village from the shore, with a group of natives on the sand beach. All the women were richly and thoroughly tattooed. We got off in a canoe paddled by girls, and clambered up the horizontal poles that serve as a ladder to one of the houses, and wandered from one end of the village to the other along the platforms. The planks of which the platforms are made are irregularly placed, often with spaces between them; and one has to cross from the platform of one house to another on poles which may be fastened or may merely be lying loose. The natives

run along these easily with their bare feet, but we, with our boots on, found it a very different matter.

Crouching behind and beside the entrance of one house was a widow in mourning for her recently deceased husband; her head was shaved, her body smeared all over with charcoal, her chest was covered with netting, she wore a long petticoat, elongated tassels of grey seeds (*Coix lachrymæ*) hung from her ears, and on each arm she had four widely separated armlets of coix seeds, and round her neck were numerous necklaces and ornaments.



FIG. 10.—The Marine Village of Gaile.

She would not come on to the platform to be photographed, the reason assigned being that she would get a bad name for disrespect to the memory of her husband if she showed herself in public. She had no objection to being photographed in the house; but that was impossible as it was so dark.

THE HOOD PENINSULA

The Hood Peninsula has evidently been formed mainly by the Vanigela River. It is a low, level spit of sea sand and of alluvium brought down by the river, deposited in the salt water, and then heaped to leeward by the indirect action of the prevailing south-east wind. This combination makes a light, fertile soil. A considerable part

of the peninsula consists of grass land, with scattered screw pines (*Pandanus*) and small trees, and here and there a few cycads. Occasionally there are patches of bush or jungle, and groves of coconut palms. There are also numerous gardens, which the natives keep in beautiful order.

The peninsula is divided into six lands, belonging to the Kalo, Kamali, Babaka, Makirupu, Oloko, and Diriga people. The last three villages were so decimated by sickness some three generations ago that there were few survivors, and the smaller numbers that still remain have been driven recently to Babaka by the Hula. The Hula people have planted many coconuts on the land, but the greater part belong to the three tribes mentioned. The Hula people now claim the land, and naturally this has been a cause of friction, as the Babaka and Kamali people resent the encroachment. The Government has taken the common-sense view, and recognised that it was necessary for Hula to have garden land; and as the Diriga land, which lies at the end of the peninsula, is practically unowned, the Government has had it surveyed and given Hula legal possession. The Kamali state that they have been in occupation for ten generations, and that the land was unoccupied at the time of their first settlement on it.

The town of Kalo—for this is not too grand a term to employ in this instance—is situated at the base of the Hood Peninsula close to the right bank of the Vanigela (Kemp Welch River) at its mouth. There are some magnificent houses here—all on piles, some of which are thirty feet in height and eighteen inches in diameter. It is very impressive to see great houses perched on such high and massive props. At the front of each house is a series of large platforms like gigantic steps. Some of the posts are partially carved, and occasionally the under surfaces of the house planks are also carved. I saw two representations of crocodiles and one of a man under a large steepled house. The planks employed for the flooring of the houses and platforms are often immense, and must represent a tremendous amount of labour, especially in the old days of stone implements; many of them are cut out of the slablike buttresses of great forest trees that grow inland. The wood employed for the great flooring planks is so hard that the boards are handed down from father to son as heirlooms, and the house piles last for generations.

Sir William Macgregor regards Kalo as the wealthiest village in British New Guinea. The people own rich alluvial gardens, and have a superabundance of coconuts, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes, and taro. They also grow numerous areca palms; the nuts of these palms are usually called betel nuts, and are in great demand for chewing with quicklime, and so constitute a source of wealth. The Kalo people also absorb the trade of the interior, as they command the mouth of the Vanigela. Feathers and feather ornaments, grass armlets, boars' tusks, bamboos, trees for canoes, wood for houses, and other jungle produce are retailed to the coast tribes, and fish, shell-fish, shell ornaments, and the like are traded in exchange.

Hearing that there was to be a dance at Babaka, we walked there one afternoon, accompanied by several boys and a couple of girls who carried our bags and cameras, and we were further escorted by four native police and a corporal. It was a hot walk down the peninsula for four and a half miles, across grassy plains, through the gardens and plantations of the natives. The bananas here are planted in regular rows, more evenly, we were informed, than anywhere else in the possession. We greatly appreciated the cool shade when the path meandered through the luxuriant bush.

On arriving at Babaka we climbed on the platform of a house, and rested in the shade and drank the cool, refreshing coconut water. A very disreputable-looking, dirty, aged ruffian came up and shook hands with Mr. English; his face was misshapen through disease, and one eye was bunged up. As is the custom here, his clothing consisted simply of a string. He has the reputation of being a successful dugong fisher and a great blackguard; the tattooing on his back shows that he has also taken human life. By the time I had copied his tattooing the dancing had commenced.

The men, carrying their drums, approached the dancing-ground with a prancing gait. Most of the men had a more or less yellow string as a garment; some had a nose skewer as well. In the crown of their black halo of frizzly hair was inserted a bunch of feathers, the most effective being a bunch of white cockatoo feathers, above which were reddish-brown and green, narrow feathers; from the midst of these arose a vertical stick covered with scarlet feathers. From the hair, and fastened to their armlets and leglets, streamed long

ribands of crimped strips of pale yellow palm leaves. The cylindrical drums were also decorated with the same streamers and with seed rattles. They formed a brave show.

In the first figure the men stood in three rows, the outer rows facing inwards; the third and middle row faced one of the other rows, and stood nearer to it than to the other. The men danced by slightly bending the knee and raising the heel, the toe not being taken off the ground, and as they bent their bodies their head-dresses nodded. A couple of girls danced at the end of two columns, facing the men. These girls were clothed in numerous petticoats of sago palm leaf dyed red, with flounces of white pandanus leaf; numerous shell necklaces with boars'-tusk pendants hung down their backs, and shell ornaments adorned their heads. They placed their hands on their abdomens just above their petticoats, and swayed the latter from side to side without shifting their ground. I cannot describe the singing. The music consisted of paired drum-beats.



In the second figure, the central row of men all faced one way down the column except one end man, who faced them. The movements were the same as before; four girls now danced.



Next, the central men all faced the same way.

In the fourth figure the central men shifted their ground from side to side. The four girls at the one end grouped themselves into two couples, each pair took hold of hands, and all swayed their petticoats rhythmically from side to side. One or two girls had by this time joined the opposite end. Some girls swayed their petticoats more than others, and as the petticoats are fastened on the right side,

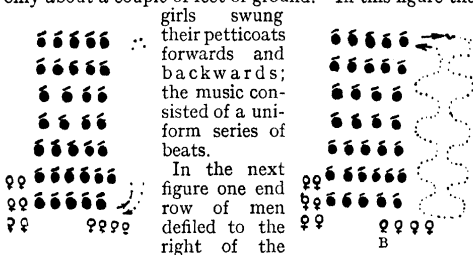
the movement displays more or less of the thighs. A flighty girl often takes care that the two ends of the petticoat do not quite meet where they are tied, so as to increase the effectiveness of this swaying movement. Some girls kept their feet entirely on the ground, heels together, and toes separated; others moved the feet a little. They swung their arms backwards and forwards.

The fifth dance was a repetition of the first, and was

repeated more than once, as were also some of the others.

Later, the men fell into seven rows of from four to six in each. All except those at one end faced one way, and these faced them.

There were now eight girls at one end, who stood in a row and faced inwards, like the odd row of men. Two or three girls were at the other end dancing in the same way as girls, but one sidled up to a man and placed her arm round his, and danced demurely. I saw this done at Kāpākāpā, and later on I saw it at Hula and Port Moresby. It is evidently the usual practice in ordinary dances, but I imagine the girl was not in order in introducing this style into this particular dance. All the men and the girls advanced and retreated slowly, moving their feet about three inches at a time; they covered only about a couple of feet of ground. In this figure the



others, and either danced up and down the column once and back to their places, or (as in B) they zigzagged up and down. The drums during most of this dance were held high up by the five or six men who were actively dancing.

The girls had rearranged themselves as in the diagram, and swayed their petticoats from side to side.

In the last figure the two end rows left their places and faced one another as in the diagram, and after a little dancing all dispersed.

At the end of every figure the drums were beaten about a dozen times with relative rapidity, this being the signal that it was over. The

same occurs in Torres Straits. The women's dancing appears to be subsidiary. I do not think that their exact position matters much. The variable number was, perhaps, due to their not being ready before.

This dance was one of a series which had been held in this village and in Kamali and Kalo. The last of the series was held the following morning.

After the dance a pig was caught by causing it to run its snout into a coarse net, and then it was thrown down, several men sitting on it while others held its legs, which were next tied. The screaming and squealing of the pig and the shouts and laughing of the men were terrific; eventually the pig was fastened to a pole and left to await developments.

The fantastically dressed-up men who had been dancing collected on a sacred platform, or *dubu*, in the centre of the village; each carried a bunch of areca (betel) nuts. They then chanted a few sentences and finished off with a yell; and this was repeated two or three times, and an areca nut was thrown on the ground. This was a challenge to the other division of the village to make a similar dance next year.

This village, like so many others, is divided into two sections, each of which has its *dubu*. At these annual festivals only one division dances, the members of the other being spectators. If, for some reason, such as the death of an important man, a challenge is not taken up, there will be no dance the following year, which is a local misfortune.

A man of the other division stepped forward and picked up the areca nut; then those on the *dubu* broke up the bunches of the nuts and threw them among the spectators for a scramble, and a scene of hilarious excitement began. I joined in the scramble, and secured one or two nuts.

Shortly after this seven recently tattooed girls walked in a row up and down the broad open space in the village in front of the *dubu*. The *irupi* or *iropi* dance was to be performed by them, and the pigs for the feast had been provided by their relatives. The girls walked in a somewhat stately manner, and gracefully swung a cord of about three feet in length, to which a small netted bag was attached; the other end of the cord was attached to the waist-belt of the petticoat at the back. They swung it with the right hand, causing it to make a graceful sweep behind the back round to the left side.

where it was caught by the left hand. During this manœuvre the whole body made a half turn. The action was then repeated with the left hand, the tassel being caught with the right hand. Up and down the little damsels walked, well pleased with themselves, and fully conscious that they were the centre of attraction; it was an elegant dance, and really quite charming. During the *irupi* dance some women sat on the *dubu* and beat the drums; this is the first time I have anywhere seen women beating drums, and it is only on this occasion that women may mount on a *dubu*. The movements of the girls were regulated by the staccato beats of the drums.

The same girls next ascended the *dubu* and stood in a



FIG. 11.—*Irupi* Dance, Babaka.

row facing the village square. Two men then carried the pig, which was tied on to a pole, and stood in front of the girls. An old woman came and stood beside them; she was not ornamented in any way, whereas the girls wore numerous swagger petticoats; round their necks were as many necklaces and ornaments as they could muster, and some had wonderful shell head-dresses. The girls next took off all their petticoats and were anointed by the old woman, who dabbed each girl with a mixture of coconut oil and water by means of a bunch of wild thyme. As soon as the anointing was completed a drum was beaten, and the girls quickly dressed themselves and jumped down from the *dubu*. This ended one of the most interesting ceremonies it has been my lot to witness.

It is evident that the latter part of the ceremony is the most important, and that it is a fertility ceremony.

I was told that it brought good luck to the plantations. It is interesting to note that here, as in India, and indeed in many parts of the world, the ceremony for ensuring a bountiful harvest is performed by the women.

The next day the pig was killed for the feast, and there was renewed dancing.

Mr. R. E. Guise, who has resided for over ten years in this district, has described this important ceremony, the *kapa*, in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute (xxviii., 1899, p. 214). Apparently the second and principal part of the ceremony (*kuiriga*) was somewhat abbreviated on the occasion when we witnessed it. As soon as the girls on the *dubu* have thrown their petticoats behind them, married women advance and place in front of each girl a basket containing a quantity of areca nuts, on the top of which are a few yams and a small knife. After the anointing, each girl takes a yam in her left hand and the knife in her right, and at each beat of the drum cuts off a piece of the yam, bends her knees, and slightly bows her head, causing the weighted head-dress to sway forwards. The whole effect is described as being wonderfully pretty. After each girl has cut up half a dozen yams the female orchestra give two sharp taps, and the drums cease beating. The girls immediately take up the baskets and pelt the crowd with the areca nuts; this part of the affair is much appreciated by the onlookers, who scramble for the nuts, tumbling over one another like children.

The girls quite enjoy the position, and do not show any shame. Very few, if any, men seem to care to look on the ceremony, old women, widows, and married women who have daughters constituting the majority of the bystanders.

I had previously known about this ceremony and understood that it was of an indecent character, but my experience quite corroborates these statements of Mr. Guise. I must confess to feeling surprised that the men took no notice at all of the girls, and it was perfectly evident that this was regarded by them as solely a woman's ceremony.

One day we started in the early morning to visit Kerepunu (Keapara). On our arrival there, the sand beach in front of the village presented a busy scene; until now I had not come across such activity as was here displayed. Several canoes were being made, and not only was there a continuous succession of chopping noises,

but the sense of smell was also affected, partly by the smoke of the fires, but mainly by the very disagreeable odour given out by the soft wood as it is chipped by the adzes.

The trees of which the canoes are made grow up the Vanigela River; they are cut down, and their trunks are floated down the stream to its mouth. The Kalo men sell the lumber to the Kerepunu men, who tow it to their village. The outside of the canoes is cut with



FIG. 12.—Hollowing out a Canoe at Kerepunu.

steel tomahawks obtained from the white man, but the logs are hollowed out with stone adzes, the stone blade of which can be shifted round to any angle by turning the holder on the shaft. It seems strange that these primitive shipwrights should prefer stone implements to iron ones for hollowing out the canoes; perhaps it is because they are frightened lest the sharper iron blade should inadvertently cut through the thin side of the hull. After the canoes are dug out and trimmed down they are charred by fires lit outside and inside them; the effect of this is to harden the wood, and I suppose to somewhat fill up the pores so as to make the craft

more seaworthy. I believe that one result of applying fire to the canoes is to make them open out more widely. Probably in precisely the same manner, save that no metal tool was available, our Neolithic ancestors manufactured their canoes. It was an unexpected pleasure to have this glimpse into the Stone Age.

Sitting on the sand beach was a man chipping out a wooden bowl from a piece of the same kind of wood as that of which the canoes were made. He employed a small adze, constructed on the same principle as that of the large adzes used in canoe-making. In this instance the blade was made of iron, but so fashioned as precisely to resemble the original stone blade; subsequently I procured a small stone adze. We photographed the man at work, and, as we have experienced often, he took no notice of us; but he appeared to be much surprised when I bargained for his implement and the unfinished bowl. A native cannot in the least understand why one wants to purchase an unfinished article and the tool with which it is being made.

The Kerepunu natives buzzed round us like flies, offering for sale "curios" of all kinds and sea shells; often the former were broken and worthless specimens. One did not know which way to turn, so persistent were they, and the din was deafening. Well did they maintain their reputation for being keen, and whenever possible, unprincipled traders; still, we did very well and got our things reasonably enough. I understand that they live principally by barter, not only locally, but also doing some trading up and down the coast.

During the next few days we got through a fair amount of anthropological measurements and other work. We persuaded some girls to demonstrate the process of tattooing, which we photographed. The girl to be tattooed lay on the ground, and the operator held a special clay vessel in one hand, in which was a black fluid paste made from burnt resin; this was applied on the skin by means of a little stick. When the design was finished a thorn was held in the left hand, while in the right hand was a small stick round which strips of banana leaves were wound. The thorn was lightly tapped with the stick until the pattern had been well punctured into the skin.

When a Papuan has a headache, or indeed any other kind of ache, an attempt is generally made to alleviate the pain by letting blood. Usually this is done by cutting

the part affected with sharp shells or fragments of glass, or with anything handy that has an edge; but here, and in a few other places, the phlebotomy is also performed by shooting with a diminutive bow and arrow. The bow is made of two or three pieces of the mid-rib of palm leaflets tied together, the string being a strand of vegetable fibre. The arrow is also a mid-rib of a palm leaflet tipped with a splinter of glass (originally a thorn formed the point); the shaft passes between two of the com-



FIG. 13.—A Hula Girl being Tattooed.

ponents of the arc of the bow, and the butt is tied on to the bow-string. Owing to this arrangement the arrow, when it is pulled rhythmically and let go, punctures the skin on or about the same spot.

Whilst in Hula I added very largely to my collection of samples of the hair of the natives. The Papuan belongs to the group of men who have dark skins and black woolly or frizzly hair. The hair is very much like that of the true negro, but it grows much longer. In some parts of New Guinea the hair is usually worn rolled into numerous cords, which hang down all round the head like a thrum mop, but among most of the

people of the south-eastern part of the Possession the hair is combed out so as to form a very characteristic aureola, which is the glory of a Papuan dandy. It is astonishing, however, the number of people one finds in this part of New Guinea with curly, and even wavy hair. In a few cases the hair is almost quite straight, whereas, as I have remarked, the hair of the typical Papuan is frizzly or woolly, and so far as I am aware it is universally so among the hill tribes of the interior, among the inhabitants of the Papuan Gulf, and indeed all over the western portion of British New Guinea. This variability in the character of the hair evidently



FIG. 14.—Hula (Bulaa).

points to a racial mixture here. I was also surprised to find in this district the tips of the hair vary from dark to quite a pale brown or a tan colour, though the roots are black. I naturally put this down to bleaching, owing to the use of lime for sanitary purposes; but Mr. English, the Government Agent, assured me that it is a natural colour, a fact of some interest and perplexity.

The marine pile dwellings of the village of Hula probably present, at all events at a distance, much the same appearance as did the lake dwellings of Central Europe in prehistoric times. People have wondered how the primitive Swiss drove in the piles that supported their houses. This question can only be answered approximately by noting what is done nowadays.

I therefore asked Mr. English to arrange to have the process of pile-driving exhibited.

A post was procured, one end of which was roughly pointed, and to the other extremity two long ropes were tied. One man scooped a hole on the reef at low tide with his hands; the pile was then propped up in the hole by several men. Two or three men steadied the post, while several caught hold of each guy and gently swayed it to and fro; the men who clasped the pole prevented it from overbalancing. Gradually by its own weight the pile is thus wormed into the ground. I was informed that when a pile is sunk actually in the sea a light staging is erected near the top of the post; two or three men stand on this framework, so that by their extra weight the pile may sink more readily.

One day we saw Neolithic men making canoes at Kerepunu, and here at Hula we saw the pile-dwellers at work with a marine pile-village in the background.

CHAPTER XI

THE MEKEO DISTRICT

WE arrived at Hall Sound on July 6th, and visited the Sacred Heart Mission, where we were cordially received by Archbishop Navarre and his colleagues. Although this Roman Catholic Mission has its headquarters at Issoudun, in Indre, in France, the executive may belong to any nationality, and thus it is not entirely a French Mission, though French is the language spoken among themselves.

After the evening meal I played "ludo" with the Archbishop, and we subsequently played the game several evenings. Ray, by request, had brought the phonograph ashore, and he gave a selection on it in the course of the evening, greatly to the delight of the Fathers and Brothers, none of whom had ever heard one before. Brother Philip, a kind-hearted, merry Dutchman, who is always smiling and laughing, and who is one of the musicians of the fraternity, was child-like in his enthusiastic appreciation of the machine. We persuaded some natives to sing into the phonograph, and, as usual, they were delighted at hearing their own voices echoed from the mysterious instrument.

Monseigneur kindly asked us to stay the night at the Mission, so we gladly sent for our kit-bags. After a feverish night I was compelled to spend a quiet day, and Wilkin was only able to walk to the village of Ziria, which he photographed.

Ray was good enough to give another phonograph performance to the Fathers and the natives, and later we went to the nunnery and repeated the entertainment for the delighted Sisters. Ray spent all the rest of the day in philological brain-picking, and was very satisfied with the result of his day's work.

After another sleepless, feverish night I began to feel better, but decided to remain quiet, whilst Ray and Wilkin went to the village of Mohu on the mainland with Brother Alexis to visit Father Burke, the only "Englishman" (and he is an Irishman) in the Mission.

The day was a sad one for us, as Brother Edmond, who belonged to the station at Pokao on the mainland, and had come here for a visit, became very ill in the morning, and grew worse as the day wore on. Soon after 5 p.m. a little service was held in his room, when the Extreme Unction with the Pontifical Absolution and Benediction was given; the anointing with holy oil, which is performed in the early stages of an illness that may have a fatal termination, had been celebrated in the morning. All through the day we received numerous reports as to the progress of the disease.

The Brother had been in good health the previous day (Friday) and worked hard in the sun, but he drank water copiously, and probably had taken some from an infected source which brought on a malignant enteric disease (hæmaturia).

At 9 p.m., when all lights are put out and the Mission goes to bed, I heard the Sisters who were to keep the night watch arrive, for the patient's room was next to mine. At eleven o'clock I was awakened by a slight commotion, and turning out found Father Guis reading the prayers for the dying, and whilst they were being read Brother Edmond passed away. I retired again to bed whilst the Brothers and Sisters performed the last secular offices for the dead, and in a few minutes heard the suggestive "pwew, pwew" of the planing of boards, and later the hammering of nails. By 2.15 the body was lying in its last bed.

At 3 a.m., finding a service was about to be held in the chapel, I threw my dark blue bed blanket around me, and in pyjamas and with bare feet I attended the service. It proved to be a Communion service for those who had ministered to the deceased. Father Guis, in broken voice, feelingly read the service, with a Brother as acolyte, to a congregation composed of three Sisters clad in their usual blue costume, four Brothers in workaday flannel shirts, and myself, a blanket-clad "heretic." The moral atmosphere was tense with emotion, and the service appeared to me to be not so much a communion with God, as a sacrament of renewed devotion under the most solemn circumstances. Of course I do not wish to imply that the first sentiment was not present, that is the essential element in Holy Communion, but the other aspect appeared to predominate. The impressiveness of the ceremony was enhanced by its being held in the depth of night.

Before finally retiring to rest I visited the coffin lying on the verandah of our hostel. Praying beside it were two of the indefatigable Brothers who had worked so hard, and two patient, statuesque Sisters.

The morning bell woke us at 5.30 o'clock, and I dressed in order to attend early morning Mass at six. During that service the sun rose, and a glorious tropical day commenced, joyous physically, but psychically sad. After Mass coffee was served, and at 7.30 the Mass for the Dead was solemnised in the chapel by the Archbishop.

The last time I attended a Catholic Requiem Mass was in Rome sixteen years previously.

There we witnessed the ceremony decked with all the pomp due to the rank of a high functionary of the Holy Catholic Church; here I participated in the same ceremony—the same, but how different!

There, a dignitary trained in ecclesiastical doctrine, dogma, and discipline, had worked his way up in the Church till heaven gave him a preferment. (I wonder whether it was a better one than his last on earth?) Here, a man who for fourteen years was a joint owner with his cousin of a fishing schooner in the North Sea, and who was making money in his venturesome calling, left all, like other fishermen we read of, and became a lay Brother, with no chance of promotion in this world, and volunteered to a fever-stricken country from which he knew he would never return. One day he worked hard, doing his duty heartily and manfully; the next, he was prostrated by a severe illness, and passed away before midnight, dying in perfect peace. His last words were that he was ready to die and be quit of suffering (for death had no terrors for him), or ready to live if God willed, and to continue his labours, although he knew full well that this meant a certainty of renewed sickness and pain.

As the procession was forming outside the chapel after the service, Ontong (who also had attended Mass) and I took the middle places, and helped carry the coffin to the grave, but after a short distance I was asked to desist, as I was taller than the others, and the equilibrium was disturbed.

The grave had been dug by natives, who stood by clothed in their usual fashion and decked with native finery, thus supplying a dramatic contrast between the ceremonial of an ancient Church and the religious and physical nudity of the savage.

At 8.30 a.m. we were back in the house for breakfast.

By early afternoon Father Guis was groaning under an attack of fever. He was ill the previous Friday, and thought he was quit of it for a time; but his devotion to the deceased Brother had overtaxed his physical strength, and this, combined with the severe strain on his feelings, brought about a relapse. Truly the Fathers appear to be fighting against fate!

Soon after our midday meal I started on horseback with Father Guilbaud to the village of Ziria, where he was to conduct the Benediction. It is characteristic of the practical straightforward simplicity of this fraternity that the priest wore a large grey wide-awake hat, flannel shirt, corduroy trousers, and carpet slippers. We had a pleasant ride of somewhat under an hour, mainly along the sand beach.

After tea in the Mission house, Father Guilbaud and I went to the chapel, where a chair and *prie-dieu* were allotted me close to the altar rails, and in full view of the congregation. Opposite sat two Sisters, in charge of some small girls, and a third Sister presided at the harmonium. It was very pretty to see the naked little boys trotting hand-in-hand up the altar steps, bowing, and then darting to the right and squatting on the floor. Clothing among the males was almost a negative quantity; indeed, there was a marked absence of European dress of any description. Most of the bucks had painted their faces with red, black, and white pigments, the effect of which was certainly grotesque, and some were almost as much decorated with native finery as if they were going to a dance; one or two of the girls had freshly oiled themselves and were decorated with shell ornaments. The women-folk all sat on the Sisters' side of the chapel, and the men on the opposite side. The youngest children sat in the front rows, and in increasing ages further back, so that the old people were near the door.

Father Guilbaud preached a sermon in the native language, evidently on the Communion, and he had on the altar rails a large coloured picture-card illustrating the Last Supper; in the upper corners were two small pictures, one of Elijah being fed by ravens, and the other of a Catholic Communion Service. From time to time the good Father pointed with a small stick to details in the pictures. Believing so firmly as I do in visual instruction, I was particularly pleased with this innovation.

After the sermon came the ceremonial part of the service, and it was charming to see two Papuan lads act as acolytes, with their mop of black frizzly hair, copper-coloured skins, long red cassocks, and short white cotta, going through the service in a most devout and seemly fashion. When service was over the acolytes disrobed behind the altar and stepped forth, two all but absolutely nude savage dandies with shell ornaments and painted faces. It is to be hoped the grace in their hearts was of a more permanent character than the brief adorning of their persons with the garments of Christian ceremonial. A pleasant ride back in the cool of early evening completed a most enjoyable day.

A little later in the week we again visited Ziria, when we took some measurements of the natives and bought a few "curios," mostly lime gourds. We exhibited the phonograph to the Sisters living in Ziria, and gave one rehearsal in the schoolroom, and another in the *marea* or club-house of the village, to excited audiences.

Ziria is quite an interesting village; some of its houses are similar to those lower down the coast, but others I recognised as belonging to a type characteristic of the Papuan Gulf. The people here certainly more resemble the coast people further east than those to the west, but they have a character of their own, and some appear to resemble the "typical Papuan" which Guillemard describes, and which he met with in the extreme north of New Guinea. This transitional area between the east and the west is marked, amongst other ways, by the men's costume more resembling that of the Gulf men. The bark-cloth belt trails behind on the ground, and the young men wear, when they are *ibitoe*, a rather narrow, tight wooden belt. One lad I saw wore his so tight that above the wooden belt and below the breast-bone and ribs the abdominal wall protruded like an inflated pouter pigeon's crop; about an inch and a half below this belt was the tightly drawn ordinary bark-cloth belt, and in the interspace between the two belts the flesh exuded as a prominent ring. Another example of tight-lacing is given in the accompanying photograph.

When a boy is about twelve years of age, the family council decides that he must be *ibitoe*, that is, of an age fit to marry, and he is conducted to the *marea* of the *ibitoes*, or club-house of the young men. Thenceforth commences for him a life of unalloyed pleasure; nothing has he to do but to eat, drink, and be merry. But it is

all harmless pleasure; intoxicant there is none. The only serious thing he has to do is to make his drum. Several lads will go into the jungle without saying anything to their friends, and will remain there, it may be a week or a month, until each has made his drum. A straight branch is selected and cut to the requisite size;



FIG. 15.—A Mekeo Ibitoe.

this is next scraped with shells till the orthodox shape is arrived at; finally, the cavity is carefully and laboriously burnt out.

During this period the lads are taboo (*rove* in Roro, *ngope* in Mekeo)—they must have no intercourse with any man; the friend who brings them food must surreptitiously hide it in a secret spot previously agreed

upon. Should they be seen by a woman or girl the drum would have to be destroyed, otherwise it would be certain to split, and would sound like an old cracked pot.

There are also restrictions as to food. If they eat fish, a fish-bone will prick them, and the skin of the drum will burst; if red bananas are eaten, they will be choked, and the drum will have a dull sound; if they eat grated coconut, the white ants will destroy the body of the drum; should they cook food in an ordinary spherical earthen pot instead of a small high one, they will grow fat, and will not be able to dance, and the girls will mock them and call out, "Your stomach is big; it is a pot." Finally, they must never touch fresh water, but they may drink coconut milk, or the water which is found abundantly in the stem of a banana; should they inadvertently touch water with feet, hands, or lips before the drum is completely hollowed out, they break it, crying, "I have touched water, my firebrand is extinguished, and I can never hollow out my drum." These prohibitions are interesting examples of symbolic magic: the sight of a woman destroys the tone of the drum, contact with water extinguishes the fire, a fish-bone tears the tympanum, so the sorcerer informs them; everyone says so, no one has the temerity to prove it, but no one dares to deny it.

When a boy has been declared *ibitoe* he is told, "Now you are free look out for a woman and marry as soon as possible." At first the young man does not think about such things. He enjoys his absolute independence; he goes, comes, plays the fool as he pleases; he dances for the sake of dancing; decorates himself for his own delectation; but gradually other thoughts arise. The girls of his own age also grow up; his parents begin to talk about the girls, about the presents and marriage and so forth. Such suggestions soon have the natural result.

The lad becomes *rove*. It is difficult to find a proper English equivalent for this term: "holy" or "sacred" originally expressed this idea, now other meanings have been read into them; it is perhaps best simply to appropriate the Polynesian term "taboo." He ornaments himself more extravagantly, and tight laces till human nature can stand no more; he plays sweet, melancholy airs on his flute in a corner of the village, and the girls creep out to listen to the ravishing music.

The young men waylay the girls and offer presents. The weak damsels may cry out and run to their parents, the lusty will beat and scratch the adventurous youth, who never dares to resist lest he draw upon himself her parents' wrath. Should fair means fail, recourse is had to the sorcerer, and he generally brings the girl to reason.

It is against custom in the Mekeo district for a young man to make love to a girl of his own village, but each village is affiliated to another from which brides should be taken. In the Roro language the relationship between two villages is called *aruabira*, "part of our blood," and in the Mekeo tongue, *ufapie*, *auai*. The former word, according to Father Guis, means "the other side of the sky," in other words, as they would say, "The *ufapie* are our friends down below; they are like our own souls (*auai*); we are blood brothers." This friendship is carried out much further; for example, the people of Veifaa keep pigs and rear dogs for the village of Amoamo, their *ufapie*, and *vice versa*. When there is a death at Veifaa the Amoamo people come and feast reciprocally. When the time comes to go out of mourning the *ufapie* is invited. They come, dance, eat, perform certain ceremonies, and the period of mourning is over.

There are one or two quaint customs of the *ibitoes* which may be noted. They must never walk down the main street of a village, though the girls at the corresponding period may do so. I noticed when we walked to Veifaa the young men who were with us slunk round by the backs of the houses in passing through a village or to get to the youths' *marea*. They are not constrained to work, but they are tacitly permitted to steal. If they are caught they will be punished, but it is no crime, and is not considered a disgrace, and will never be made the occasion of a quarrel, as ordinary theft often is. Sometimes the lads will do a little perfunctory gardening, or if they want to combine amusement with business they will take a bow and arrow and go to the seashore to shoot fish.

Father Cochard gave me the following examples of belief in omens. When the hauba bird comes into a village and cries in the night, someone will die. If a kangaroo hops into a village when the men are out hunting, someone will die. Unfortunately I did not ask whether it was one of the hunters or of the people then

in the village that would die, but I expect it was the former, and that the kangaroo was the spirit of the dead hunter. This interpretation is borne out by the following: If men are voyaging and a gale of wind suddenly springs up the mariners know that someone has died, as the gust of wind is the passage of the spirit.

An interesting example of what is known as the "life-token" occurs in Yule Island. When the men go to fetch sago from the Gulf a fire is lit, and if the fire goes out there will be bad luck for the voyagers, consequently care is taken to keep the fire alight during the whole time the men are away.

Very characteristic of this district is the custom of



FIG. 16.—Tattooing in the Mekeo District.

Two Veifaa women and Maino, the chief of Inawi

men wearing a large, plain, bark-cloth shawl, and the use of large mosquito nets, or rather sleeping-bags (*ruru*), made from the net-like spathe of the leaf of the coconut palm. These contrivances are about ten to thirteen feet in length, and some six feet wide, and they afford a suffocating shelter from mosquitoes for the whole family.

The women of Yule Island dress and tattoo from head to foot in a manner very similar to the Motu women; but in the neighbouring tribes the tattooing is less complete. The village of Delena is said to have a double origin. Some of the people belong to the Roro tribe, who claim to have originally come from Bereina, in the Mekeo district. The other inhabitants belong to the Motu stock, and migrated from Port Moresby. Hence one would expect rather a mixture of customs in this little village. One Nara woman I saw had charac-

teristic tattooing on the body and legs, but not on the face and arms. I was informed that this custom was recently introduced from Delena; the spiral designs on her legs were certainly Mekeo and not Motu patterns.

At Veifaa I sketched two women whose torsos were richly tattooed, and I saw women in Inawa with similar tattooing. Father Guis states that each tribe has its distinctive pattern, and any infringement of copyright would be a valid reason for war.

There are three main groups of people in the region round Hall Sound, which are distinguished by marked dialectic as well as by various ethnographical differences. These are the Roro, Mekeo, and Pokao.

RORO

The Roro plant their villages on the seashore or along creeks. The men live as much in their canoes as on their infertile soil. These fishermen collect in large numbers at the fishing seasons at the mouths of the Angabunga, Apeo, and other rivers. The fish are carefully smoked, and are bartered for the fine taro and enormous sweet potatoes grown by the Mekeo women.

According to the seasons, with their prevailing winds, these adventurous trafficking mariners visit the coastal tribes to the north-west or to the south-east. In the Papuan spring, October and November, they repair to Toaripi for sago, which grows in inexhaustible quantity in the neighbourhood of the great rivers. Here they exchange the thin pots of Ziria, the main village of Rabao (or Yule Island), which are celebrated all along the coast, for bundles of sago. On the return journey the packages of sago are stacked in the bottom of the trading canoes, the latter being four or half a dozen ordinary canoes lashed together.

In March or April, after the heavy rains, the annual visit is paid to the jewellers of Taurama and Pari, who excel in the manufacture of necklaces of small shells, *mobio* (called *taotao* by the Motu), and of polished shell armlets, *hoia*, or *ohea* (the *toea* of the Motu).

The art of pottery-making was introduced into this district by immigrants of the Motu stock, who appear to have reached their farthest western limit at Delena. Not very long ago only one woman in Pinupaka had acquired this art; now all the women make pottery, but the clay is obtained from Yule Island.

These merchant fisher-folk have the reputation of being roguish and cajoling, and with a pretty conceit in flattery. When boats arrive they are greedy for news. They have been described as the Athenians of Papua. Their language compares favourably with the guttural tongue of the inland folk, being clear, musical, and distinct, with neither strain nor ridiculous contractions.

MEKEO

The Mekeo group of people live mainly in the villages that cluster round the Angabunga (St. Joseph) River. There are also villages on the upper waters of the Biarua, and on the Apeo, Laiva, and other streams that flow into Hall Sound near the mouth of the Angabunga. They are an intelligent, interesting, and well-to-do set of natives, who present marked differences from their Gulf neighbours.

There are two great divisions, the Vee and the Biofa. The prolific and skilful Biofa have devastated the villages of the Vee, and according to the Sacred Heart missionaries, they have also strengthened themselves by alliance with "the sea-warriors, Lokou and Motu-Motu" (Toaripi), in order to crush their rivals.

The Mekeo people are good agriculturists, and their rich soil yields them abundant harvests. Each of their villages consists of a single wide street, with houses on each side. Sometimes the houses are two or three deep, but in this case they are so arranged as to leave a regular street on each side of, and parallel to, the main street. There are usually two *mareas*, which are generally placed at opposite ends of the village. The *marea* is the club-house of the men; often it is highly decorated with carved and painted posts and boards and streamers of palm leaves. The *marea*, which is the equivalent of the *eravo* of the Gulf, the *kwod* of Torres Straits, and the *dubu* of farther east, is the centre of the social, political, and religious life of the men.

The Government has had very great difficulty in getting the people to bury their dead in a cemetery away from the village, as they preferred their old plan of burying under the houses. The people are greatly in dread of the sorcerers, who have the reputation for very powerful magic.

POKAO

The inland district south of Hall Sound is a dry, hilly country, with sparse woods and green swards, where grow the aromatic plants so dearly prized for personal wear by the natives of the whole district. The physical conditions of this healthy land of eucalyptus and kangaroos do not appear to be favourable to agriculture, and so the inhabitants have become mainly hunters of the abundant game. On referring to a geological map, it is seen that this is a region of old volcanic rocks.

The Pokao people are an instructive example of the economic defects of a hunting existence. The necessity for getting fresh food every day fosters improvidence, for meat cannot be kept like yams or sago in this tropical climate. Hence these hunter folk are too lazy to send their meat to market. If the Mekeo people will fetch the meat they require, so much the better; if not, to use an expression employed nearer home, they "can't be bothered."

A hunting population, all the world over, is liable to periodic famines, and the Pokao people are no exception. But so ingrained is their laziness or indifference that they have been known to refuse to send for food which they could have had for nothing. They preferred to go hungry rather than take a monotonous tramp to obtain food.

Probably in no part of British New Guinea are markets so numerous as in the Mekeo district. As markets are important factors in the social evolution of a people, it would be well if some of the residents in this district were to make a special study of the origin and regulations of the various market-places.

Women from different villages or districts meet at appointed places, usually at the boundary between two tribes, and there barter their specialities for commodities from other localities. The bartering is done by women only, but they are accompanied by a few armed men, who, however, do not go amongst the market women, but stand a little way off. The men bring a drum with them, which is beaten at the opening and close of the market.

Markets are held at Inawaia and Mohu every five days on the banks of the river, and at various intervals at Inawi, Inawa, and Jesu Baibua, to which the Bereina,

Abiara, and Waima people come. During the crab and crayfish season in the north-west monsoon, these markets are also held every five days. Inawi and Inawa used to fight Bereina, and trouble consequently often arose in the villages on market days. To lessen this danger, the Government appointed a market to be held in the forest between Inawa and Bereina. Roro has no regular market, but there is a great market at the mouth of the little river of Oriki, near Abiara.

Owing to the physical features of the locality, the



FIG. 17.—Mohu, Mekeo District.

villagers have a superfluity of some food, or have access to a speciality, or are experts in a handicraft; these naturally form their stock-in-trade. For instance, the Roro of the coast from Pinupaka, Rabao (Yule Island), Marihau (Delena), and even the villages of Nabuapaka beyond Delena, trade in crabs, crayfish, and mussels, as well as pottery, for the taro, yams, sweet potatoes, sago, bananas, and areca nuts of the Mekeo tribes as far inland as Rarai, at the foot of Kovio (Mount Yule). Waima trade in coconuts; Waima, part of the Kivori, Bereina, and Babiko provide yams and some sago. If a

big feast is approaching, the Mekeo people send for wallabies and cassowaries to the villages of the rich game district on the other side of Hall Sound, such as Pokao, Boinamai, Nabuapaka, and Biziu. Even the Waima and Kivori and Bereina will send to Pokao for game, although wallabies are obtained in the grassy plains round Bereina; sometimes they get game from Kaima.

The natives of Rabao buy nose-skewers and arm-rings and other shell ornaments from the Port Moresby villages, Pari, and other Motu villages; feather ornaments, gourds, and forks from Mekeo; petticoats from Kivori; and large bark belts from Toaripi. I believe these are plain bark belts, as the Toaripi men obtain the decorated bark belts which they wear from Vailala and Orokololo. The bows of the district are mainly manufactured at Kaima.

The people about here wear native clothing almost exclusively, and it is, fortunately, quite rare to see a man or woman in European garments. The men of the Mekeo district wear a wider perineal band than is worn in the other places we visited, and these belts are here prettily painted in a manner quite new to me, and we were fortunate enough to secure several of them.

The women wear short black leaf petticoats, shorter than any we had previously seen. I was informed that their dress in the mountains is even scantier, as it consists merely of a broad perineal band.

The missionaries, wisely, are averse from introducing European clothing into ordinary use, but they expect the women and girls to wear calico gowns when attending the services. It was very comical to see the women and girls, just before a service, go to the girls' school-house, bring out their gowns, or throw gowns to other women waiting outside, and then proceed to dress themselves in the courtyard. It was still funnier when, after the service, the reverse process was gone through, and their native dress alone remained as the garments of civilisation were doffed. Here, as in most other parts of New Guinea, the women are extremely modest and virtuous, another of the many examples that the amount of clothing worn bears no relation whatever to modesty, though prudery is usually developed in direct proportion to dress.

CHAPTER XII

JOURNEY FROM KUCHING TO BARAM

WE left Singapore at ten o'clock on the morning of December 10th, on the *Vorwärts*, and arrived at Kuching about 1.30 on the 12th. The voyage up the twenty-three miles of the Sarawak river was charming as the steamer glided along between the fringe of nipa palms and other luxuriant vegetation.

As there was no chance of our getting away from Kuching for nearly three weeks, I devoted my time to work in the museum and in laying a foundation for a study of the decorative art of the natives of Sarawak. I photographed nearly a hundred Sea Dayak fabrics, and recorded the names of a large number of the designs on them.

The annual regatta took place on Monday, the 2nd of January. The poop deck of the *Vorwärts* was the grandstand, and most of the white inhabitants were there.

It was a very gay and animated scene, on the shore crowds of quiet people in all kinds of gay dress and undress. On the water were boats of every size, from a tiny dug-out canoe that could scarcely support even a light native to canoes cut out of giants of the forests that would hold fifty to sixty men two abreast. These darted about hither and thither, smoothly gliding like fish or rampaging with flashing paddles and spurting spray.

The natives in the boats gave themselves up to exuberant pleasure, and there was no lack of shouting and merriment. There were large numbers of roofed boats in which one could get occasional glimpses of bedecked and bejewelled women and girls; nor were they ill provided with good things to eat. We could imperfectly see one gorgeously dressed woman in one of the covered boats eating her tiffin with a metal spoon. Some native nurses on board the steamer, who were looking after the children, were greatly interested to discover who could be showing off in this way by eating like a white woman, and they threw pieces of cake

in order to attract the attention of the woman, who was hidden under the low roof of the boat. At length their tactics were successful, and on her showing herself they made grimaces at her.

All the white inhabitants, the half-castes, and the more important Malays and Chinamen lunched in the court-house. The races lasted from 9 a.m. till 4.30 or 5 p.m. A sort of comic side-show was provided in the shape of a greased boom along which competitors had to walk in order to secure a small flag that was stuck at the end. The successful as well as the unsuccessful fell into the water, a matter of no moment to the amphibious people.

Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, is only a small town. On the left bank of the river, and situated in beautiful grounds, is the Astana, the simple residence of the Rajah. Separated from it by a gully are the fort and the barracks, the headquarters of the miniature Sea Dayak army of Sarawak. On the right bank of the river is the town itself. At the entrance to the wooden wharf at which the steamers tie up is the custom-house, beyond is a square in which are grouped all the Government offices. Immediately opposite the custom-house and for a short distance down stream is the large bazaar or Chinese quarter, where everything required for native or European use can be purchased at reasonable rates. The comparatively large establishment of the Borneo Company is at the extremity of the business end of the town. To the right, beyond the Government offices, is the Malay town.

The few Europeans, who are all Government officials or connected with the Borneo Company or the missions, live in bungalows surrounded by charming gardens well stocked with varied and beautiful shrubs and trees. From most of the houses one obtains interesting views of distant isolated mountains uprising from the somewhat flat country, and the sunset effects with the lowering clouds of the rainy season are often very fine.

Despite the strange tropical vegetation, the township has a peculiar home-like appearance, due to the prevalence of carefully trimmed lawns, green hedges, and well-built roads. There is an air of neatness and quiet beauty which was very refreshing after much wandering on watery ways and the glare and bustle of some tropical towns and the frank unfoliated ugliness of others. The rampant verdure of luxuriant vegetation is here kept

within due bounds, though not without some difficulty. By day there is the sweet singing of birds, and at night myriad insects chirp with varied note, ranging from crude stridulation to what may be termed a musical song.

A very good native band plays twice or thrice a week in the evening in a public garden, and gives an excuse for social foregathering. The social centre for the white man is naturally the club. Deserted during the day, it wakes up in the evening, and about six o'clock members begin to drop in; but all leave shortly before eight, to bathe, and dress for dinner. There are a couple of tennis courts, but during the rainy season very little tennis is possible. Generally one or two members play billiards, but the great game is American bowls; this gives plenty of exercise, and is really a fine game for the tropics.

On the hill is a large reservoir, formed by a dam thrown across an irregular depression. The winding shore of this artificial lake, embowered with rank vegetation, makes a most lovely walk. By the side of the reservoir is the ice factory, which had only very recently been completed, but now ice is regularly supplied at a cheap rate by the Government.

On the slope of the same hill is the museum, and the picturesque house of the curator. Close by is the large demesne of the Anglican Church, with the bishop's house, rectory, and official buildings. A considerable part of the grounds is taken up with a cricket field for the Mission boys, and with golf-links; but new golf-links have recently been laid elsewhere.

Owing to the sporting proclivities and fondness of horses of the present Rajah, Kuching possesses one of the most picturesque racecourses in the Far East. The roads, too, in and around the town are in excellent condition, and they extend for a considerable distance into the country in various directions.

The museum is a very pet institution of the Rajah's, which he has wisely and liberally endowed. In his address on the occasion of the opening of the museum on the 4th of August, 1891, the Rajah admitted that it had cost a good deal both of trouble and money, "but," he continued, "I consider that every country worthy of being called a country should have a museum, and I hope that ours will be equal, at any rate in time, to any other country in the East, including even India. It has been for many years a great wish of my heart to see a

good museum established here, and at last I hope that wish is accomplished."

The building is an attractive edifice, built in Queen Anne style, consisting of three lower and three upper rooms, built in the form of an H. It is very well lighted, and at the same time there is an abundance of wall space. The foundation of the ethnographical collections was the very valuable Brooke Low Collection, which the Rajah bought in England and re-shipped to its native land. This has been added to from time to time, and although there is a good deal to be done before all the arts and crafts of the natives of Sarawak are adequately represented, the museum contains the best and most instructive collection extant illustrating the ethnography of Sarawak. The local fauna is also most fully represented. All the specimens are well labelled and attractively set out.

The museum is a favourite resort for natives, and every day numbers of Chinese, Malays, and Dayaks come to have a look round. Often women and children come too, and very picturesque are some of the groups, as fortunately the natives retain their own costumes, and do not ape European clothing, which, whatever its effect when worn by ourselves, is ugly and incongruous when adopted by most native races. The Dayak men often have very little on, but that is an advantage, as one can then admire their shapely limbs. Their "chawats," or loin-cloths, are varied in colour, and however bright they may be, they always harmonise with the beautiful deep cinnamon-coloured skin of the wearer.

Several Dayak collectors are attached to the museum, and they continually bring in all kinds of zoological specimens. When I was working in the museum two of them got into trouble, one for carrying pig-meat through the bazaar, and the other for firing off crackers on Christmas Day at an unauthorised time. Pork may be carried along the high-roads, but not along the smaller streets of the bazaar, on account of the sentiments of the Mohammedans.

The enthusiastic curator, Mr. R. Shelford, had quite a menagerie in and under his house. On one occasion when I was staying with him he had nine hornbills in one cage, three different species being represented. In another cage were four lemurs (*Nycticebus*). He had also a binturong, and another small carnivore, three chained-up monkeys, one being a gibbon, and an owl.

There were always a lot of live jungle insects about, and in the dining-room were a number of gigantic stick insects unceasingly munching away at leaves; the allied mantidæ are insectivorous.

We left Kuching early on January 4th in the *Adeh*, a small but comfortable coasting steamer.

By ten o'clock next day we reached Sibü, ninety miles up the river.

In the afternoon we went down river in a Government boat to see some Kanauit natives at Saduan who made beautiful baskets. I was anxious to see them at work, and to learn their names for the patterns; but our boatmen made a mistake, and took us to see a Sea Dayak house at Sanamari. It was a hopelessly wet afternoon, but still it was an enjoyable little trip.

We visited a native cemetery on the way back. Sheds were built over the graves, and under wall-less shelters were numerous pots, baskets, articles of clothing, and all sorts of objects that appealed very strongly to my collecting instincts, which, however, were rigorously kept under control. Most of the objects appeared to me to have been old and probably useless. Under one shed, or mausoleum as I suppose one ought to call it, was an old Kayan shield and a tiny model of another shield, also a mancala board. Mancala, the national game of Africa, is played with pebbles, or similar objects, on a board provided with parallel rows of depressions; the game has travelled nearly all over the world, the extent of its distribution depending upon negro or Arab influence. I think this is the first record from Borneo, though it is known in the Philippines.

Over another grave was an imitation parang with a wooden blade. A parang is a locally made steel sword, which is used for cutting down the jungle, chopping wood, and as a sword when fighting. Apparently the survivors considered that the spirits would be satisfied in some cases with the essence of things offered to them. The cemetery was bountifully decorated with parti-coloured red and yellow flags; there were also two long poles covered with what appeared to be straw decorations.

The steamer started at 5 a.m. next morning, and we reached the sea at one o'clock, and proceeded on our eastward journey.

Unfortunately, we had arrived at the season when it is impossible to cross the bar at the mouth of the Baram River, so we had to continue our journey to

Limbang, and thence to proceed by a long overland détour to our destination.

The station at Limbang is situated at a bend of the river on its right bank below the range of the Kaban Hills. In coming up the river one first passes the Malay town, built as usual on piles, the houses being either near the water's edge or, as the Malays seem to prefer, actually over the running water. Here were several sago factories. Later we passed the bazaar, or Chinese quarter, for nearly all the shopkeepers in Sarawak are Chinamen. Then we arrived at the fort, a two-storied wooden building, in which are the Government offices; beyond were the barracks, stables, and other outbuildings.

A very considerable portion of Sarawak appears to be low-lying land; in some places the hills come down to the coast, but for about a hundred miles inland the country is flat and more or less swampy. Here and there solitary mountains rise above the level, and these are sculptured into peaks and precipices. It seems as if relatively recently the country as a whole has been slightly raised from the sea. Before this upheaval the isolated mountains had been islands which have since been embraced by the advancing land. Thus Sarawak would still be a land in the making, to which the rivers contribute their quota of alluvial soil.

The river banks in the interior, with their layers of pebbles, alluvium, and leaf beds, tell an unmistakable tale, and the spit at the mouth of Baram River demonstrates the gradual extension of the land into the sea. The innumerable gigantic tree trunks floated down by the river are deposited by the action of prevailing winds and currents mainly on the eastern or right side of the estuary, and river sediment and leaf deposits are entangled in the natural breakwater, and so by the conjoint efforts of the river and the sea the spit gradually grows. The swampy soil is soon rendered more coherent by the growth of casuarinas and other trees, and as the spit advances, so marches the appropriate vegetation behind it in marshalled order.

The river scenery in the low lands is somewhat monotonous. As far as the influence of salt water extends, palisades of nipa palms usually line the banks. These trunkless palms, whose long leaves spring from the water's edge, are of varied use to man, for their leaves are utilised as thatch, their sap produces sugar, and, when burnt, their ashes provide salt.

Behind the serried array of nipa palms are swamp trees, and beyond these again, on firmer soil, are tall jungle trees. When one paddles up the creeks a greater variety of vegetation manifests itself, and many beautiful vistas open out which the wealth and luxuriance of the tropical jungle tempt one to explore. We had our first experience of this at Sibü.

We devoted one morning to visiting a small Malay sago factory by the side of the river. At the edge of the river bank were several lengths of the stems of sago palms, and beside them was a heap of bark that had been stripped off the trunks.

Under a shed, roofed with nipa palm leaves and supported on two horizontal poles, was a peeled log of sago, part of which had been scraped away by means of a long spiked rasp. A Malay showed us how their grating was done, and on the floor were two heaps of the triturated pith of the sago palm.

The man then removed some of the coarse powder to a mat on a neighbouring platform, which more or less overhung the river, and trod the grated pith, pouring water on it from a kerosene tin which was suspended by a cord from the end of a long, slender pole. This contrivance for scooping up water from the river is similar to the shaduf so extensively employed in Egypt and the East, and is doubtless another example of indirect Arab influence.

The dancing of the man separates, so to speak, the chaff from the wheat, and the farinaceous water pours into an old canoe that lies alongside the platform. This canoe is covered over to prevent extraneous matter from getting into the sago, and the lower end is boarded up. The canoe thus forms a trough in which the sediment is deposited, while the superfluous water dribbles away from one end into the river.

The sago thus crudely manufactured by the Malays is sold to the Chinese factors, who give it extra washings and strain it through a fine cloth. The fine mud is spread out to dry in the sun. The white, impalpable sago powder is packed in bags and shipped to Europe *via* Kuching. The granulation of the sago is a subsequent process. A considerable portion of the sago consumed at home must come from Borneo.

The 14th of January was a memorable day for us, as the Resident invited us to accompany him to Brunei, which is one of the oldest of Malay towns. It was first described by Pigafetti, who visited "Bornei" in July,

1521. Even then the town was large and important, and the Sultan was powerful and wealthy; consequently the Malays must have been established in the country for at least five hundred years.

The former sultans held nominal sway over a considerable portion of northern Borneo; but though the Malays brought with them a relatively high civilisation, they only affected the coastal population; no influence was exercised for the improvement of the condition of the interior natives. The Malay traders have always been adventuresome, and they introduced various trade goods up the rivers; but the up-river tribes, such as the Kayans and Kenyahs, do not appear to have acknowledged the authority of the sultans, or to have paid them tribute.

The power of the sultans and of their subordinates, from the highest to the lowest, has for a long time been exerted to extract the maximum amount of revenue out of those unfortunate coastal tribes who, by their proximity, could not escape from their cruel and rapacious neighbours. Whatever it may have been in the past, the history of the Brunei administration for the last half-century has been marked by rapine, bloodshed, extortion, injustice, and utter hopelessness.

The fall of the power of Brunei is probably owing to causes that have hastened the fall of other empires and cities. The State was founded by a civilised and even a polished people, expert in the arts of life; but success and power became undermined by wealth, luxury, and sensuality, which destroyed the energy that created those conditions in which alone they could thrive. Strength of character sank into aimless cruelty.

The isolation of the town also prevented that intercourse with different peoples which affords the necessary stimulus for advancement. It is true that there were trading and diplomatic relations with China even in very early times, but that was in the days when Brunei was a living force, as it also must have been when centuries ago a Sultan of Brunei conquered the Philippines and the neighbouring islands.

Founded by a pagan, the State soon became converted to Islamism, and the religious fervour of the converts, backed by belligerent tenets of their faith, were doubtless important factors in the building up of the power of Brunei. But all that is now past, and Brunei has sunk into senile decay.

The name Brunei is variously spelt Bruni or Brunai; an old form of it was Brauni or Braunai, and another was Burni. Pigafetti called it Bornei. Voyagers applied the name of the town to the island as a whole; but the name of Borneo is unknown to the natives of Sarawak, who call it Pulo Kalamantan.

Most Europeans derive the term Kalamantan, or Klemantan, from an indigenous sour wild mango, which is called *Kalamantan*; but Hose believes this term is a corruption of *lemanta*, "raw sago." There is no obvious reason why Borneo should be known as the island of an inconspicuous wild fruit, while it is very appropriately "the island of raw sago."

Owing to an ineffective and rapacious system of government, great dissatisfaction with the Sultan has for a long time been felt by the natives, and as a result the Sultanate has shrunk to the small triangular area which constitutes the drainage basins of the Balait, Tutong, and Brunei rivers. At the present time natives of the Balait and Tutong have hoisted the Sarawak flag, and are urging the Rajah to take them over. It is obvious that the days of Malay dynasty in Borneo are numbered.

Owing to their having taken territory from him, the Rajah of Sarawak and the British North Borneo Company pay the Sultan a yearly tribute as cession money of about \$30,000 (£3,000), paid half-yearly in advance, and practically this is the main source of his revenue.

Unfortunately we had for our excursion a dull day, unredeemed by a single glint of sunshine, and it drizzled during part of the morning. We went down the Limbang in the Government steam launch, the *Gazelle*, and owing to the tide being low we stuck for an hour and a half on a sandbank near the mouth of the river. When the tide turned we left the Limbang and entered the mouth of Brunei River. Owing to the hills on the left bank of the lower reaches of this river the scenery is much prettier than that of the corresponding portions of other rivers of Sarawak. The right bank is merely the coast of a large alluvial island deposited in the combined delta of the Limbang, Brunei, and Kadayan rivers.

About six miles from its present mouth Brunei River extends into a sort of elongated lake. The town is situated along the left or northern shore, and opposite to it is some high land. The waters of the Brunei and Kadayan rivers pass between this hill and the range of hills

behind the town. In other words, Brunei is situated at the conjoint mouths of the small Brunei and Kadayan rivers, and in close proximity to the large Limbang River. Originally this spot was on the coast of the Brunei Bay, but the growth of the largest of the delta islands, which is mainly due to the action of the Limbang, has made the site of Brunei appear as if it were actually up a river.

The situation of Brunei was extremely well chosen, as it is very sheltered, and would have been easily defended in the old days.

The town of Brunei has been so often described that



FIG. 18.—Brunei.

there is no need to add one more account, especially as there is no reason to believe that it has essentially altered in its character since the days when it was first visited by Europeans, though it has probably become reduced in size, and it must surely have also become meaner of aspect.

At first sight one is wonderfully impressed with the town. Some houses are built on the bank, others on islets, but the vast majority form great compact masses standing in piles in the shallow estuary. The groups of pile-dwellings are intersected by broader or narrower waterways, along and across which dart small canoes like so many skaters or other aquatic insects that skim along the surface of our ponds.

On closer acquaintance, however, a good deal of the town presents rather a dilapidated appearance. This is, doubtless, partially due to the houses being built of wood, and thatched and usually walled with palm leaves. We saw it on a dull, damp day, however, and the impression on my mind was that it would take a great deal of time and material to put the town into a good state of repair.

We rowed about the town and visited the small Chinese bazaar, but we did not land for long, as our time was limited and there did not appear to be much that we could do. We took several snapshot photographs, but were too low down in the water to get very good views. Although the place looked poverty-stricken, I was informed there were a large number of ancient and valuable objects in the houses of the important people, such as gold, bronze, and brass work, Chinese vases and embroidery.

The story of the first Rajah Brooke is most fascinating, and has several times been told, so that it is superfluous to repeat it here, but I shall content myself by merely alluding to the most prominent events.

Sir James Brooke first landed at Kuching from his schooner yacht *Royalist* on August 15th, 1839, and made acquaintance with Muda Hasim, the Governor of Sarawak. Pirates swarmed at the mouth of the Sarawak river, the Governor was not on friendly terms with his neighbours the Dutch, and the population of Upper Sarawak was threatening him with a hostile force. Trade was at a standstill, and people in and about the capital were subjected to oppression and extortion from every petty officer of the State.

As a friend of the Governor, Sir James Brooke at once commenced his great work. His first achievement was a bloodless victory over the rebel army, which, after months of manœuvring and negotiation, was disbanded. For this assistance he was offered the Governorship of Sarawak in 1841, which, after some delay, he undertook, and at once set to work to clean out the Augean stables of wrong and oppression and to reform irregularities, always, however, regarding the customs and existing laws and rights of the people. He was confirmed by the Sultan as Rajah in 1842.

Warlike expeditions to protect and avenge his subjects had to be made against the wilder tribes of the interior, and to repress the pirates, who, whilst they existed,

were a constant source of trouble, disorganising by one raid a whole district, which had perhaps taken years to settle down since a previous raid.

When all things seemed to be progressing favourably the great Chinese rebellion broke out in February, 1857, the story of which has been so well told by Sir Spenser St. John. One result of this calamity was to prove how well grounded Rajah Sir James Brooke was in the affection of the Malays and Sea Dayaks, and, thanks to their loyalty, zeal, and bravery, the Chinese were com-



FIG. 19.—A Family Bathe.

pletely routed after they had actually taken and burnt Kuching. The country soon settled down and became even more prosperous.

The "Old Rajah" died in England on the 11th June, 1868, and he was succeeded by his nephew Charles Johnson Brooke, Rajah Muda of Sarawak, who had long been in the country, and had distinguished himself in his uncle's service.

The Rajah is an absolute monarch who consults the Supreme Council on important matters. This Council is composed of the Rajah, three senior English officers, and four native chiefs of Sarawak proper. There is also

a General Council composed of the more important chiefs of various districts and certain English officers. The General Council meets about once a year, and on this occasion the Rajah delivers an address and states his policy and proposed changes in the administration or finance.

The Raj is divided into five main districts under English Residents: Sarawak, Batang Lupar, Rejang, Baram, and Limbang. The mere enumeration of these names shows what accessions to the original Raj of Sarawak proper have been made in the progress of events. Limbang was annexed on the 17th March, 1890.

There are several Government officials in Kuching, each of whom has usually various duties to perform, but the practical administration of the country is in the hands of the Residents and Assistant Residents. A Resident is at the same time a governor and a magistrate, and his powers depend upon his rank; but his influence depends upon his personality. An energetic Resident who goes among the people can exercise an immense power for good, but for this is required a knowledge of the languages spoken in the district and a sympathy for the people themselves.

When Rajah Sir James Brooke first took over Sarawak it was with the intention of administering the country for the benefit of the natives rather than for personal aggrandisement, and ever since this has been the central idea of the Government.

It has often been objected to the rule of the late and of the present Rajah that they have not endeavoured to "open up" the country, and have thrown obstacles in the way of those who desired to develop it. To a certain extent this is true. So far as I understand it, the policy of the Government has consistently been to let the growth of the country take place slowly and, as far as practicable, naturally. Neither for the Civil List, nor for official salaries, nor even for administrative purposes and public works have the natives been exploited or the soil alienated. Probably few countries are financed so economically; perhaps in many cases the salaries of officials are too low, and there is at present a tendency to save a few dollars by petty economies; but these are faults of which the natives can scarcely complain. Life and property are safe, and there is perfect freedom in religion and custom, provided that the latter does not infringe on the life or belongings of others. These are

advantages which the natives did not formerly possess and which are now thoroughly appreciated by them. The taxation, which is very light, is collected with discretion, and falls hard on no one. There is no difficulty in getting it paid by those heads of families who have but recently come under the Government, for they realise that the benefits of a settled government and of a secure outlet for their trade are more than compensation for the annual payment of a couple of dollars. The amount of the "door" tax varies, but four shillings a year is what is usually levied. In certain cases, half or the whole of this is remitted in return for right to impress temporary labour. This system is very light, and is entirely suited to local conditions.

There would be a grave danger to the natives if Sarawak was "opened up" according to the desires of certain financiers or corporations whose sole idea is to make money. The "development" of a country does not necessarily mean the welfare of the original inhabitants; too often it spells their ruin or extermination. The hustling white man wants to make as much money as he can within the shortest possible time; but rapid exploitation is not development, and in many tropical countries it has meant that if the aborigines will not work as hard for the foreigner as the latter desires, their place must be taken by coolies from elsewhere.

According to one point of view, a country belongs to its inhabitants; but according to another, which is prevalent among Europeans, it should belong to those who can extract the most from it. The Sarawak government is based upon the former theory, and so far as I have observed it honestly endeavours to help the people to govern themselves and assists them towards a gradual bettering of their condition.

Sir Spenser St. John says: "The government of Sarawak is a kind of mild despotism, the only government suitable to Asiatics, who look to their chiefs as the sole depository of supreme power. The influence of the old Rajah still pervades the whole system, and native and European work together in perfect harmony." This is the judgment of one whose opinion must always carry weight.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WAR-PATH OF THE KAYANS

MR. HOSE, the Resident of the Baram District, had arranged for us to go up the Limbang and the Madalam rivers, to walk across a low watershed, and come down the Malinau, Tutau, and Baram to Claudetown. The greater part of this route was the ancient war-path of the Kayans of the Baram, when they went head hunting in the river basin of the Limbang; it is also a route by which gutta hunters travel.

We left Limbang at eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th January, and steamed up the river trailing three boats behind us. Each *goban*, or canoe, was about forty feet long, three to four feet wide, and was covered with a palm-leaf roof. Strips of nipa palm had been fastened together by ratan to form a kind of mat, or *kajang*; a number of these were laid over a bamboo framework. The hull of each boat was a large dug-out, the sides of which were heightened with boards.

For many miles up its course the river maintains the same general character that it has at Limbang, except that it narrows and the nipa palms which line the banks below the station are no longer to be met with.

We anchored that afternoon at Lasas, and search was made for fresh boats and more men. One of our canoes, which leaked considerably, we wished to replace, and we needed an extra one. Matters did not look promising at night, but next morning, about 5.30 a.m., the requisite boats turned up, and we started in them about eight o'clock, the steamer returning to the fort.

The heavy goods were packed in the middle of each boat, and behind these was the space reserved for each passenger. Four or five men paddled in front, and one or two behind. We arrived at Tulu at five. We established ourselves in the only house of the village, which was about a hundred and thirty feet in length. Like most of the houses in Borneo, it was situated on the bank of the river, and was built on piles, so that the floor of the house was some ten feet above the ground.

A log with deep notches in it served for a ladder. On climbing up this we found ourselves in a long gallery or verandah, on the outer, or river, side of which were placed mats. Along the verandah were one or two fire-places, above each of which was a small staging, and at one end of the verandah was a raised platform used as a lounge and sleeping-place. The side of the verandah that faced the river was more or less boarded up, but a long, narrow opening was left of such a height that people sitting on the mats could conveniently look out. As we paddled up the river we always saw faces looking out at us through this opening in the various houses that we passed; sometimes there was a long row of buff-coloured faces without any body being visible.

On the other side of the verandah are the domiciles, each of which opens by a separate door on to the verandah. A long house averages from four to sixty or more distinct households, or "doors" as they are officially termed. On the low partition walls of the domiciles were stacked large quantities of firewood, and hanging from the rafters were loops of strips of palm leaves ready for plaiting into mats. On the floor of the verandah close to the walls of the homes were Chinese vases, gongs, and other valuables, and suspended from deer antlers were parangs, bamboo boxes, and various small articles.

The floor was composed of split bamboos placed a little distance apart, like lattice-work. This kept the floors clean, as rubbish fell through, and a little water spilt on the floor soon cleansed the smooth bamboo of any dirt.

Below the house were the pigsties. The pigs were fed in wooden troughs, which could be raised by a cord suspended from the floor of the house. If one pig tried to get more than its share it was poked away from the trough by a long bamboo, which passed through the flooring. When the trough was slightly raised above the pigs' heads the fowls could get their meal in peace.

We reached some rapids early the following morning; they were by no means formidable, and merely necessitated extra exertion in paddling or in poling. The excitement, however, was sufficient to cause the boatmen to shriek and call out to one another. When really excited the Sea Dayak is noisy, but not so much so, nor so demonstrative, as the Papuan. The natives are skilled boatmen, creeping along under the banks out of the swifter currents, and know how to take advantage of the lesser currents in the concave side of the bends,

so that the boat takes a comparatively straight course, and as far as possible avoids the force of the stream.

On the morning of the nineteenth we entered the Madalam, an affluent which is distinctly narrower than the main stream, and our journey up it was more difficult, owing to the strength of the current and the numerous rapids.

Our men got up at daylight on Friday, January 20th, and lit fires. We had breakfast about 6.45, and started again a little before eight. About 8.35 we were stopped by a tree that had fallen across the river, and it took an hour to cut through it. Had tiffin about noon, as usual on a shingle beach. Shortly afterwards we passed some low cliffs, and at three were stopped by a shingle beach across the river; but the men by removing the bigger stones soon cleared a passage, through which they dragged the boats. Near here wild mangoes grow on the steep banks. The fruit has a pleasant aromatic odour, but I did not much care for the flavour. Still, a little fresh fruit was an agreeable change.

We had a very heavy day on Saturday, or rather the boatmen had, as the Madalam was little more than a succession of shallows, up which the boats had either to be poled or hauled. At one place there was a steep, rocky rapid, indeed a cascade, where we had to unship all our baggage while the boats were hauled up a miniature waterfall. All day the men were nearly as often in the water as out of it; they worked very well and cheerfully. On the afternoon of the twenty-first we stopped at the junction of the Trunan (or Trikan) with the Madalam.

The Trikan is a very narrow river—practically a stream. We were now no longer bothered with shallows or rapids, but with trees that had fallen across the channel. Some of these we crept under, others were well above our heads, some we dodged round, while others had to be cut away.

We passed some durian trees, and the ripe fruit was floating in the water or had fallen on to the banks. Our men collected these with joy, and soon we had the extremely unpleasant odour of durian around us. Durian is a large fruit with long, hard spines. When ripe it is yellow and red externally; the thick rind has to be chopped open, and within four compartments are the large bean-like seeds, surrounded by a slimy paste which.

has a variable and indescribable taste. The first durian we tasted was on the steam launch going to Brunei; this was not quite ripe, and the stink of the fruit, combined with the hot oily smell of the engines, was not encouraging. We persevered, but the flavour was a mixture of slime, onions, and phosphorus, and all that afternoon and evening we had resurrection tastes of phosphorus. Wallace, in his *Malay Archipelago*, and others, have written in praise of durian; so there is another side to it, but our first experience was certainly not promising. The one I tasted in the Trikan was nothing like so unpleasant as the first two I tried. I made three attempts in all, and then gave up all hope of becoming a confirmed durian eater.

In about two and a half hours we came to a narrow channel, about five hundred yards long, cut by the Kayans for the passage of the war canoes, as the stream itself runs under a large rock.

At two o'clock we started for our tramp across the watershed to the upper waters of the Malinau River. For about half-way we followed the track cut by the Kayans, along which they used to haul their canoes, and to facilitate this arduous labour they had lain trunks and poles transversely across the track. We had a rapid and interesting seven-mile walk through the jungle, and I made my first acquaintance with land leeches. We diverged from the main track to a narrower one, which led us several times over streams and small rivers, across which we had to wade.

On the morning of January 24th we crossed the river and strolled in the jungle. Being what is known as "Old Jungle," it was much more easy to walk in than "New Jungle," as the tall forest trees, by cutting off light and air, prevent a dense undergrowth from springing up. Wherever land has been cleared and then allowed to revert to jungle the undergrowth has a chance, and a practically impenetrable tangled mass of vegetation results.

For the first time I saw various species of pitcher plants growing wild; some grow close to the ground, others climb to a height of about six feet. We also came across the forest paths made by wild pigs and by deer. Even in full sunshine the forests are dull and gloomy, and the lower vegetation reeks with moisture.

These jungles are inhabited by the simple nomadic Punans, who build rough shelters in which they sleep

for a few nights, and then wander again in search of game and camphor trees.

We left early on the morning of January 26th, and travelled steadily all day, not landing again till we reached the Umu Belubu house. This long house was very similar to those we visited on the Limbang River. It was the first time I had come across people belonging to the Kayan group. I was tattooed on the arm early next morning by Balu Long, who is perhaps the best tattooer in the Baram District; she is the old mother-in-law of the chief. The pattern was printed on the arm in charcoal or rather soot by means of a wooden slab, on which the design was cut in relief, and then the impression was gone over three times with a tattooing needle tapped by an iron rod. The whole process took a little over an hour. It was by no means painful, and as we had previously disinfected the ink with thymol, the punctured skin healed quickly, with very little inflammation.

The Kayan men have a device tattooed on the forearm and thigh; very frequently there is a rosette or circular design on the shoulder. The back of the hand and fingers are tattooed when the man has taken a head. More than once up-country women have asked me when I was going to have my hands tattooed!



FIG. 20.—Kayan Tattoo Designs.

A little less than half natural size.

The Kayan women are tattooed all over the fore-arm and over the back of the hand. The thighs are richly tattooed and the upper surface of the foot and toes.

That evening after dinner we witnessed a most interesting Berantu ceremony, a magical ritual, which was employed in this instance to cure a sick woman.

Towards one end of the long verandah the floor was covered with mats, in the centre of which and depending from a rafter was a streamer (*lare*) of the frayed leaves of the areca palm; beneath, and partially covered by the ends of the *lare*, was a brass Brunei salver, on which

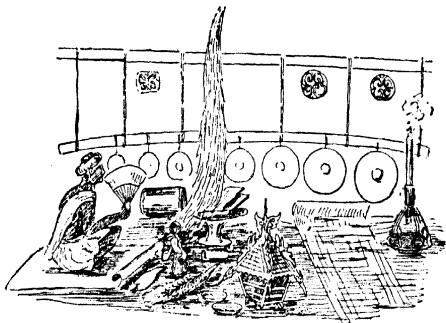


FIG. 21.—Berantu Ceremony of the Orang Bukit.

were placed various folded cloths and garments. Around the salver were distributed the spathe of the blossoms of the areca palm containing the flower spikes, some leaves of the serimbangung and daunlong (a caladium), a wooden image of a woman (*anak jilama*), an empty whisky bottle, two small Chinese saucers, and a *maligai*, or house for the spirit.

To one side was a row of eight or nine gongs, suspended from a long horizontal pole raised three or four feet from the floor, and close by were several drums and a set of *geling tamgan*, or hand gongs, which were beaten with two sticks, one in each hand of the performer. At one end of the cleared space was a torch (*lutong*) of dammar supported in a ratan framework, and at the other end was a small lamp.

The chief medicine-man, whom we will call "A," came and sat with crossed legs in front of the altar, as the arrangement of the objects may be conveniently called. He hid his face behind a fan (*kipas*) and murmured incantations, every now and again calling the spirit by a chirruping noise.

He wore a *detta* as a turban, a white *blatchu* over the right shoulder, a Javanese *sarong*, and striped silk *seluar* (trousers).

After a little time another man and two women came. The man ("B") brought a salver containing some cloths. When he had deposited this near the other he lifted up some of the cloths and burnt incense (*kamanyan*) below them.

On his head he had a Javanese *detta*, a piece of red *kasumba*, and a piece of white cloth, the ends of which hung down his back; for the rest he was dressed like the other medicine-man, but had, in addition, a Sea Dayak bead belt (*tali pinggang marik*). The women were dressed in the Melanau fashion with Brunei sashes. One was a particularly beautiful example of gold brocade (*kain benang mas*). This woman, whom I will term "C," had also a *kasumba* round her head.

During all this time the drums and gongs were beaten by women.

The man "B" and the women "C" and "D" sat down in this order, and solemnly made their incantations with their fans in front of their faces. The man "A" stood up, and while continuing his incantations he slowly and gracefully waved his white cloth and fan, and occasionally put the edge of the latter to his lips and chirruped to the spirit. He then walked round the altar, left hand to centre, with a slow, dancing movement, the body being held upright but the head bowed. The other three sat still and covered their faces with their fans. To avoid repetition, I may here state that during the whole time the incantations were made there was an incessant booming, clanging accompaniment of drums and gongs.

The principal female attendant ("C") and the other two got up and faced "A," who was seated now and slowly fanning himself. The latter arose, and all gently swayed backwards and forwards, and very slowly processioned round the altar. The movement consisted of a sedate walk, the heel being slightly lifted two or three times at each shuffling step. After several revolutions all sat down; later they stood up again.

The chief magician ("A") took a mouthful of water and spat it over the chest of the sick woman, who was sitting close by. He had previously been chewing betel, so that he might be able to make a large red splash on the woman's bosom. He then patted her on the breast and head. He next took the areca blossom from the spathe and held it over her head, and made passes in front of her with it, ever and again stroking her head with it.

The attendants sat down while the chief woman ("C") stood by the operator ("A"); both then walked round the altar, the man still carrying the areca blossom, which he solemnly waved about.

The whole process was repeated with the green leaves from the altar by "B." The others sat down and chattered frequently.

The second female attendant ("D") made passes over the chest of a boy who was also ill. The two men ("A" and "B") and the woman "C" then went round the altar. The latter went to the female patient, while the others continued their procession.

The medicine-man "A" took a knife and lightly pressed the edge of it along the throat and chest of the patient, and placed it on the wooden image. He then took the two saucers and, as it were, scraped the bad blood from the wound supposed to have been caused by the knife, off the chest of the woman with one saucer and poured it into the other. Eventually the imaginary blood was caught between the two saucers, which were kept closed, the one on the top of the other, face to face. Having put the saucers down, he waved the fan about and made passes over the woman's throat and chest, and finally he appeared to pick up the sickness with the edge of the fan.

The two attendants ("B" and "D") retired; later the female magician ("C") felt herself all over, and looked as if she had just awakened. When her senses appeared to return to her she took off her red-and-gold Brunei sash, and then retired for a minute or two.

The medicine-man ("A") next walked round the altar and took up the image and the folded white cloth on which it lay; the latter he tied into a sling which hung from his neck, and into this loop he placed the image, which meanwhile had been held by the chief woman. He then stood before the altar with his fan in front of his face.

The female magician ("C") gave "A" a kris with which to fight the evil spirit. His movements became rapid, and he jumped about, flourishing the weapon. While this battle with the unseen powers was taking place, the woman put a pillow on the floor beside the altar, and placed on it the flower of the areca palm. In front of the pillow she placed a basket, and beside this the salver with cloths. "A" then placed the white cloth with the image beside the basket. By this time he had slowly walked round the objects and stood facing them on the far side. All the time the female magician had been talking to him, telling him to make his incantations thoroughly, so as to cure the patient; now she sat down and occasionally talked to him.

The man next sat down, and later stood up and danced a little. He then caught the wandering soul of the sick woman in his scarf over the salver of cloths, and scooped it off the salver with his fan and poured it into his scarf.

All the objects being removed from in front of the pillow, the magician made a number of quick movements, advancing towards and retreating from the pillow. The pillow was next removed, and the man jumped over the spot where it had lain. He returned to where he was before, and then walked back to his original position on the other side of the altar, and went to the patient, made passes over and in front of her, and took the spirit from his sash and put it on her head.

The female magician tied a handkerchief round the patient's head and retired, the patient too slipped away into a private apartment.

As soon as he noticed the patient had gone, the medicine-man went about in a blind sort of way to look for her; then he rummaged among the objects which constituted the altar, and tossed the cloths about. The female magician gave him the image, telling him this was the patient. He dumped it up and down on the floor and flourished it about in a very excited manner, apparently not at all satisfied with the repeated assurances of the female magician that this was really the sick woman. At length the patient was recalled, and the medicine-man sat in front of her and gave her some charms.

What we saw was only one incident in a protracted ceremony. The whole operation extends over some

three weeks. The chief woman magician ("C") was an expert, but the other two ("B" and "D") were admittedly learning the business.

Hose afterwards informed me that the Berantu ceremony belongs essentially to the coast tribes, and it is only near the coast that one sees it carried out with the most complete ritual.

Like other expert medical treatment, this "cure" was very expensive; probably the patient would have to pay as a fee a Chinese gong of a value of some three or four dollars, plates, cups, and other articles, to say nothing of numerous fowls.

It would require a prolonged study of the complete ceremony to understand the meaning of the ritual. The portion that I saw may perhaps thus be explained.

First the spirits who might assist in the cure were invoked; then the magician ripped open the neck and chest of the woman and collected the blood and picked up the spirit of the sickness with his fan. In the meantime I believe the spirit of the woman was resting in the *maligai*—the spirit, or soul, house.

With his kris the magician fought and conquered the evil spirits.

The patient's spirit was next caught by the magician in his scarf, and holding it safely he jumped across the spot where a pillow had lain, and beside which the wooden image was placed. I do not know what this act symbolised. Her own spirit was next returned to the patient.

The magician next appeared to be himself possessed by the spirit of the disease, and he blindly and clumsily searched among the paraphernalia of the altar, and tossed the cloths about, vainly endeavouring to discover the victim. The female magician then offered him the wooden image, telling him it was the patient herself, and, further to call his attention to it, she bounced it up and down, making the Chinese bell, which was tied round its waist, tinkle as she banged it on the floor. Eventually he appeared convinced against his will, and the spirit of the disease entered into the effigy.

The magician then came to himself, and going to the sick woman, who had just returned, gave her charms to keep the evil spirit from returning.

CHAPTER XIV

SARAWAK

WE have not at present sufficient precise information to be able to speak with certainty concerning the characters and affinities of all the races and peoples that inhabit Borneo. One of our objects in visiting Sarawak was the hope that by measuring a large number of people, and by recording their physical features, we might help towards a solution of the ethnic problems; we also hoped that further light might be thrown on the matter by a comparative study of their customs and beliefs, as well as of their arts and crafts. As most of the peoples that inhabit Borneo have representatives in Sarawak, this sketch may be taken to apply provisionally to the island as a whole.

Scattered over a considerable part of the jungle of Sarawak live the nomad Punans. They are a slender people, of moderate height, and paler in colour than most tribes. They were the lightest coloured of the indigenous people that we met with in Sarawak; many have a distinct greenish tinge. Those that we measured were slightly broad-headed, with an average cephalic index of 81. The Ukit may be allied to the Punan, but none of them has been measured as yet. Their mode of life is very similar.

The wild Punans are grouped in small communities, and inhabit the dense jungle at the head waters of the principal rivers of Borneo. They do not cultivate the soil, but live on whatever they can find. There is so much that is edible in the jungle that there is no fear of starvation, especially as these people live on a very mixed diet.

Their few wants are supplied by barter from friendly settled peoples, and in return for iron implements, calico, beads, tobacco, etc., they offer jungle produce, mainly gutta, indiarubber, camphor, dammar, and ratans. They do not live in permanent houses, but erect miserable shanties in which they sleep.

They are very mild savages, they are not head-hunters,

do not keep slaves, are generous to one another, are moderately truthful, and probably never do an injury by purposely making a false statement. On first acquaintance they appear melancholy, and certainly shy and timid-looking, but when they have gained confidence they show themselves in their true colours as a cheerful, bright people, who are very fond of their children and kind to the women.

It is probable that eight hundred or a thousand years ago the greater portion of Sarawak, perhaps the whole of it, was occupied by a weak, agricultural people, who are now represented by the Land Dayak, Sëbop, Malang, Kanaut, Mëlanau, Narom, Kadayan, Kajaman, Lelak, Long Kiput, Batu Blah, Long Pata, Barawan, Kalabit, Dusun, and Murut. This group is now termed Klemantan.

From the measurements we have made of some of these tribes there is no doubt that they were not all originally of one stock. Some are distinctly narrow-headed, others are inclined to be broad-headed, and I believe it can be demonstrated that among this primitive population, as indeed in most, if not in all, of the larger islands of the Malay Archipelago, there are two stocks, one of which is distinctly narrow-headed, and to which we may restrict the name of *Indonesian*; the other being broad-headed, to which the term *Proto-Malay* may conveniently be applied.

I do not intend to refer to even the main tribes of this group of peoples; but I must allude to the Land Dayaks in order to emphasise their distinctness from the Iban or Sea Dayaks.

My acquaintance with the Land Dayaks is of the slightest, and I have had no opportunity of measuring any of them. Apparently they belong to a native stock that has been crossed with Indo-Javan races; but they are not related in any way to the Iban. They occupy the western end of the Raj as far as the Upper Sadong River; they also extend into Dutch Borneo.

Brooke Low, who knew them well, gives a very favourable account of these people, and this opinion has been confirmed by other travellers. They are described as amiable, honest, grateful, moral, and hospitable. Crimes of violence, other than head-hunting, are unknown. It is uncertain whether the custom of head-hunting was indigenous to them, or adopted from the Iban; probably it was an older custom than the arrival of the Iban, which had gradually extended until

it was stopped by Rajah Brooke. The Land Dayaks, alone in Sarawak, permanently kept the heads in a separate house, which also served as the bachelors' quarters.

The Sarawak Malay can as a rule get on fairly well with the Land Dayaks—better, perhaps, than he can with the energetic Sea Dayaks; he can "*pèjal*," that is, he can force his wares upon those who really have no use for them, or who are not particularly in want of the goods hawked by the Malay pedlar. Whilst the Land Dayak is turning over in his mind whether he will purchase or not, the seller sits patiently by, smoking and singing the praises of his wares. A Land Dayak usually takes a considerable time in making up his mind to purchase, but time is of no particular object to either party, and the bargain is completed. The pedlar, having obtained the customary cent. per cent., packs up his baggage and departs to the next house or village as the case may be.

But the present Malay system of trading with the Land Dayaks is rotten to the core. Land Dayak *bintings*, or villages, are perpetually being visited, and the commonest article of trade thrust upon them at exorbitant rates, which they could purchase ever so much cheaper at any of the numerous Chinese shops scattered along the river. These shops are easily accessible in a day's journey, even from the remotest Land Dayak habitation. Such commodities as waist-cloths (*chawats*) and petticoats (*jamu*) trimmed with a little Turkey-red cloth are sold previous to the rice harvest to be repaid in *padi* at many times their respective values. Nor does it end here, the purchaser being expected to deliver his payment at the house of the Malay merchant, entailing perhaps a long journey on foot or miles of boat travelling, and again he is expected fully to provide for those traders stopping in his house, such necessaries as rice, firewood, provisions, and the like, which he does without the slightest grumbling.

All the tribes, except the Punans and Ukits, are agriculturists; they clear the jungle off the low hills that flank the tributaries of the large rivers, but always leave a few scattered trees standing; irrigation is attempted by the Kalabits only, as the *padi* (rice) is grown like any other cereal on dry ground; swamp *padi* is also grown in the lowland. In their gardens they grow yams,

pumpkins, sugar-cane, bananas, and sometimes coconuts and other produce. They hunt all land animals that serve as food, and fish, usually with nets, in the rivers, or spear the fish that have been stupefied with tuba; river prawns are also a favourite article of diet.

They all live in long, communal houses, which are situated on the banks of the rivers. I have already described this type of dwelling; although the different tribes have their own peculiar modifications, the same general plan is adhered to.

The social organisation is correspondingly higher than among Punans. Amongst the small Klemantan tribes the headman has not much influence, unless he be a man of exceptional power and energy, but among the larger tribes, and especially among the Kayans and Kenyahs, the headmen are real chiefs, and exercise an undisputed sway. In some cases a pre-eminent man will be acknowledged as the head chief of a considerable district.

The Kenyahs and Kayans, who are not Klemantans, are the highest in social evolution. The former by their solidarity and their marked intelligence have been able to hold their own against the turbulent Kayans. They are the most expert boatmen of the Baram district, and, what is very significant, the women are less shy than is the case among other tribes. Indeed, some of the girls and young women—for example, those in Tama Bulan's house—are particularly friendly and lively, but always behave in a really ladylike way.

All these agricultural tribes are artistic, but in varying degrees. They are all musical people, and sing delightful chorus songs. Many of their utensils are decorated with no mean skill. In some tribes the ends of the beams of the houses are carved to represent various animals; in some the verandah is decorated with boldly carved planks, or with painted boards and doors. The bamboo receptacles are often carved in low relief in very effective patterns, and the bone handles of the *parangs* are always carved in an intricate manner. Lastly, the minor utensils of daily life are often decorated in a way that reveals the true artistic spirit, such, for example, as the plaited patterns on the rice baskets and winnowing trays. Nor must the neat and effective bead-work be overlooked.

The Kenyahs and Kayans smelt iron and make spear-heads and sword (*parang*) blades; the former are especially noted for their good steel. The forge with

two bellows is the usual form that is widely spread in Malaysia.

The Iban, or Sea Dayaks, formerly occupied only the Saribas, Batang, Lupar, and Kaluka rivers and their tributaries, and they still remain there; but as the Kayans and other tribes on the Lower Rejang have retreated more into the interior, this river, for a considerable portion of its course, is also now populated by Iban, who have migrated at various times from the above-mentioned rivers. As the country became more settled these truculent people have rapidly increased, and now occupy most of the best farming lands.

In more recent years migrations of the Iban have taken place to the head of the Muka River, the Tatau, and lastly into the Baram, but in all cases with the sanction of the Government. Before the establishment of the present Government the Iban were unable to obtain a footing on the Baram River, as they were afraid of the Kayans and Kenyahs. They are also found in the head waters of many of the Kapuas tributaries on the watershed between Sarawak and Dutch Borneo.

The Iban is short (average stature 5 feet 2½ inches) and has a broad head (average cephalic index 83). The colour of the skin of the men is, on the whole, darker than among the inland tribes. They have the same long, slightly wavy, black hair, showing a reddish tinge in certain lights that is characteristic of the Borneans generally. They are an active little people.

In Sarawak these people are spoken of consistently as "Sea Dayaks," or more generally "Dayak." It is customary for the Dutch and other Europeans to term all the interior tribes of Borneo "Dayak," with or without a qualifying designation. As there is such confusion of the terminology in the text-books, I consider it better to face the situation boldly and to introduce a new term to science to which a perfectly definite meaning can be applied.

Most of the Iban inhabit low-lying land; they prefer to live on the low hills, but this is not always practicable, and so they plant swamp *padi*. All those who settle at the heads of rivers plant padi on the hills in the same manner as the up-river natives. They also cultivate maize, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, gourds, pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, mustard, ginger, and other vegetables. Generally groups of relations work together in the fields.

Although they are essentially an agricultural people, they are warlike and passionately devoted to head-hunting. The Iban of the Batang Lupar and Saribas in the olden days joined the Malays in their large war prahus on piratical raids along the coast and up certain rivers. Although they probably never went out a very great distance on the sea, by coasting they were able to attack numerous villages round the coast, and they owe their name of Sea Dayaks to this practice. The great piratical forays were organised by Malays, who went for plunder, but they could always induce the Iban to accompany them on the promise that all the heads of the slain should fall to their share.

Of the Iban, the Balaus, who live in and about the Lingga River, are the most efficient in handling boats at sea. The inland Iban of the present day are usually inexpert boatmen in rough weather, and even in river work they are nothing like so reliable in emergencies as the up-river Kenyahs.

The Iban women make beautiful cotton cloths on a very simple loom. The intricate patterns are made by tightly tying up several strands of the warp with leaves at varying intervals and then dipping the whole into a dye. On removing the lashing the threads that were tied are found to be undyed. This process is repeated if a three-colour is desired. The pattern is produced solely in the warp; the woof threads are self-coloured, and are not visible in the fabric, which is therefore a cotton rep. I have accumulated material for a special study of the numerous designs woven and embroidered by Iban women, as well as of the elegant patterns engraved in low relief on bamboos by the men, but there has not been time to work them out. It is an interesting fact that the decorative art of the two sexes is entirely distinct in motive and style.

The Iban women did not tattoo, though a few may now be seen with a little tattooing; but most of the men have adopted the custom from the Kayans. They admit that the tattoo marks are Kayan designs, but it very rarely happens that the Iban transfer such a design to their bamboo decorations, and the Iban women never adopt Kayan or tattoo patterns for their fabrics.

It is probable that the Iban belongs to the same stock as the original Malay. If this view is correct, the Iban migration may be regarded as the first wave of the movement that culminated in the Malay Empire.

The Malay must have come to Borneo not later than the early part of the fifteenth century, as Brunei was a large and wealthy town in 1521. Probably the Malays came directly from the Malay Peninsula, but they must have mixed largely with the Kadayans, Mëlanaus, and other coastal people.

The Sarawak and Brunei Malays are probably mainly coastal Borneans with some Malay blood; but they have absorbed the Malay culture, spirit, and religion.

The movements of the different peoples which I have so briefly sketched have a sociological significance which is worth tracing in detail, but I do not propose to inflict on my present readers anything more than the merest outline of this interesting line of inquiry.

The Punans represent the lowest grade of culture in Borneo. They are nomad hunters, who combine with the chase the simple exploitation of jungle produce. Without social organisation they are incapable of serious combination, and are alike incapable of any real endemic improvement or of seriously affecting other peoples.

The purely agricultural tribes that cultivate *padi* on the low hills or in the swamps form the next social stratum.

The Klemantans were evidently a weak people, as they have been repressed and often subdued by other peoples. For example, the Kadayans and the Mëlanaus have been very largely affected by the Malays, and the Iban have harassed the Land Dayaks, and the latter had previously been influenced by the Javano-Hindu colonisation of Borneo. It is also probable that some of the tribes of this group of peoples have been modified by contact with the Chinese. It is suggestive that all the stone implements Hose has collected have been obtained from Klemantans, either the pure or mixed stock.

These indigenous tillers of the soil have been hard pressed by various swarms of foreigners. The Kenyah-Kayan migration was that of a people of a slightly higher grade of culture. It is true they also were agriculturists, but their social organisation was firmer, and they were probably superior in physique. Possibly they introduced iron weapons; if so, this would give them an enormous advantage. At any rate they were clever smiths. These immigrant agricultural artisans, who were directed by powerful chiefs, had no difficulty in taking possession of the most desirable land.

From an opposite point of the compass in early times came another agricultural people, who, strangely enough, have strong individualistic tendencies, the usually peaceable habits of tillers of the soil having been complicated by a lust for heads and other warlike propensities.

Although inclined to raid their neighbours, the Iban do not appear to have made much headway—certainly not against the Kayans and Kenyahs. Conquest implies a strong leader, obedience to authority, and concerted action. So far as I can gather, the Iban only became formidable when led and organised by the Malays, and at the present time the individualistic temperament of the Iban manifests itself, even under the leadership of an English civil officer.

The Malay was a yet higher social type. His political organisation was well established; he had the advantage of religious enthusiasm, for Islamism had no small share in the expansion of the Malay. In Borneo he is not a cultivator of the soil, but is a keen trader, and this is another factor in the Malay expansion, especially when coupled with pluck and enterprise. Although a trader, the Malay is essentially a pirate; he seeks to exploit the people with whom he comes in contact, and there is a sporting element in his character, as I understand it, which is not compatible with steady trade. It seems that it was chiefly the Malay in his rôle of pirate who incited and led the Sea Dayak in his raids on other tribes. While the glory and heads fell to the Iban, the valuable spoils of war and the slaves were the booty of the Malay.

Then appeared on the scene the Anglo-Saxon overlord. The quality of firmness combined with justice made itself felt. At times the lower social types hurled themselves, but in vain, against the instrument that had been forged and tempered in a similar turmoil of Iberian, Celt, Roman, Teuton, and Viking in Northern Europe. Now they acknowledge that safety of life and property and almost complete liberty are fully worth the very small price they have to pay for them.

I do not know what were the conditions of the early Chinese trade with Sarawak, but at present the Chinese is a legitimate trader. Owing to the settled state of the country under the white men's rule, he is rapidly increasing his sphere of influence, and by his better business habits he is ousting the Malay. Even now the intrepid Malay trader will be found paddling his trading

canoe in the upper waters of the rivers of Sarawak, where the Chinese dare not venture; but wherever the Government builds a fort, the Chinese lose no time in erecting their stores, and proceed to absorb all the trade that previously was in the hands of the Malay.

The piratical cruises of the Malays have been stopped by the Anglo-Saxon overlord, and their exploiting trading has had to give way before the more legitimate commerce of the Chinese.

CHAPTER XV

A TRIP INTO THE INTERIOR OF BORNEO

ON February 6th (1899) we started for a trip up the Tinjar. Only three or four white men had previously been up this river, and practically nothing has been written about it; consequently we were to all intents and purposes breaking fresh ground.

On the 7th of February we visited a Lelak village at Long Tru. The village, as is often the case, consisted of a single house of great length, and built on piles some ten feet high. The long houses of this district of Sarawak are built along the banks of the rivers; usually a notched tree trunk is laid on the slope of the steep bank, and other logs are placed end-wise from this to the house to serve as a causeway across the slippery and often foul mud. A house consists of two portions—a verandah extending along the whole length of the river frontage, and a series of domiciles opening on the verandah.

The verandah is entered at the end, and by two or three doorways at the side. The ladder consists of one or more notched tree trunks, usually with a slight hand-rail, the use of which is as often as not dispensed with by the nimble, bare-footed inhabitants, and even the dogs have learnt to go up and down these precarious ladders. Sometimes light, broad ladders are erected, of which the rungs are quite far apart.

On entering a verandah the first thing that one sees is the long wooden partition, about eight to ten feet in height, that separates the verandah from the dwelling apartments; this is pierced at fairly regular intervals by wooden doors, each of which gives access to a separate house. Each house, which, by the by, is always spoken of as the "door," is divided into variously sized rooms or cubicles; generally a narrow passage opens into a central room, which is the living-room by day and a sleeping-room at night; the cooking may be done here or in a separate small kitchen. The wife has a separate bedroom, or if there are two wives, each has her own

room, and the elder girls usually also have one. A long house numbers from ten to fifty, or even as many as eighty or ninety doors, so that there may be from fifty to five hundred people, men, women, and children, in one of these strange dwellings.



FIG. 22.—Side View of a Kayan House.

The privacy of the home is thoroughly respected, but the society of the neighbours can always be enjoyed on the verandah, which is a broad, open space that extends along one side of the house. This is practically divided into an inner common gangway on to which the doors open, and a portion that runs along the outer wall of

the house, and is generally slightly raised above the general level of the floor. The space of this outer portion of the verandah opposite each house belongs to the owner of the house, and, according to his taste or means, he keeps the space in good order and lays down mats. It is here visitors are received, the public business transacted, and neighbours sit and gossip and smoke or chew betel.

Most interesting is it to lounge and watch the daily



FIG. 23.—Verandah of a Kayan House at Long Lama, Baram River.

life of the village, the men and women going to or returning from their gardens, and girls bringing up water. In some tribes the pounding of the rice in heavy wooden mortars is done on the verandah, and one is never tired of watching the rhythmic movements of the nearly nude women as they husk the rice with long thick poles, and gracefully push the grain into the mortars with their feet; the sinuous motions of lithe damsels are particularly fascinating. After the husking is finished the rice is winnowed in plaited trays by standing or crouching women. Then there are the jolly children, half fearful of the white-skinned stranger, yet always ready

for a game. Happy, contented little mortals they are, very rarely squabbling among themselves, and still more seldom troubled by their elders.

Hanging from the rafters of the verandah in most houses are trophies of human skulls. They may be fastened to a circular framework looking something like a ghastly parody on the glass chandeliers of our young days, or they may be suspended from a long board, which in one house that I visited was painted and carved at one end into a crocodile's head, and the board itself was suspended from carved images of men who represented captives taken in war.

The skulls are smoke-begrimed and otherwise dirty, and interspersed among them are streamers of dried palm leaves, which all over Borneo are invariably employed in all ceremonies connected with skulls. Usually close by the skulls are pronged skewers on which pieces of pig's meat may be stuck, and short sections of a small bamboo so cut as to form cups ready for the reception of borak (a spirit made from rice), when it is desired to feast the skulls or their spirits. Below the chandelier of skulls there is always a fire which is kept continually burning, for it is believed the skulls like to keep warm, and that if they are kept comfortable and their wants supplied, they will bring good luck to the house and ensure plentiful harvests.

The artistic taste of the people often manifests itself in the decoration, by painting or carving, of the doors or of the wooden partition of the verandah. On the latter are often hung shields, gongs, and the large ornamented women's hats, which have a really fine decorative effect.

When one is tired of the sights of the verandah one can turn round and look over the low-boarded parapet towards the river with the prospect beyond. Sometimes jungle alone can be seen, but usually there are *padi* fields on the low hills, and perhaps some plantations of yams and clumps of bananas.

The word "Long," which enters into so many Bornean names of villages, means the mouth of a river, and as many villages are situated at the spot where one river enters another, they are named from the smaller stream. This village took its name from the Tru River, but it sometimes happens that when a village shifts its quarters the old name is retained, and some confusion may arise.

The domicile at one end of the Long Tru house had

projecting from the partition into the verandah a queer wooden sleeping-bunk with lattice windows; a notched pole served as a ladder. It is not uncommon to find sleeping-bunks for men built on the verandah, but one attached to the wall like a meat-safe is very unusual. By the side of the door of the same dwelling stood a rudely carved wooden image (*butiong*), in this instance a female figure, which represented a goddess who protected the house from any harm or sickness, but should there be any illness previous to the placing of the *butiong*

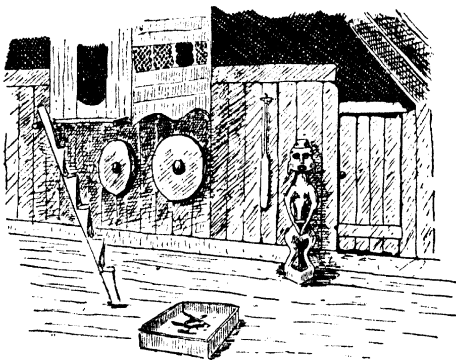


FIG. 24.—*Butiong* in a Lelak House.

in the house, she would prevent it from becoming worse. Stuck on to the wall of another dwelling was a portrait of Lord Kitchener!

About twenty miles up the Tinjar is the Bok River, and we left the steamer and paddled up this tributary in canoes to visit a small community of Punans. The Punans are, as I have already stated, essentially a nomadic people, who inhabit the jungles of Sarawak and do not build permanent habitations. They do not cultivate anything, but they collect jungle produce, which they sell and barter amongst the more settled tribes, who further trade these with Malays or Chinamen. The Punans are an interesting folk, and may be the remains

of an ancient aboriginal population. The settled Punans were very dirty, and looked miserable; they lived in a tumble-down house. But one must not expect much from people who are making the first step out of absolute savagery.

The wilder Punans we saw later were a better-looking people, and compared with the settled Punans it really seemed as if the latter were paying rather dearly for their slight advance in civilisation; but probably a fixed though squalid home is preferable to a temporary leafy shelter.

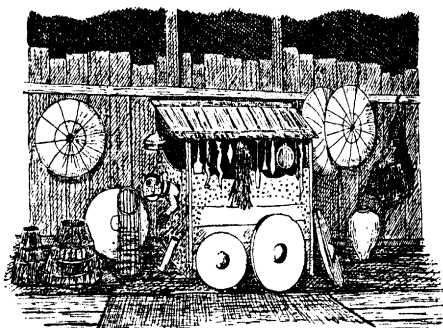


FIG. 25.—Sarcophagus of a Boy in a Barawan House.

On the night of February 8th we slept at Taman Liri's village at Long Tegin. On the verandah against the partition-wall was the sarcophagus of a child. It consisted of a sort of decorated wooden case with a lean-to roof of palm leaves. From one end of the case projected a gaily-painted board carved to represent a head, neck, and arms. The head with its upright ears looked very much like that of a tiger, but we were assured it was intended to be the effigy of the dead boy who lay in the hidden coffin; hanging over this was the boy's hat. Suspended from the eaves of the tomb were wooden models of a sword, knife, kris, paddle, spear-head, and other objects, and leaning against it were a couple of large gongs. On one side of the sarcophagus

were hen-coops, a gong, a basket containing plates and a small bamboo vessel; on the other side were a gong and a jar. On the partition-wall were three hats, two fish traps, and a fishing-net.

Although Taman Liri is a *penghulu*, or head chief, he complained that the Long Tobai people had left him and had gone to live with Aban Abit at Long Tisam, a little higher up the river, the latter chief having enticed them away. Hose questioned some of the friends of the Long Tobai people, who stated that the reason for the latter not wishing to live with Taman Liri was that he constantly shifted his house, and that he did not fulfil his annual promise of building a really good house. They were sick of living in this unsatisfactory manner, and therefore went to live with Aban Abit, who also was a Barawan, and who had a very good house at Long Tisam. Hose told Taman Liri it was unreasonable to expect people to shift their house every year, as the greater part of their time was taken up in house-building, and their plantations suffered in consequence.

We next visited Aban Abit, who certainly has a much better house than Taman Liri. Owing to the influx of people the house was being extended. When we walked over the framework of the extension we were cautioned to be careful not to fall through. This warning was not given solely to save us from injury, although a fall of some fifteen feet would not be particularly pleasant, but because if anyone fell off a house in process of building a new house would have to be built elsewhere, as would also be the case if a dog were killed in the house. We stayed here a couple of days and measured a number of men, and I made some sketches and photographs.

Soon after our arrival Aban Abit gave each of his new visitors a present, a nice spear falling to my lot. Before leaving I gave his two wives some white calico. On another occasion Tama Bulan, the most famous chief of the Baram district, gave me a large shield decorated with hair, and a Dayak fortman once gave me a musical instrument. But these were the only presents I received from natives; indeed, they very rarely give presents, in our sense of the term, in any country I have visited.

It was here I first saw the ceremony of divination by means of a pig's liver. A live pig with its legs tied was brought on to the verandah. Aban Abit took a lighted brand and slightly scorched it, at the same time praying

to the Supreme God, and the pig was asked to give the message to the god, who was requested to make his will known by means of the liver of the pig. When the scorching was over the suppliant kept the fingers of his right hand on the flanks of the pig, so that he was in touch with the animal all through his address, at the same time slightly prodding it with his fingers to make the pig pay attention to what he was saying. Finally a spear was thrust into the neck of the pig, and as soon as all the kicking was over the side of the pig was ripped open, and the liver rapidly and dexterously extracted

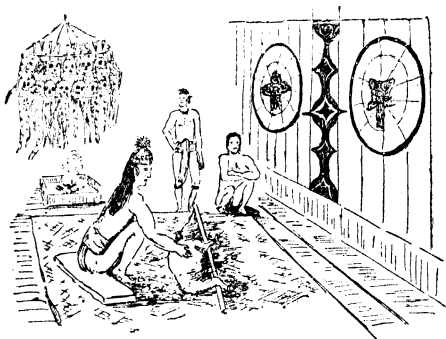


FIG. 26.—Praying to a Pig in a Barawan House.

and placed on a dish. The old men crowded round and discussed the augury. The size and character of the various lobes of the liver, the appearance of the gall bladder, and the amount of fat and tendon, are objects of the closest scrutiny, and these all have a definite significance.

Divination by means of a pig's liver is resorted to on most important occasions. If anything special is wanted they inquire of the pig. If they fear any enemies are coming, or ill luck or sickness, they ask the pig whether it is a fact that this will happen. They tell the pig not to mislead them, and to convey the message to the Supreme Being. The pig may even be told that they

are not going to kill it or eat it; but the pig is killed the instant they have finished talking, lest the message should be altered by the pig if it knew it was to be killed.

There is always great difficulty in arriving at the true explanation of any particular custom; probably in many cases there is no single explanation which is universally admitted by the natives themselves. It rather seems as if in this pig ceremony the soul of the pig was directly addressed, and that on the death of the pig it was liberated, and thus was able to convey the message to the Supreme Being. The application of the lighted brand may be a secondary custom, introduced from the analogy of the cult of the omen animals. I am indebted to McDougall for this latter suggestion, who also thinks that the primary proper function of fire in a rite is to carry the message to birds or distant powers in case no other messenger, such as a pig's soul, is at hand.

Knowing that I was very anxious to obtain some human skulls for the collection at Cambridge, Hose negotiated with Aban Abit for some. This was a very difficult matter, as skulls are sacred, and not only bring good luck if well treated, but contrariwise they may do harm if they are offended. It is no small matter to prevail upon a man to part with skulls under such circumstances, as he feels he is running great risks, and natives fully realise that wealth can be bought too dearly. What gain is it to have an extra gong if the harvests are bad, if sickness comes, if troubles accumulate?

The following is the way in which the skulls were propitiated. A fowl was obtained, a very little one, for these wide-awake people recognise that it is the idea at the back of the sacrifice rather than the worth of the victim that is efficacious, so there is no need to extravagantly make use of a full-grown fowl when a fledgling will do as well. The chirping chicken was waved over the skulls, and the skulls were told that those of them that were going to be taken away were given and not sold (for here, as in our folk-tales at home, it is very easy to deceive spirits), that they would be well taken care of, and they were entreated not to be angry, as everything was "quite correct," and that the white man would take the whole responsibility and bear all the risks. Then the head and wings of the luckless chicken were torn off, and the spurting blood was sprinkled on the skulls and charms, and even on the notched pole which

served as a ladder. Hose had to provide a piece of iron, an old spear-head in this case, as a gift to the man who took down the skulls. It was only the great influence that Hose has over the natives and his generous offer, combined with his knowledge of and deference to native customs, and their personal regard for him, which enabled him to obtain these and other skulls.

In the evening we had a performance on the phonograph, which gave great enjoyment to the natives of both sexes and all ages. As in New Guinea, the reproduction of their own songs pleased the people much more than hearing the band-music and songs on the cylinders we had brought with us from England. Later on several of the natives performed some of their dances for us.

We were informed that people were spreading a scare similar to that known as the *Panyamun* scare of five years previously. Reports of all kinds were rife as to the originators of the trouble; some said the Malangs started it, others that it arose among the Sëbops or the Barawans, while some thought it had come from the Baram River.

Hose explained fully to the people the stupidity of circulating and believing in such rumours, which always caused them a great deal of trouble, and they could not have forgotten that, owing to the last *Panyamun* scare, several people lost their lives. It was, therefore, his intention during this visit to the Tinjar to trace the originators of the false rumours, and if the evidence was sufficient to convict them, they would be heavily punished. It was consequently to everybody's interest to assist in the discovery of these troublesome people.

During the greater part of the year 1894 a remarkable and widely distributed panic spread over Sarawak, and all the races of the Raj, Chinese, Malays, Sea Dayaks (Iban), and various inland tribes were alike affected.

The Malays of Sarawak and Brunei started a rumour all through the country that the Rajah was anxious to obtain a number of human heads to lay in the foundations of the new high-level reservoir at the waterworks at Kuching, and that men were sent out at night to procure them. Similar stories with accompanying panics have occurred elsewhere in the East during the execution of large public works; as, for example, in Singapore, when the cathedral was built.

Professor E. P. Evans states * that as the Siberian railway approached the northern boundaries of the Chinese Empire, and surveys were made for its extension through Manchuria to the sea, great excitement was produced in Peking by the rumour that the Russian minister had applied to the Empress of China for two thousand children to be buried in the road-bed under the rails in order to strengthen it. He also informs us that some years ago, in rebuilding a large bridge which had been swept away several times by inundations in the Yarkand, eight children, purchased from poor people at a high price, were immured alive in the foundations. As the new bridge was firmly constructed out of excellent materials, it has hitherto withstood the force of the strongest floods, a result which the Chinese attribute, not to the solid masonry, but to the propitiation of the river god by the offering of infants.

Sir Spenser St. John writes in his recent book *Rajah Brooke*: "Another intelligent native remarked that the English must have been a barbarous race, as formerly they sacrificed a human victim every time they prepared to take the Sacrament, but that in more modern days they had become more civilised, as now they only sacrificed dogs, a reference to the periodical destruction in British settlements of all stray animals. What a perverse interpretation of missionary teaching!"

Many Sarawak natives went so far as to assert that they had met with the head-hunters among the villages. Great anxiety was caused amongst all classes; at one time numbers of people left their plantations, refusing to do any outdoor work except in large parties; even Chinese *padi* planters in some instances left their isolated houses and crowded into the bazaars.

Other equally absurd stories were circulated and believed in. About fifty Ulu Simunjan Land Dayaks came down in September the same year to the station at Sadong and stated that their district was infested with spirits and ghouls. They asked for leave to hunt down the *hantus* (spirits) in the jungle, as these came by night into the kampongs and shoved sticks and weapons through the walls of their houses, much to their alarm and fright. The Land Dayaks were warned against making this an excuse for molesting anyone without just cause, for it was by no means improbable that mischief

* Evans, E. P., "Superstition and Crime," *Appleton's Pop. Sci. Monthly* (New York), vol. liv., December, 1898.

would ensue if they were allowed to hunt down *hantus* indiscriminately. Thousands of people living many miles apart were panic-stricken simultaneously, and believed it was unsafe to walk about at night unless armed, and that death would result if a *hantu* caught a man. One result of this particular scare was that coolies refused to do any sort of work unless they could be safely back in their houses before nightfall, and married couples who lived by themselves crowded into the larger houses, which were already full.

Evilly disposed persons were not slack in utilising this *panyamun*, or "robber," scare for their own nefarious purposes, and numerous murders were perpetrated, the murderers pleading that they thought the victims were prowling round for heads.

Trade was at a standstill, and everybody was miserable; but by being continually on the move up and down the river, and by going familiarly amongst the people, Hose with great difficulty managed to stop any further spread of the scare, and he effectively proved to the natives that the trouble did not arise from any action by the Government. Having thoroughly disgusted everyone throughout the district, the Brunei Malays bolted back to Brunei. By this time they owed a good deal of money in the bazaar at Marudi, and could not get any more credit.

It was no wonder, then, with the recollection of this unsettled and anxious time fresh in his memory that Hose was determined to stamp out what might prove to be the commencement of a similar panic.

Long Semitan was next visited. The Malangs who live in this village requested that a Bakatan, who lived alone in a Chinaman's store, should be told to leave the village, as he had done no work for months and stole on every opportunity. The people described him as a savage brute, of whom they were afraid, and he constantly threatened to do harm to people if they refused him food, or indeed anything that he asked for. The man was sent for, and Hose inquired of him what he was doing there. He said he was waiting for a month or two before going into the jungle to look for gutta, and denied that he had stolen anything. Hose decided to send him down to Marudi, and told him he must follow a party of Bakatans, Iban, or other people when they went gutta hunting, or he must return by the first steamer to his own country up the Rejang River. He

strongly objected to this, although the Malangs had provided him with a boat and food. Eventually he was ejected by force, and all had the satisfaction of seeing this worthless loafer paddle down stream. It was evident that he had done nothing for his own living for months past, and the Chinaman stated that Aban Abit turned him out of his house two months ago, when he shifted to Long Semitan with the intention of sponging on the Malang people. Most probably he had really stolen, but unfortunately there was not sufficient evidence to convict him.

We reached Long Aiah Kechil on the evening of the 13th. The headman of this Sëbop village is termed Tamoing. On our arrival a great wailing was set up, because very shortly after Hose's last visit the chief of the village had died, and his return reminded his followers of their loss; but they were soon comforted. The Barawans and Balmali people in the neighbourhood appear to have had several quarrels with regard to farming lands. Taman Aping Buling, the Sëbop *penghulu*, had done his best to settle their differences, but there was still a considerable amount of discontent. The Tinjar is rather crowded here, and Hose considers it would be a good thing if some of the people moved further down the river.

The Sëbops probably belong to the aboriginal population of Borneo. Those we measured were distinctly narrow-headed, their cephalic index being about 75.5. These people are constantly chaffed by other tribes about their procrastinating habits. If a man has to go on a journey he gets ready and packs his basket, and when just about to go down to the boat he may suddenly turn round and say, "*Sagum*" ("to-morrow"), and then may go on for a number of days until he is perforce obliged to go. The Kenyahs are fond of telling the following fable to illustrate the dilatoriness of the Sëbops:—

A monkey and a frog who were chums were sitting together in the jungle when it came on to rain very heavily. It rained all that day and night, and the monkey, cold and wet, said to the frog, "This is wretched weather; to-morrow let us beat out a bark cloth from one of those kumut trees." "All right," said the frog, "this incessant rain is very disagreeable." When daylight appeared the rain ceased and the sun shone brightly. The frog hopped on to a fallen stump and basked in the

sun, and the monkey climbed to the top of a tree and felt jolly again. Presently the monkey called to the frog, "Oh, comrade, how about that bark cloth we were going to beat out to-day; let's start in and do it." "Oh," said the frog, being unwilling to move from his pleasant spot, "I'm not cold any longer." As night came on the rain began to pour down once more, and the friends, shivering with cold, agreed that to-morrow they must really get the bark cloth. This happened time after time, until at last the monkey became disgusted with the frog always putting off making the covering, and he said it was useless to be friends with a person of so little energy; so he cleared off and left his old friend. The frog still hoots and howls when the rain comes down, but sits silent in the sunshine.

It had long been arranged by our good friend Hose that one of the special features of this trip up the Tinjar was to be an ascent of Dulit, a mountain whose name is well known to those interested in the birds of Borneo, for reasons that I shall shortly narrate. As Hose had a good deal of administrative work to do, he did not intend accompanying us, and, indeed, it would have been no novelty to him, as he has ascended it four times, and spent at least six weeks on or near the summit during those visits.

We made an early start on the morning of February 14th from Long Aiah Kechil, which is the nearest village to the mountain. As we were paddling down the Tinjar, quietly enjoying the swift gliding between banks of rank verdure, a joyous shout and noisy exclamations startled my reverie, and quickly our crews paddled to the bank. To the uninitiated but a small thing had happened, merely that an inconspicuous little bird had flown across the river from right to left. But this was no commonplace bird; it was an "isit," one of the omen birds, who come as messengers from the gods to warn mortals of impending danger, or to encourage them in what they are undertaking.

This was fortunately a favourable omen, hence the delight with which it was hailed, and immediately on seeing it flashing into the open our boatmen called upon it by name, and asked it to "make everything clear and sweep away all difficulties and obstacles from the path, and to make the white men strong in the legs, so that they can climb up Dulit."

In this manner is a bird "owned," and on hearing the

prayer the bird assumes all responsibility and takes the petitioners under its protection.

Our friends landed on the steep bank of the river, and, cutting down some undergrowth, whittled a couple of sticks, so that they had a frilled appearance. A match was struck, and as soon as the shavings flamed, they asked the fire to tell the bird to inform the gods of the message, which was then repeated.

An unexpected episode of this sort is very refreshing. Here was illustration of that religious spirit which is so universally distributed among mankind. Our men were encouraged by the knowledge of divine sanction, and, moreover, their petition was unaccompanied by sacrifice, gifts, or promises; the human words were simply wafted godwards by the smoke. It is easy to call this paganism, to sneer at it as superstition, but such practices are essentially religious ceremonies, and of a refined character too, which require no intermediary between the spiritual powers and the ordinary individual.

We resumed our way, and shortly entered a small river which Hose has named the Scott-Keltie River, in honour of the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. In the muddy banks at its mouth are immense quantities of leaves, which give the alluvium a very characteristic laminated appearance. When consolidated and turned into rock, these beds will form ligneous shales, or earthy coal beds, such as we constantly find in various geological formations.

We landed a short distance up this stream, and ran our boat high and dry in a creek. Hose then left us, and we started on our way; our party consisted of Aris, my Malay "boy," three Iban fortmen, three Naroms (a branch of the Mëlanaus), and four Sëbops from Long Aiah Kechil, McDougall, and myself.

At first we walked for an hour or so on the alluvial plain through plantations, some of which were abandoned and overgrown; then we struck the Scott-Keltie River, and waded some distance along its rocky and gravelly bed; later we forded it several times, as our direct route through the jungle cut across its sinuosities.

Our path for some distance lay through "New Jungle," but as we ascended we passed into "Old Jungle." In the earlier part of the day there was a good deal of rain; when this ceased there was an aftermath of continual dripping off the trees, and all the undergrowth was reeking wet, but this was of little moment, as we wore

woollen garments, and the heat of the atmosphere and the continual exercise prevented our getting a chill. There was the usual profusion of fallen, rotting trees, over, under, and along which we had to pass. The soil was the yellow, slippery clay that is met with in so many places in Sarawak. This laterite, as it is called by geologists, is widely spread over the tropics. When our feet slipped we clutched at what was nearest to hand; sometimes it was a thorny climber, or perhaps a rotten sapling that looked strong enough, but which was as weak as touchwood, owing to its being permeated by corroding fungi. Our caps and clothes were continually caught by the fine thorny filaments of a species of ratan or by other prickly plants.

Several men always preceded me to cut down the lianas and other impeding vegetation, and they also served to collect on their legs some of the land leeches, which, reaching out from the leaves of low shrubs, seek whom they may devour. At every halt we overhauled ourselves, and pulled off these tough, elastic worms.

We soon reached a ridge-like spur of the mountain, on each side of which we could hear a river rushing over its stony bed. This spur had very steep sides owing to cutting down by the streams, but it was covered with deep vegetation, which acted as a kind of umbrella, and so prevented the heavy rains from denuding it down to a low watershed between the two streams.

About three o'clock we went a little way down to the Scott-Keltie River, and followed it up as far as a fine waterfall, some three hundred or four hundred feet in height. Here we built a hut, and after a bathe and a good meal felt very comfortable, and all except myself passed a good night. Fortunately there was no rain.

We awoke early next morning, but it was nearly eight o'clock before we started, owing to the dilatoriness of the Sëbops in taking up their burdens. Before starting, and also on the previous evening, I photographed the Scott-Keltie Falls. The upper part of the falls is hidden by trees; the central portion consists of two large quadrangular faces of rock, one above the other, with a combined height of a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. Below the fall proper is a steep declivity of fallen blocks of rock, many of huge dimensions, over which the water pours. Indeed, for a considerable distance down the steep river-bed is a mass of boulders which practically forms a continuous cascade. The vegetation

about the falls was lovely, the masses of ordinary forest trees being relieved by graceful palms and shrubs of varied foliage.

We ascended the mountain, leaving the falls on our right. It was very steep walking, and at places we had practically vertical escarpments of rock to negotiate, which were slippery owing to recent rains. The roots of trees and the stems of creepers afforded secure grip and foothold, but at a few places I was glad of the assistance of a ratan. We were in a mist the whole day, and every now and again a rift gave us tantalising glimpses of the outer world that far below us stretched out in all its tropical luxuriance and beauty. Sometimes we saw a bit of the river, and could just distinguish a village, when the view dissolved; then a neighbouring wooded spur of the mountain would shape itself out of the mist, only to disappear in the steamy atmosphere.

We pitched our camp about three o'clock, and made a long hut on the crest of a steep ridge at an elevation of over four thousand feet. Fortunately there was no rain all day, so our clothes were fairly dry, and we had no rain during the night. Of course it was chilly, but it was only really cold when the wind rose.

We got up on Thursday morning at 5.30. As soon as breakfast was finished, McDougall and all the carriers except Aris and one Sëbop, who had a sore leg, continued the ascent. I was not very well, and did not feel equal to the climb, so I spent a quiet day, writing, and letting the influences of the jungle soak into me. It was a strange sensation perched high up on a narrow ridge in a tropical jungle and screened from the world by a mist!

McDougall returned about 3.30. He had ascended the highest point, which Hose has since named Cambridge Peak, but had not obtained a satisfactory view. He had some difficulty in climbing the uppermost escarpments. As the cliffs were absolutely vertical, the natives made ladders which they leaned against trees projecting from the cliff, and from one tree another ladder was raised to a tree above it, till the summit was reached. Mount Dulit is, in geographical terminology, a partially dissected block mountain of Carboniferous sandstone, the beds of which dip in a southerly direction.

There was rain early next morning, but it soon cleared for a short time, and we started on our homeward journey. We had a scanty lunch at the Scott-Keltie

Falls. The water was now a thin stream; indeed, we had noticed a difference in the amount on the Wednesday morning as compared with that which fell during our first evening there. We retraced our steps as quickly as possible, but I took several photographs of the falls and river. We got back to our boat about 3.30, and returned to Long Aiah Kechil before dark.

I was particularly interested in Mount Dulit, as it has been a happy hunting-ground for Hose during some years past. He was the first European to ascend the mountain, and he has made natural-history collections on it from base to top. Hose here discovered a high-altitude fauna, more particularly among the birds, which, like that of the famous Kina Balu in British North Borneo, has affinities with the fauna of the Himalayas.

The island of Borneo lies at one edge of an immense submarine bank, while the islands of Java and Sumatra are situated at its southern and western sides, and the island of Celebes and the archipelago that stretches from Java to Ombasi are annexes. The hundred-fathom contour line embraces this vast area, and indeed a considerable portion of the sea between Borneo and Java on the one hand, and Siam and the Malay Peninsula on the other, is only fifty fathoms deep. In other words, the trivial elevation of this area to three hundred feet would connect Borneo and Java with the mainland of Asia. This continental shelf may be termed the Malay shelf.

I have already pointed out that the physical features of Borneo indicate that it has undergone considerable changes of level in recent geological times. The geological structure of the island shows that it formed part of a continent, as it contains formations of the Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Cainozoic periods, and is thus very different from what are termed oceanic islands, that is, islands composed solely of recent volcanic rocks or built upon coral banks. As Wallace * says: "A subsidence of five hundred feet would allow the sea to fill the great valleys of the Pontianak, Banjarmassing, and Coti rivers, almost to the centre of the island, greatly reducing its extent, and causing it to resemble in form the island of Celebes to the east of it."

About a hundred and forty species of mammals have been discovered in Borneo, and of these "more than three-fourths," according to Wallace, "are identical with those of the continent. Among these are two

* *Island Life*, second edition, p. 375.

lemurs, nine civets, five cats, five deer, the tapir, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and many squirrels, an assemblage which could certainly only have reached the country by land."

The most interesting of those species peculiar to the island that are not found elsewhere, are the long-nosed monkey and the tailless porcupine. These peculiar forms, which amount to something over thirty in number, "do not, however, imply that the separation of the island from the continent is of very ancient date, for the country is so vast, and so much of the once connecting land is covered with water, that the amount of speciality is hardly, if at all, greater than occurs in many continental areas of equal extent and remoteness." The same story is told by the birds, although one would imagine that, possessing power of flight, their distribution would be more uniform than it is. Wallace concludes that the majority of forest birds are restricted by narrow watery barriers to an even greater extent than mammals.

Mr. John Whitehead has made some valuable collections on Mount Kina Balu, the highest mountain in Borneo. "The Chinese Widow" is an isolated mountain mass which rises to a height of 13,698 feet; at an elevation of about 4,000 feet Mr. Whitehead began to find traces of a new fauna which linked that mountain with the Himalayas. Hose has made a similar discovery on Mounts Dulit and Mulu, so that Dr. R. B. Sharpe has stated: "It is evident that Mount Mulu belongs to the same system of the Himalayan offshoots, such as Kina Balu, Dulit, and Kalulong" (*The Geographical Journal*, i. 1893, p. 203).

Hose has stated that "the fauna of Mount Dulit resembles that of Kina Balu in a great number of instances, but it is a curious fact that all the species above 2,000 feet are found at a higher altitude on Kina Balu than they are on Mount Dulit. This, I think, can be accounted for by the fact that Mount Kina Balu has been cleared of all the old jungle, and farmed by the natives to a height of about 2,000 feet, whilst on the Dulit there are no traces of human habitation within miles of the mountain [this is a slight exaggeration on Hose's part]. I think it is reasonable to suppose that many of the Kina Balu birds and animals, which prefer to live in the old jungle, have been in this way driven to a higher elevation" (*Proc. Zool. Soc.*, 1889, p. 228).

In a paper on the mammals of Kina Balu, Mr. Oldfield

Thomas points out the affinity of the mammalian fauna of the mountain at great heights with that of the Himalayan region. For example, a water-shrew (*Chimarrogale himalayica*) had previously been recorded from Sikkim, Assam, and the Katchin Hills in the north of Burma. On the other hand, a certain mouse (*Mus musschenbroeckii*) was previously known from Celebes, and its occurrence on Kina Balu suggests that other members of the Oriental element in the peculiar Celebean fauna may also prove to have survived on the tops of the Bornean mountains, Dr. R. B. Sharpe also states that some of the Kina Balu species of birds have been obtained in high Sumatra.

There is evidence that during the Miocene Age Java was at least three thousand feet lower than it is now, and, as Wallace suggests, "such a depression would probably extend to considerable parts of Sumatra and Borneo, so as to reduce them all to a few small islands.

"At some later period a gradual elevation occurred which ultimately united the whole of the islands with the continent. This may have continued till the glacial period of the northern hemisphere, during the severest part of which a few Himalayan species of birds and mammals may have been driven southward, and have ranged over suitable portions of the whole area.

"Java then became separated by subsidence, and these species were imprisoned in the island, while those in the remaining part of the Malayan area again migrated northward when the cold had passed away from their former home," with the exception of those forms which were cut off on isolated mountain masses, where they survived in those places where the conditions were not very dissimilar from those they were accustomed to."

In other words, these more northern forms retreated from the deluge of the typical Malayan fauna up the mountains. The lower mountains were overwhelmed by the equatorial forests and the profusion of animals that are adapted for that peculiar condition of existence. The lesser spurs of the high mountains shared the same fate, but the struggle between the rival faunas became less keen at altitudes of three or four thousand feet. Here the temperature is cooler, and so the conditions of life become less favourable for the tropical lowland fauna, and more so to the relic-fauna of the northern mountains, and in consequence we have these faunistic islands.

Somewhat later the Malay continental shelf was submerged, and Borneo and Sumatra became isolated.

CHAPTER XVI

A TRIP INTO THE INTERIOR OF BORNEO (*continued*)

WE reached the Sébop village of Long Puah, up the Lobong affluent of the Tinjar, on the evening of February 19th. Jangan, the headman, made us comfortable in the large new house, which was not yet completed. Hose had insisted on going to the new house, as the old one was dirty and was falling to pieces. The first ceremony to be performed before the house could be inhabited was the removing of the skulls from a temporary hut to their new quarters. This was to take place early the following morning. The business to be transacted that day required the presence of some women, and no women may enter a new house until the skulls have been transferred to it.

At daybreak a number of men perched themselves on the ridge pole of the new house and chanted invocations to the omen birds. They shouted for joy as a propitious hawk duly flew away to the right after soaring, for unless the omen was favourable nothing could have been accomplished that day. Immediately the omen bird had given permission for matters to proceed, there was a great din of shouting and gong-beating for the purpose of preventing the people from hearing the hawk in case it should scream, for that would have been an unlucky omen, and would have necessitated a delay. At various intervals rice was thrown out of the house by the old men as offerings to the omen birds and prayers were made to the Supreme Deity and to the lesser gods. Hose and I also sacrificed some tobacco and rice to the birds.

Several men, accoutred as if for the war-path, went to the temporary hut where the skulls were lodged. Most of the men had on a war coat, which is the skin of a goat or a clouded tiger-cat, decked with the white and black tail feathers of the hornbill, which feathers, by the way, may be worn only by men who have been on the war-path or who have killed a man. Each had on a war cap, with the long tail feathers of another species of hornbill, and they carried shields and spears.

Standing outside the hut the men chanted songs while an old man removed the basket of skulls from the hut. It is considered a dangerous matter to meddle with skulls, as they resent liberties taken with them, and may perhaps harm him who handles them; this business was therefore relegated to an old man, as it did not much matter if harm befell him during his short remaining span of life.

The skulls were hoisted on to the verandah of the new house from the outside—as they must never be taken up the ladder and through the house—and immediately they were hauled on to a rafter. Then the women trooped up; in this instance they came up the ladder that was erected at the open end of the verandah, but according to rigid custom the women should only enter a new house for the first time through temporary doors made for the purpose in the back wall of the house, but as that part of the house was only in skeleton this could not be done.

Jangan, the chief, was quite an elderly man, who only two months previously had been presented by his wife with his first child. His old wife had died a couple of years since, but before her death she had instigated him to marry his present young and pretty wife.

After three years of wedded life a boy appeared, greatly to the joy and satisfaction of Jangan and his wife. As yet the boy had no name, and therefore was not considered to have any social status. Before receiving its name a male child is always spoken of as a *ukat* and a girl as *itang*. The Iban call such children *anak ulat*, or "young grub." Our visit was a convenient opportunity for the naming ceremony, and Hose arranged with Jangan that I should act as godfather. This necessitated the presentation on my part of a gong, for that is the recognised present on such occasions. I was able to get one from a Malay trader, who had a small store close by, and we all made additional presents of cloth, to which I added a looking-glass.

A pig with tied legs was brought up into the house. This was the offering of the father, who, squatting beside it, singed a few hairs with a firebrand, and put his hands on the pig's flanks, praying meanwhile as follows:—

"O spiritual pig [Bali Boin], tell Bali Penyalong [the supreme god of these tribes] the reason of our meeting here to-day. We are here to name my child, and we request

you to convey our message to Bali Penyalong. It is our intention to do all in the best manner possible. We are only a poor people, and cannot do things on this river on a large scale. We trust you will approve of our performances, and we hope that blessings will come to all present who meet as friends.

"We also request Bali Penyalong to let us know by the inspection of your liver whether the name which we intend to give this child is suitable, whether it will in any way be harmful to him, whether he will suffer sickness, and whether he will come to any harm through false reports. Tuan Resident is a witness, and all those who have done us the kindness of being present."

Then, turning to us, he continued: "You are visitors to this country, and we hope that you will not be displeased with our simple customs, which are the ways of our forefathers, and which I request Tuan Resident to explain to you, as I am unable to speak your language."

Again addressing the pig, he said: "The name which we have chosen has been proposed by the old man with the beard.* The first name, Utang ["Good-luck"], is entirely suitable, as his grandfather bore the same name. The second name, Haddon, is also a name given by the old man with the beard; in fact, it is his own name, and the event has been marked by suitable presents. We hope that all this is well, and that the augury given in the liver will be the true one.

"We also employ you, O pig, for another little ceremony, to which, of course, you will have no objection. We have here two peoples, the Lepuanans and the Punans, who have met one another for the first time since quarrelling, and who take this opportunity to square all grievances and to make *urip*."

The pig was then killed in the usual manner by a spear plunged into its neck. Scarce was the unfortunate animal dead before it was cut open and the liver carefully extracted and handed round for inspection. It was on the whole a pretty fair one, but one or two points were not particularly favourable; all the good points were, however, explained by Hose as belonging to the child, whereas the less favourable details he asserted referred to the recent hostilities between the Lepuanans and Punans. As Hose is recognised by the natives as an expert in liver divination, his interpretation was accepted. The blood of the pig was smeared on the breasts of

* When travelling about I let my beard grow.

numerous spectators, mainly on those of Lepuanans and Punans.

The second or "house" pig was brought and spoken over by an old man of the house. The liver, fortunately, was more propitious than the preceding one. Some of the blood of the pig was smeared on a parang blade and dabbed on my bare chest by Jangan, who said, "You have seen our customs and how we make *urip*! Do not misrepresent us when you go back to your own country, and do not tell lies about us." I then smeared blood from the same parang blade on the breasts of many of the people round about.

The Punans next killed a sucking-pig to ratify their friendship with the Lepuanans.

The final ceremony of naming Jangan's boy consisted in killing a chicken. Some of the blood of the fowl was rubbed on a parang blade, and, taking the gory iron, I applied it to the arms of Utang Haddon, saying to him in English that I wished him good luck, a long life, a wife, and plenty of children.

Hose made a speech, and everyone shouted and stamped.

Finally, the *borak* (rice spirit) was produced. Hose gave a drink to the mother. I gave one to the father, and made a small speech, wishing him more children and a long life for himself, his wife, and his children. The wife gave Hose and me a drink, thanking us for what we had done.

Drinks then became general, and there was much noise and enjoyment.

Lepuanans and Punans gave *borak* to each other; the ladies were not forgotten, nor did they omit to offer some to us and to the other men. Great hilarity was caused in succeeding, or failing, as the case might be, in making a few Mohammedans who were present partake of a liquid that was prohibited to them by the Prophet.

Everything was very human, and, alas! the after results were in a few cases very "human" too. The older men and the wiser of the younger men who had court business to transact later in the day partook but sparingly of the seductive drink, others were carried away by the infectious gaiety, and subsequently became sleepy or excited, according to their respective idiosyncrasies. One man was fighting mad, and had to be held down by several men. One somnolent youth was affectionately tended by three young women, one of whom

nursed his head on her lap. Next morning several men had sore heads.

Some of the Punans complained of certain Malay traders interfering with their women, and also that their debts to the traders never came to an end. They had paid many times for the same thing, and still the traders produced their books and stated that the debts were not settled. Hose heard their grievances, and having summoned all the Malays that were about, he thoroughly investigated the matter. He took away with him when he left four Malays who admitted that they had interfered with some of the wives of the Punans, and cautioned the others as to their future behaviour.

Some Malohs who were staying in this village wished to marry Sëbop girls, but the Sëbop chiefs did not want this, as the Malohs are untrustworthy people, being suspected of divorcing their wives on some trivial pretext when they wish to return to their own country. Hose thinks the Malohs possibly originally came from Java; they and allied people inhabit the southern part of Borneo, but parties of them have penetrated into various places in the interior, and have begun to make their way down some of the upper branches of the tributaries of the Baram River. They are essentially a trading people, and hence have no special interest in settling down; they are also great workers in brass, and so are of great use to the other natives. The Sëbop girls appeared to be anxious to marry the five Malohs, and as the latter had done no harm in the village and there was absolutely nothing against them, Hose found it somewhat difficult to prevent the marriages, though he appreciated the reasonableness of the objection of the chiefs. He thereupon thought of a plan which would probably prevent the marriages, but at the same time if the girls were anxious to marry they would be allowed to do so. Hose gave the Malohs permission to marry the girls provided they will come down to Claudetown with their wives and live at Tangjong Upah with those Iban who have married Kayan and Kenyah women. If the girls are really fond of the Malohs they will go; on the other hand, their relatives will do their best to dissuade them.

Hose has found from past experience that it is a very unsatisfactory arrangement for foreigners like the Iban or Malohs, or even more nearly allied peoples like the Mëlanaus, to marry into and live amongst up-river tribes. Sooner or later trouble arises through a lack

of solidarity between the aliens and the original inhabitants, cliques are formed, and the foreigner sides with the disaffected and the irresponsible men, such as are to be found in every community. Whenever possible he solves the difficulty by making the parties to these mixed marriages live together far from the wife's relations, and he has caused them to build a long house at Tangjong Upah on the Baram, about eight miles south of Claudetown, where, being isolated, they can work out their own salvation, but at the same time they are within easy reach of headquarters. Hose can thus see that nothing goes wrong, but nevertheless they are left, as in other native villages, to regulate their internal affairs.

In the evening we were entertained with a dance by the Sēbops. A man who played a *kaluri*, or mouth organ, walked in front; he was followed by two men, and these by ten women, all in single file. They walked with their toes well out, and scraped the sole of the advancing foot along the ground, the body being swung slightly from side to side. None of the men was specially dressed up, except the third, who had on a war coat and carried a shield; the Sēbop shield is similar to the plain, red shield of the Kayans, but broader and rather more clumsy.

Another movement consisted in advancing two steps with a striding motion, scraping the sole along the ground and stamping when bringing it to rest. A lesser backward movement was made for two steps, then forward as before.

A third consisted in walking slowly and placing one foot pointing outwards somewhat to the side, the other foot is brought up to it, the moving foot being stamped twice before coming to a halt. In a variant of this the whole body is alternately turned to the right and to the left. The regular double stamping forms a pleasing feature.

In a fourth dance a backward and forward "goose step" was made, touching the ground with the heel, but without shifting the position. Then two forward steps were taken. At one interval the body was turned to the right, at the next to the left, and so on alternately.

In the dance that followed one step was taken at a time, bringing up the other foot, with the sole dragging along the ground. The string of dancers moved forward in a serpentine course.

In the "Bird Dance" there was only a slight movement forwards, the feet tapped the ground, and the arms were moved in an angular manner up and down and backwards and forwards.

The performance concluded with a war dance by a single man dressed in a war coat decorated with hornbills' feathers, and wearing a long-plumed war cap. First he danced without his weapons, then he picked up his shield, and later his parang. The dance consisted of a series of indescribable crouching, jumping, squirming movements, in which the approved positions or attitudes of actual warfare were blended with the gyratory motions and posturing of more ordinary dancing. Crouching on the ground with war coat trailing behind and brandishing his shield in front, the warrior turned, or rather hopped like an amorous cock-sparrow, first to one side and then to the other, as if warding off blows from an unseen adversary; then, as if perceiving an advantage, he would leap to his feet and take the initiative.

The numerous and rapid graceful movements, the finely harmonising colours of the buff skin, the ruddled shield, the black and tawny clouded tiger's-skin coat and red loin-cloth, and the bold contrast of the white and black feathers of the hornbill, lit up by blazing fire and yellow flickering lamps against a dim background of eager semi-nude natives and spaces of outer darkness, made a fascinating picture of savagery, in which the beauty of dextrous movement with harmony and contrast of colour were combined with the deeply seated human passion for combat and bloodshed.

We returned down the Lobong and again ascended the narrowing Tinjar, and negotiated several rapids, one of which Hose has named after Ray. On one occasion we had to wait a couple of hours in a sheltered spot by the bank of the river, as the water suddenly rose and the force of the current was too strong for our crew to paddle against it.

The scenery was very pretty, the rushing water passing between low wooded hills, which were occasionally more or less cleared for *padi*. A few birds flew across the river, and numerous gorgeous butterflies flitted in the sunlight, and vermilion-bodied dragon flies darted in quest of their prey. Tropical vegetation is perhaps seen at its best along the banks of rivers, as the trees and bushes have full light and air on one side, and more variety is seen in foliage and tints; but here, as elsewhere

in the tropics, there is a general absence of brightly coloured or conspicuous flowers.

Our next stopping-place was at Long Dapoi, a village that, as its name implies, is situated where the Dapoi joins the Tinjar.

Taman Aping Buling, the chief of Long Dapoi and *penghulu* of the Upper Tinjar, and his people were in great distress owing to the recent loss of their former fine house by fire. It was not known how the fire arose, as it occurred when most of the people were away working on their *padi* farms. The village house was exceedingly well built, and was the largest house in all the Tinjar District. We saw the mournful rows of charred piles, and there was no reason to doubt the statement of the people that they had lost a large proportion of their worldly goods. They now occupy makeshift huts until the harvest is gathered in, when they will rebuild. They found time, however, to erect a comfortable little house for us to stay in, and were very anxious that we should spend some time with them.

Hose had a good deal of business to do, and so on the following morning, while we measured heads, he went into the *penghulu's* house and settled a number of cases of various kinds. Amongst these was one assault case, and complaints of divers natives with regard to land grabbing. Further information was also obtained respecting the *panyamun* scare. It appears that one Turing, a Sëbop, came up river to Long Dapoi, about ten days ago, and told Ajang, Taman Gau, and Suran, of this village, that he had narrowly escaped being killed by *panyamun* (or "robbers"), and had he not been near the house he would certainly have lost his life. The robbers were armed with spears and other weapons. When closely questioned whom the people resembled, he said, "Kayans from the Baram"; and when asked if he could recognise any of their faces, he said, "No, I was too frightened." Here, then, was evidence that could be dealt with as regards the statement of Turing, as all three men were willing to swear that they heard Turing make the above statement. It was necessary for these three men and the *penghulu* to meet Turing. Hose therefore arranged with the *penghulu* that either Turing should be called here, or, if they wished it, they could accompany Hose when he went down river, as Turing was living in the Lower Tinjar; something in the way of expenses would, of course, be allowed should

their statement prove correct. They were all not only willing but anxious to go with us on our return. All the people were glad to have this matter cleared up, and it appeared that there was every chance of the guilty parties being discovered.

When Hose had finished his business we continued our journeying by ascending the Dapoi, a beautiful affluent of the Tinjar. Along the greater extent of its banks are native plantations of bananas, sugar-cane, and other edible plants; the low hills between which the river flows are largely deforested for the cultivation of *padi*. This small, swift river is a favourite one with the natives, and is well populated.

We reached our farthest point, at a distance of some two hundred miles from Marudi, on the evening of February 24th, at Long Sulan, on the Dapoi River. This is the largest village I had yet seen in this district; probably about fifteen hundred men, women, and children live here, and wherever I went I was followed about by swarms of children. The people are Long Pokuns, and belong to the Kayan group.

In front of the main house and facing the river was a large wooden model of a man holding a shield and waving a spear. This was a representation of Balli Atap, whose function is to ward off all sickness and misfortune. Beside him was a roughly carved image of Tegulan, who also keeps off sickness from people, and by means of this image you can either curse a man or prevent him from cursing you.

Behind these were two wooden effigies of the tiger (*linjau*), facing different ways. The object of these figures is to impress the enemies of the village with the idea that the inhabitants are as fierce as tigers, and should not be meddled with. They were intended to serve the same purpose as the sentiment in the chorus of the famous music-hall song—

“ We don’t want to fight,
But by Jingo if we do ! ”

Near these symbols of ferocity was a framework on which were some curiously shaped stones. Usually similar stones are placed on separate posts outside houses, and as a rule these are simply rounded boulders which the natives believe have the power of increasing in size with age. In several places the natives tell stories about the stones being originally very small when

they were in another district, but since then they have grown, and you can see how large they are now. A sacrificial fire is lit near them, or even a flaming firebrand will suffice. Fowl's or pig's blood is on ceremonial occasions smeared on the stones. This is always done when it is necessary to consult the omen birds before making a long journey or before setting out on the war-path. The fire conveys to the god the messages and desires of the worshippers. I am not quite clear what part the stones are supposed to play in this ceremony. I was informed that the fire is entreated to tell the

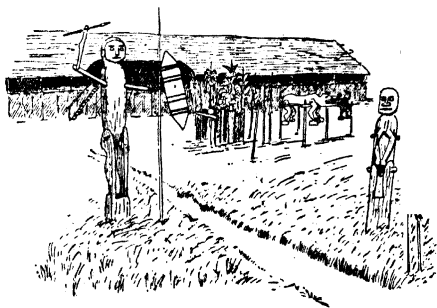


FIG. 27.—Long Sulan.

stones to inform the god of the desires of the sacrificers, but I would rather not commit myself to this statement until it has been verified.

Around the shrine of sacred stones were a number of frayed poles and sticks (*isang*). These play an important part in all ceremonies connected with the war-path and the consequent bringing home of heads. They are also erected when skulls are shifted from one house to another.

Not far off were a couple of very tall poles (*kelebong*) decorated with shavings, from the tapered end of which depended a long decorated rope, and to the free end of the latter was fastened a round block of wood. This is now an innocent object; formerly (and not so very long ago either) it would have been a human head or skull. A

kelebong is erected on the return from the war-path, or, as on the present occasion, when a new house is built.

There were two groups of curious upright boards (*kedaman*), with streamers attached. A rough or conventional face is usually carved or painted at the end, and there project two slanting cross-boards that serve as arms. Indeed, a *kedaman* looks at a distance for all the world like our familiar scarecrows, but their object

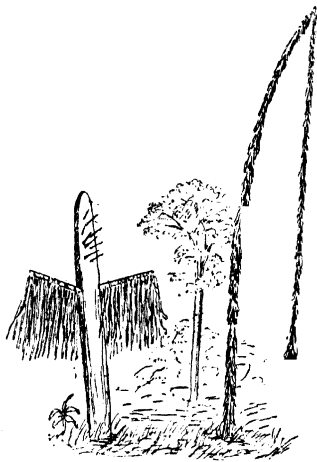


FIG. 28.—*Kedaman* and *Kelebong* at Long Sulan.

is to attract and not to frighten away certain birds. On the upper part of the board were a number of spikes or thin skewers, on which were stuck small pieces of pig or fowl meat, to sacrificially feed the omen birds. Often, and that till quite recently, the flesh of enemies was offered in a similar manner.

On our way to Long Sulan we had picked up a Sëbop chief, named Tingang, who had married the niece of Taman Balan Deng, the Long Pokun chief. Tingang had requested Hose to assist him in a little family

matter. He had been married about four years, but his wife was still living with her relations, who refused to let her live with her husband in his present village, though she was not unwilling to live with him.

It appears that about a year after he was married it was arranged that he should send people to fetch his wife, and he agreed to pay over a sum of about a hundred dollars as dowry. He then returned home to make arrangements for his wife's arrival, and thinking that all was satisfactorily arranged and that there would be no difficulty or any necessity for much ceremony, he sent only a few of the low-class people of his house to fetch the lady.

It is usual on an occasion of this kind for some friendly chief with a number of influential people to go in a long boat decorated with flags, and to bring home the bride with a good deal of ceremony; this always takes place a year or so after marriage.

On the present occasion Tingang's wife expected something of this kind, and when the emissaries arrived in a small boat she was naturally much annoyed; her relations absolutely refused to allow her to go in such a manner, and coldness sprang up between husband and wife for about a year. Tingang, however, made repeated visits to the house, and now considered that sufficient time had elapsed, and wished to make another effort to get his wife away from her relations; therefore he asked Hose to assist him. Hose questioned him with regard to the *brian*, or dowry; he admitted there were about fifty dollars to pay, which, however, was of no importance, and he would pay it at once, his relative Tama Bulan and others having promised to help him.

On his arrival at Long Sulan, Hose, in the presence of Langat, a cousin of the lady, and son of Taman Balan Deng, said to Tingang that I asked where his wife was. Upon his answering that she was living in this house, Hose asked him, "Why haven't you taken her down to your house? You have been married a long time now." To which he replied, "I want to." Langat retired, and no doubt repeated the conversation to the relatives. Shortly afterwards Tingang's wife appeared, and asked Hose to go into her room. When there Hose asked her why she did not go and live with Tingang. Her answer was she was waiting for him to build a proper house. Hose did not let her know that he had heard the story of Tingang's sending for her, and no doubt she

had no intention of telling him about it. As Tingang has really got a very wretched sort of house, Hose took the opportunity of his entering the room to tell him that really and truly it was hardly a suitable house to expect his wife to come to, and she had very good reason for not wishing to come if he did not choose to build a better one. He admitted that his house was unsatisfactory, and said that he had already settled on a new site, and the posts had been prepared. The wife stroked Hose and said, "That's right, make him build a good house, and then I'll go down." Later on in the day Hose spoke to Taman Balan Deng about it, and he said, "Oh yes, I have no objection; no doubt Tingang will make better preparation this time than formerly." Tingang had probably learnt his lesson.

The reason for Tingang having a poor house is a curious one. His house, which originally was a good one, had become old, and he determined the next year to rebuild it on the same site, but an Iban, who had been loafing about for a long time, and to whom his people had a strong objection, cursed some people of the house with whom he had trading transactions and killed a dog in the house. The killing of a dog in a house is a serious matter for Kenyahs and Kayans, and necessitates the breaking up of a whole house and rebuilding it elsewhere. This is the reason for the delay in the house-building, together with hindrances due to farming operations. Later on Hose brought this Iban down to Marudi, and on the charge being proved against him he was ordered out of the Baram district back to his own people. As he had some sixty dollars owing to him at the village he had injured, Hose told him that he could not recover the debt, which would thus stand over as compensation.

The following day some Madangs from the Silat River arrived with the news that Saba Irang, the Madang chief, who had conveyed messages from Hose to the important chiefs who live on the Upper Batang Kayan River, would return shortly, and that his mission had been most successful. The Batang Kayan is a large river in Dutch Borneo, inhabited by people allied to the Madangs and Kenyahs of the Baram district, but there has been some friction between some of the Batang Kayan and Baram tribes, and it was to relieve this that Hose has entered into friendly relations with the foreigners.

Saba Irang reported that the chiefs of the Batang

Kayan were very anxious to meet Hose, and would come very shortly to Marudi (Claudetown). It was also stated that some thirty "doors" (families) of Leppu Agas from the Batang Kayan had moved into the Silat, being anxious for a more settled life. Knowing that the Madangs had recently acknowledged allegiance to the Government of Sarawak, the Leppu Agas were anxious to follow their example, as they are related to the Madangs. This was good news, as Hose is getting more and more into touch with the people of the Batang Kayan, who, of their own accord, move over into the head waters of the Baram district, and by mixing with the Baram people quickly become loyal subjects of the Sarawak Government.

These Kenyah races are always the best exploiters of jungle produce, and quickly accumulate wealth whenever they find an outlet for their trade. They now fully realise that if they kill, or are at enmity with, the surrounding peoples their trade is at a deadlock. Traders are unwilling to enter their villages, and the natives are also equally unwilling to pass by the houses or territory of their enemies. The result is that trade is one of the most important civilising influences among these interior tribes. The necessity for salt, tobacco, and other luxuries is felt very severely when the supply is cut off, and they know well that when under a settled government they can have most of their requirements within easy reach.

We returned the following day to Long Dapoi, and after Hose had received \$200 for fines collected by the *penghulu*, went down river, the people who had charged Turing accompanying us. Our crew paddled hard all day, and at night reached Long Semitan. Here we found Turing, and when questioned he admitted that he had made the previously mentioned statement to Ajang, Taman Gau, and Suran, but said that he had been told about the *panyamun* by a Barawan woman named Obong. Obong was living a little further down the river in the house of Taman Ladang. Hose told Taman Aping Buling that he must fetch Obong to-morrow, and that at Long Tisam he would make further inquiries.

There was a Punan medicine-man in the Long Semitan house, and Hose allowed himself to be operated on so that we might have an opportunity of witnessing native medical practice. Hose, who was really ill, was lying in an inner room, and the Punan was sitting on a gong

Hose had given him for his fee. Like other inland natives, he wore only a *chawat*, or loin-cloth, his black hair hung down his back, and a string of blue beads encircled his right wrist.

The room was dark, save for the flickering of a distant fire and the glimmer of a small lamp. The weird jungle man sat close to Hose with his hands to the side of his own head.

He asked Hose what was the matter. Hose replied that he had fever every alternate day. The medicine-man asked if Hose had a headache, and other details of his illness.

The Punan then requested the spirits not to allow the sickness to be too bad. He sang, or rather crooned, and occasionally breathed loudly, and wiped his head and hair and smoked a cigarette. Next he took the blade of a parang, and so held it that the shadow of the iron fell on Hose, and he attentively regarded the shadow. Again he blew, sang and smoked, looked at Hose, felt his abdomen, and stroked it, singing all the while and calling on the sickness to come out.

Once or twice he put his hands together so as to form a tube, through which he blew on the abdomen. He next covered his own ears with his hands and blew on the pit of Hose's stomach. Again he stopped his ears and sucked at Hose's abdomen through a small tube made of the stem of the wild ginger; he had previously scratched the place with his finger-nail, and he sucked so hard as to make the skin rise in the tube. By a clumsy sleight of hand he brought a small ball of wax, from which projected a few hairs, out of the tube; this he pretended he had extracted from Hose's body. After having shown it round he carefully dropped the pellet of wax and the tube through the floor.

On Hose saying he had a headache, the medicine-man pricked Hose's temples with his nails and proceeded as before. By this time the operator was perspiring profusely.

Again he sang and examined the parang. Next he paid attention to Hose's legs, and stroked them from the knee to the ankle; then he covered his head with a cloth and bent over the legs, pricked the skin with his nails and sucked hard through a tube as before, again producing a pellet of wax.

Once more he repeated the process on the leg, looked at the parang, sang, blew on the leg, and stated that

Hose would be well on the morrow. The whole operation was again repeated.

After an interval the same operation recommenced. The man called on the different spirits by name: "Who has done this? Has — done it? Has — done it?" When he had exhausted the enumeration of the spirits he looked into the parang and saw that Hose's soul was better.

A fresh supply of ginger stems was placed in front of the doctor; he then took a hat, put it on, and pretended to cry. Once more he put a cloth over his head, which he scratched, and then looked through a tube of ginger at Hose's abdomen, and pricked it slightly above the navel. He looked inside the tube, smelt and tasted it, and applied it to the sternum. After sucking the tube for a short time he produced a small ball of wax from the ginger tube, which he examined and showed round; then he burst into song and dropped the wax and tube through the flooring.

The whole process was again repeated. After this the patient thought he had had enough of it, so he proclaimed himself much better, and we retired to rest.

The medicine-man was evidently very much in earnest, and he did not at all like Hose murmuring to me from time to time what was going on, nor was he too well pleased at my taking notes; but he performed his part with due seriousness and thoroughness. We clearly saw the man's finger-nails were coated with the wax, and under cover of the cloth a pellet could easily be transferred to the tube of ginger. There is in the stem of the wild ginger an inner tube, which can readily be pushed up and down the outer sheath. First the medicine-man pushed the inner tube down and inserted the pellet of wax in the larger aperture, with his finger he pushed up from below the inner tube, and this ejected the pellet from the stem of the ginger. The whole contrivance was very simple, and could not impose on any but the most credulous.

The following morning we reached Long Tisam at 10 a.m., and the reports about the *panyamun* scare were inquired into. The truth then came out. Turing and Obong when brought face to face with the Lirong people admitted the whole thing. Turing stated that he had been told by Obong that she had seen robbers (*panyamun*) round about her house, and that she was afraid, and begged him to come down river to live with her and to

protect her, and that he had lied to the Lirong people when he said he had himself seen the robbers.

Obong was then questioned, and admitted that the whole thing was false from beginning to end, and that she had started the report with the idea of frightening Turing into coming down river, for she was anxious for him to live with her, being a lorn lone widow. She had previously tried to persuade him to come, and he had refused, as he was busy with the harvest, so this had been her plan to bring about what she desired. She was fined fifty dollars, or in default six months' imprisonment, and Turing was fined twenty-five dollars, or three months' imprisonment. The fines were at once paid by their relatives, and Taman Aping Buling and others present who had been considerably inconvenienced by having had to come down river received compensation, and everybody appeared to be considerably pleased that disquieting rumours had been proved false and the guilty scandal-mongers punished.

I have already mentioned that we stopped at the Sëbop village of Long Aiah Kechil (the mouth of the little Aiah River) on our journey up the river. On looking at the charms (*siap*) that were, as is always the case, hanging from the roof of the verandah, I immediately recognised a polished stone implement, half hidden amongst the sacred odds and ends and wholly encrusted with soot and dirt. I quietly drew Hose's attention to it, and, though at first somewhat sceptical as to its really being an implement, he at once began to negotiate for it.

This proved to be a very difficult and delicate operation, for the natives have an extreme regard for their charms as being ancient and sacred objects that bring good luck to the house. Hose reminded Tama Sorong, the headman, that he had never asked anything of him before, and gentle persuasion and patience prevailed when combined with the offer of a liberal gift. A chicken was next procured and waved over the *siap*, and an invocation made in which Tama Sorong said that the spirits were not to be angry and bring misfortune to the people, and that "Tuan Resident" was wholly responsible. The head of the unfortunate bird was pulled off, and the spurting blood sprinkled over the *siap*. Then only did Hose become the proud possessor of his first stone implement.

This stone adze-head had been found long ago in the

bed of the Upper Tinjar River. It is a narrow, thin slab of fibrolite, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches (196 mm.) long, and $1\frac{1}{16}$ inch (48 mm.) broad, ground to an edge at one end. This hard, tough stone is extremely suitable for making implements. But our friends the natives did not recognise it as an implement; they called it "Silun Baling Go," that is, the toe-nail of Baling Go, the thunder god. It was also supposed by them to have fallen from the sky.

At every house we stopped at subsequently Hose made inquiries for Baling Go's toe-nails, and though he heard of the existence of other specimens, he did not come across any till we came to Long Tisam on our way back, where he obtained from Aban Abit a very typical adze-head, which was made from a rather soft stone; it was 131 mm. in length.

These Seping Kenyahs brought it with them when they came from the Pliran River, a branch of the Upper Rejang. It was said to have been obtained in the Madang district, and to have been found in or near the Tiut River. The man who found it, several generations ago, said he had a dream that the good spirits (*hantus*) were going to give him a valuable present, and so he went to the river, and there he found this stone. On its being pointed out to them the people recognised that it had been used as an *asai* or adze-head.

The following night we stopped on our way down stream at the Lelak village of Long Tru, and another implement was discovered. This is smaller (81 mm. long) and thicker than the others, one surface is smooth and slightly curved, the other is highly convex, somewhat rough, but the cutting end is ground to a sharp edge.

It was stated to have been found, with several others, three generations ago in the bed of the Lelak Lake by an old woman. One of the other specimens is said to have been exactly like the blade of a *bilong*, or axe. Unfortunately the other specimens were in a house that was accidentally burnt, and they were consequently lost, or at all events they were not carried away, as it is against custom to remove into a new house objects that have been burnt in this way. This implement is believed to be the front tooth of the lower jaw of Baling Go.

There was great difficulty in obtaining this specimen, but the old man who owned it brightened up considerably when Hose offered him a black silk *chawat* (loin cloth)

to die in. It is the ambition of up-river natives to die respectably, and a man never feels easy at the thought of death until he has laid by an expensive *chawat* in which he can take his departure with becoming credit.

We also saw hanging up with the *siap* five abnormally curved boars' tusks, some crystals, and other objects, including one or two stone hooks. The latter were evidently mainly, if not entirely, artificially shaped; it was difficult to imagine their use, as it seemed impossible that they could ever have been employed as fish-hooks.

I was naturally very anxious to obtain a couple of these hooks, or one and a boar's tusk; the latter was precisely like the artificially deformed boars' tusks that are such valuable objects in Fiji and New Guinea, and of which I had recently collected several in Torres Straits. Insuperable difficulties were made; the several objects belonged to different people, and some of these were absent. I then had to play my trump card by asking Hose to offer a crystal sphere that I always carried with me for emergencies. When I handed the glass ball round it was fondled and passed from one to another; the old men especially admired it immensely, and exhibited no surprise when they were informed by Hose that it was Baling Go's eyeball! One rhumous-eyed old gentleman directly it was passed to him rubbed his bleared eyes with it. It was evident that here was something they thoroughly appreciated. Hose told the men that I valued this very highly, but he would ask me to part with it as a favour, and that they were to give him two hooks or a hook and a boar's tusk for it. Nothing, however, could then be decided, as the owners of the hooks had first to be consulted and squared. In order to show how keen a man Hose is when on the scent for anything new, I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that he was weakened from fever, and suffering from a bad sore throat, and yet he commenced these tedious negotiations at 4.30 a.m.

A few days after our return to Claudetown we heard that one hook would be given for the glass ball. Although the price was relatively heavy, I agreed, as in trading one has usually to pay disproportionately for the first specimen, or even for the first few, after then the price falls considerably. When the barter was concluded we were informed that its origin was unknown, that the hook had been in the family for three generations, that it was used in the ceremony that takes place before

going on the war-path, and that it assists in obtaining another head where one had been previously obtained. In fact, it had the same function as the wooden hooks associated with skulls in the verandahs of the houses, the hook acts symbolically and by telepathy hooks in other heads.

Another type of implement of which Hose has obtained specimens is cylindrical and more or less oval in section, with an oblique polished face at one end, which may be either flat or more or less concave. They were obtained from the Sëbops and Muriks, who do not know their use, nor have they a name for them; like the old adze-heads, they were hung up along with other *siap*. My impression is they were formerly used for extracting the pith from the sago palm.

There is nothing unusual in the sacredness of these stone implements. Nearly all over the world, wherever stone has been replaced by metal, the same reverence for the ancient objects is found, and not infrequently magical properties are ascribed to them. It is, however, rather strange that they are almost universally regarded as having fallen from the sky and usually as actual thunderbolts; a couple of examples of this belief will suffice out of the numbers that could be cited. Messrs. C. H. Read and O. M. Dalton, in their recently published sumptuous work on the *Antiquities from the City of Benin and from other parts of West Africa in the British Museum*, say, "Shango has many attributes, but is especially the god of thunder and lightning, in which capacity he is known as Jakuta, the stone-thrower; all aerolites are venerated as having been thrown by him. In some of the castings the king is represented as holding a ground stone axe-head in his hand, and reasoning on the analogy of similar beliefs all over the world, we can safely argue that this was a symbol of Shango. Such axes are venerated in various parts of Yoruba; they are still *ara oko*, and are frequently daubed with palm oil and blood."

But there is no need to go to Africa for superstitious beliefs concerning stone implements. In Europe there are many records that peasants regard them as thunderbolts, and ascribe magical qualities to them. In Denmark prehistoric stone hatchets or arrow-heads are termed "thunder stones" or "lightning stones"; they are often put by the side of the fireplace, in the thatch of the roof, over or under the door, and are regarded as

charms that have supernatural power, the most important of which is protection from fire. Professor T. Wilson, in his address as president to the anthropological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, stated that he knew a man in Denmark who said he had seen a hatchet come down from heaven in a flash of lightning, that it struck the field adjoining his house, and that he went over to it and found the stone still hot. On no consideration would he part with it.

A similar belief occurs in our own country, the so-called celts are usually believed to be "thunderbolts," and stone arrow-heads are "fairy darts." I have seen stone implements in the north of Ireland which were used a year or two ago as a charm for curing cattle.

We are not in a position to criticise the Borneans when they regard similar implements as the teeth and toe-nails of the Thunder God, or as a tooth of Bali Taun, the God of Harvest, or the nail of the little toe of the huge river dragon Balungan.

On our next journey up the Baram, Hose obtained at Long Tamala, a Murik village, two stone implements and a brass gouge-like implement. There was great difficulty in getting them, and Bulieng, the owner, would not part with any other *siap*. I particularly wanted some hook-like stones, but these he could by no means be persuaded to sell, as he gave us to understand that they, as it were, hooked his soul to his body, and thus prevented the spiritual portion of him from becoming detached from the material. Another reason was that these charms had been handed down to him from his forefathers.

These three implements were contained in a basket which had not been opened for forty or fifty years, and on the present occasion the natives would not take it down from the beam where it was suspended, much less would they open it, but requested us to do so. Previously to the basket being touched by us, all the women and children were ordered out of the house, lest any evil should befall them. I climbed up a notched pole, which serves as a ladder in these parts, and unfastened the basket and handed it down to Hose. It contained, in addition to the three implements, three water-worn stone hooks, which appeared to me to be entirely of natural formation, two water-worn ferruginous sandstone pebbles, somewhat resembling phalanges in form, and which we were assured were human finger-bones,

two irregularly shaped stones with natural perforations, and one spherical pebble about an inch and a quarter in diameter.

After the implements had been sold and taken out of the house, it was necessary to inform the spirits what had happened, and so a small chicken was killed by having its head torn off, and Hose, holding Bulieng's hand, took the bleeding bird and anointed the basket which contained the other stones and the neighbouring skulls with the blood; while the headman told the spirits no sickness or harm were to come to the house, as Hose was responsible for the removal, and the implements had been presented to him. As a matter of fact, Bulieng had just sold them for a brass gong; but he had no objection to deceiving the spirits in this matter, their feelings would be less hurt by a donation than by a sale. It is always foolish to vex anyone when it can be avoided, especially a spirit who has various means at his command for retaliation. As Hose held the chicken, no iron was demanded, since the iron is the fee of him who performs this part of the ceremony.

When all had been duly accomplished the women and children returned, and Hose distributed tobacco as largess; but none of the women would take any, as Hose had previously touched the sacred charms, although he had subsequently taken the precaution to wash his hands in public.

On a subsequent occasion Bulieng, who accompanied us on our voyage, informed us that he could not have been cured of sickness by any medicine-man should he have parted with the hooks, and he would certainly have been struck down by sickness. Even now, he said, it would be necessary for him to go through a ceremony when he returned home. The medicine-man (*dayong*) would examine him to discover if anything out of the common had happened to his soul. If all is well with him, he will merely have to kill another fowl and smear the blood on the basket containing the remaining stones, explaining to them that he is pleased that everything has gone on all right, and that he will sit in his house for a whole day on their account, and also on account of his own soul. He positively declared that the night after he had sold the implements he dreamt he was sharing something of great importance with some male person, an augury which he did not consider unfavourable.

It is not known where these implements were found.

Bulieng inherited them from his father, who brought them with him when he came from Long Sibatu, near the source of the Baram River.

A TRIP UP THE PATA

I had another up-river trip with Hose in order to visit Tama Bulan, the greatest of the Kenyahs, and one of the two or three inland chiefs who have been sworn members of the General Council of Sarawak. Tama Bulan lives on the Pata, a beautiful affluent of the Baram, whose swift course is often complicated with rapids, some of which are very formidable.

Unfortunately, this trip, which promised to be so interesting, was marred for me by a bout of fever, and so I could not fully avail myself of the opportunities it afforded of studying this important and well-organised tribe of the Kenyahs.

Outside Tama Bulan's large village are the usual groups of carved posts, representing deities who have to be sacrificed to on important or critical occasions, and I took a photograph of one group of carved and painted figures which were close to some sacred stones (*batu tulor*). I have previously alluded to the fact that stones perched on posts are generally to be found outside each house, and they are at times sprinkled with the blood of fowls.

Tama Bulan received us with friendly dignity, and his women-folk soon prepared a palatable repast for us of rice and other native food served in banana leaves and laid out on the mats of the living-room, and we reclined on the floor and supped with princes.

Tama Bulan's house is about three hundred yards in length, and is supported some fifteen feet from the ground on huge posts of bilian, or "iron-wood," some of which are a foot and a half in diameter. The structure of the house is similar in general arrangement to those I have previously described, but it is famous for the size of the bilian planks with which it is floored, some of them being as much as five feet broad.

The young ladies of Tama Bulan's house proved to be the friendliest and jolliest damsels I have met in all my travels. They were not shy, but sat with us after the meal and made themselves agreeable. I quite envied Hose his facility of chatting to them, but the girls tried to make me feel at home by pulling my fingers to make

them crack—this appears to be a sort of delicate attention to pay to a friend. I could not help comparing the behaviour of these girls with that of a merry party of frank, wholesome girls in an English country-house. The non-essentials were as different as possible—features,

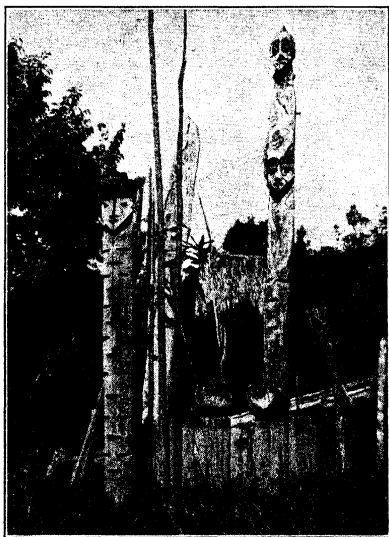


FIG. 29.—Shrine outside Tama Bulan's House.

dress, ornaments, and habits—but there was the same *camaraderie* and good breeding.

Bulan, whose name signifies "the Moon," was by no means so good-looking as several of her companions, and though dignified and friendly, she was not quite so genial. I think this was not due to being weighed down by the consciousness of her position as the eldest child of Tama Bulan; perhaps her domestic troubles had

somewhat sobered her. I forget the details, but it was something like this. She had been married, or at least on the point of being married, three times. Once the omen birds foreshadowed such evil fortune that it would have been flying in the face of Providence to proceed further; and once, I think it was immediately after her marriage, a fire broke out in the kitchen, and this was regarded as an indication that the marriage should be null and void. The future writer of Bornean love stories will not have far to seek for obstacles in the path of true love. As Bulan was the firstborn, her father, following the custom of the country, changed his own name to Tama Bulan, "the father of Bulan."

The day after our arrival at the village I went with Hose a short distance up the Pata to visit the Leppu Lutong village. On our way we passed a lovely spot where two streams met, which has an historical interest. It was in the early days of Hose's administration, before he had fully acquired that influence over Tama Bulan which is now so marked, and which constitutes such a bulwark for the stability of the Rajah's government among the interior tribes of this district. It is a long story, but the gist of it is that Tama Bulan, with a host of Kenyahs who were spoiling for a fight, had decided to go on the war-path without permission. If they had done so it would have indicated to the neighbouring tribes that the Sarawak Government could be flouted; so Hose put a brave face on it and, with a few followers, hurried to meet Tama Bulan and his warriors. They met at this rapid. Hose stood firm, and for a short time a game of bluff was played, at which the white man won, and Tama Bulan gave in; but it was a touch and go, and might very well have ended in a catastrophe. Unfortunately I was not well enough to photograph the spot, which I subsequently regretted, as the following year, when he published his new map of the Baram district, Hose named this rapid "Fanny Rapid," in honour of my wife.

We have already seen that a Resident who takes a sympathetic interest in his people is consulted about their private affairs, and in time he may possess an intimate knowledge of the domestic life of large numbers of natives. An example of the fatherly interest that Hose takes in his people came under my notice on the occasion of this visit to Tama Bulan.

Ballan, a pleasant young man about nineteen or twenty

years of age, son of a Long Belukan Kenyah chief, spoke in a confidential tone to Hose, saying he had something to tell him. Ballan explained that he very much wanted to marry Laan, a nice-looking girl of about seventeen years of age, who was a niece of Tama Bulan's. He stated that the girl was willing to be married, and anxious for him to inform Tama Bulan and her father to that effect, but he was a little nervous of doing so.

As a matter of fact, a good number of youths in a similar predicament come to Hose to ask him to help them, and as he is constantly discussing such matters



FIG. 30.—Bulan.

with Tama Bulan and other chiefs, he is in a position to put in a word in season and smooth over any difficulties that may arise, for the course of true love does not always run smoothly even in Borneo. In the present instance not only had the girl's father to be approached, but it was necessary that consent should be given by the great chief Tama Bulan, who was also her uncle.

Hose questioned Ballan whether his was a genuine love affair, and the latter emphatically stated that the girl was quite willing. Hose then asked if he had slept in her room; and having been assured that he had done so, he further inquired if they had slept on the same

pillow, and he said they had. Among these people it is customary for a young man to visit the sleeping-chamber of his sweetheart and sit and talk for several hours after the family has retired to rest. When friendly relations are well established the lover may enter within the mosquito curtains and sleep by the side of his beloved; but the sharing of the pillow is only accorded to him who has been accepted as a prospective husband. The young people behave with strict propriety, and I understand that there is little to object to in this custom which may have resulted from the public life which everyone leads.

At all events we cannot criticise these good people very harshly, as the very similar practice of "bundling" was in vogue until recently in Wales, as Brand informs us in his *Antiquities* (vol. ii. p. 98): "In Wales there is a custom called 'bundling,' in which the betrothed parties go to bed in their clothes."

To return to my friend Ballan, Hose said he did not care to mention the matter to the relatives unless Ballan was in earnest, and that now he was assured of this he thought it was a very good and entirely suitable match, and he would be very pleased to help it on by speaking to Tama Bulan; if he waited on the verandah he would let him know the result.

Tama Bulan was in his room, and on entering Hose beckoned to him that he had something to say privately. Tama Bulan got up and went to one side and remarked, "Tuan?" "Oh, it's nothing important. Some of these young people want to get married, and as usual have asked me to put it through for them." "Who is it?" "Oh, Ballan wants to marry Laan, and they are afraid to tell you." "Oh yes, that's a good match; we are all connections. I'll go and tell the father. You wait here a bit."

Tama Bulan then went to consult Laan's father, Aban Tingan, who no doubt had seen what had been going on for the last few days, but he had held his peace. In a few minutes Tama Bulan returned. "Oh yes, Aban Tingan is agreeable; that's all right." Hose then put in a word for Ballan. "Will there be any *brian* [*i.e.* bride-price]?" "Oh no; we are all more or less related. Ballan is my relative; there will be nothing very much. There will be the usual *adat* [custom] of expenses for a feast in which we will all join; then there is the custom of depositing a *tarwak* at the time of

proposal." Hose then said he would be responsible for the *tarwak*, for he had previously taken an interest in Ballan, and during the earlier part of my stay at Claudetown Ballan had visited him.

Hose then went into the verandah and found Ballan anxiously awaiting the result of the interview. Hose told him that Tama Bulan and Aban Tingan were agreeable. Ballan then said that according to custom he would have to find a *tarwak*. Hose reassured him by the information that he had already arranged this for him.

Aban Tingan's house, or rather suite of rooms, is next to Tama Bulan's, and that evening, when Hose retired into one of Tama Bulan's rooms, he heard the young people chatting in the adjoining room. Hose called out to Ballan to come round and talk to him; for a long time he was very unwilling, which was not unnatural, considering the circumstances. Having secured him, Hose forced the conversation, so that Ballan sent round for his mat, and made preparations as if he were going to sleep in the same room as his tiresome benefactor. In the meantime the lady, weary of waiting, began to very softly play the usual lovers' tune on the *kaluri*.

Hose, of course, understood what the girl was playing, and chaffed poor Ballan about it; then, taking pity on the young people, he pretended to go to sleep, and when Ballan thought he was soundly off, he rolled up his mat and silently bolted. Next morning Laan came out to shake hands as Hose was going away, and told him that Ballan had told her all that he had done for them.

The subsequent history of this love affair was not quite such plain sailing. Preparations had been made for the marriage, and two days before the happy event a child, who was strolling in the farm, was killed by a tree falling on it. This incident was unlucky, and it was necessary for Ballan to return home and wait awhile.

Later they made a second attempt to get married, but it was first necessary to consult the omen birds. They did so, and one old man in the crowd said he saw a very bad omen. Ballan said to Tama Bulan he wanted to be married, the white man did not bother about omens, and why should he? A modern vernacular translation of one of his remarks to the great chief was that he wanted to "chuck those blooming birds."

It is really very doubtful how far Tama Bulan believes in these things, but he is a statesman, and consequently

always politic, so he replied to Ballan, "*You* may not mind, but your conduct may affect the whole family." Ballan had again to return home unmarried.

Subsequently Hose invited Ballan to come and stay for a month with him. Tama Bulan happened to come down during that visit, and Ballan asked the Resident to talk to Tama Bulan about his marriage. He did so, and Tama Bulan said he would arrange it after the next harvest.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CULT OF SKULLS IN SARAWAK

A GOOD deal has been written on the subject of head-hunting in Borneo, and Ling Roth has collected the available information about the practice in Sarawak.

There can be little doubt that one of the chief incentives to procure heads was to please the women. Among some tribes it was said to be indispensable for a young man to procure a skull before he could marry, and the possession of a head decapitated by himself seemed to be a fairly general method employed by a young man to ingratiate himself with the maiden of his choice. The fact of a young man being sufficiently brave and energetic to go head-hunting would promise well for his ability to protect a wife. This is, at all events, one sufficiently rational reason for the custom, and there may be others as yet not even guessed at.

The pride women feel in their men-folk who have taken heads is not confined to these people of Borneo; formerly amongst the western tribe of Torres Straits a young man who had taken a skull would very soon receive a proposal of marriage from some eligible young woman.

Some tribes believe that the persons whose heads they take will become their slaves in the next world. In this case head-collecting would mean for them a wise precaution for the future.

A desire for reprisal for injuries, the vendetta or blood feud is a very common reason for going on the war-path and bringing home the appropriate trophies.

The following incident was recorded in the *Sarawak Gazette* (vol. xxv., 1895, p. 91): A low-class Kayan named Boi Wan at Long Lama had taken a head from the Kayan graveyard and hung it up near his farm, and another Kayan named Jelivan said he had killed a man under the house, but this was a false statement, no one having been killed. The reason for these two men acting in this way was that they might wear hornbills' feathers, and have their hands tattooed, which is allowed

by Kayan custom only to those who have taken a head. These two men caused a great deal of trouble, and the neighbourhood was in a very disturbed state. The Resident fined each man fifty dollars, and made them put the head in the grave whence it had been stolen.

It is the custom amongst the Kayans and Kenyahs



FIG. 31.—Skull Trophies in Aban Abit's House at Long Tisan.

that, before the people can go out of mourning for a chief or for one of a chief's near relations, either a new head must be taken or an old one, or some portion of one, must be obtained.

If the people obtain an old head from some friendly community they go through the same ceremony as if they had recently taken the head of an enemy. The head, by-the-by, is always given, never sold. A head that has once been given in this way, or even only lent,

is seldom returned to the place from which it has been taken. If a skull should be returned it is generally put under the house or in some separate shed. Kayans and Kenyahs, however, generally take skulls back into the house.

As Rajah Brooke will not permit the taking of a fresh head to enable a community to go out of mourning, and as there is sometimes great difficulty in borrowing a skull, or even a portion of one, the dilemma has been overcome and custom satisfied, I have been informed, by the village borrowing a skull from the collection kept at certain Government forts for this purpose. These skulls are labelled A, B, C, etc., and a record is kept of each borrowing transaction. When all the ceremonies are over the skull has to be returned to the fort, where it is available for another occasion.

When a skull is given to a friend the following ceremony has to be gone through. A living chicken is waved over the man who takes down the head, over the ladder, the basket or framework that contains the head, as well as over the skull itself. The owner talks to the fowl, telling it to explain to the head that they are parting with it to friends who will treat it even better than it was treated in its own house; that the new owners will feast it, and that it must not consider itself to be slighted in the least degree. All then present join in a war-whoop.

A piece of iron is taken, an old parang blade, or a spear-head, or anything made of *iron*, and the head and wings of the chicken are torn off with the iron, which thus becomes covered with blood. The hand of the owner of the skull, who is generally the chief or headman of the house, is next smeared with the bloody iron. This ceremony is called *urip*, that is, "life," and has for its object the prevention of harm coming to the original owner. Finally, some of the wing feathers of the fowl are pulled out, and stuck into the framework or basket containing the remaining skulls.

The skull is brought into the house of mourning with all the ceremony that would ensue if the head had been captured on the war-path, and the *urip* rite is again performed.

After the sprinkling ceremony everybody in the house and all relations in neighbouring houses take off their old mourning clothes, which are usually made of bark cloth; they then wash themselves and put on clean clothes. They also shave the hair round the crown and make

themselves smart. Every "door," that is every family, kills a pig or a fowl, and all eat, drink, and are merry. Very often after this ceremony the head is taken out of the house, and hung up at the grave of the deceased chief.

After a good harvest, or after a successful head-hunting expedition, or when one or more skulls are added to the collection, a cube of cooked fat pork, with a skewer of wood thrust through it to keep it in position, is placed in the nose of each skull, and borak, the spirit made from rice, is put into a small bamboo receptacle about an inch and a half long, which is placed by the skull. Wooden hooks (*kawit*) are hung up near the skulls, with the idea that they will help the head-hunters to obtain more skulls on their forays. It is an example of sympathetic magic, the object of the wooden hooks being to hook in fresh heads.

According to the Kayans and Kenyahs, head-hunting has been in vogue only for some eight to ten generations, certainly not earlier. Hose would put the time of its introduction to these tribes not more than two hundred years ago.

A Kenyah version of the origin of the custom is as follows; it was narrated by Aban Jau, a Sëbop.

In olden days—and they still continue the practice—the Kenyahs took only the hair of a man killed on the war-path, and with this they decorated their shields.

One Rajah Tokong determined to retaliate on a neighbouring tribe that had killed some of his people, and having made all the customary preparations, he set out with his followers. They started, as is usually the case when going on the war-path, just after the *padi* had been planted, as this is a slack season, and paddled down the river and entered the jungle. On the third or fourth day, whilst they were cooking their rice on the bank of a small brook, they heard a frog croaking, "Wang kok kok tatak batok, Wang kok kok tatak batok" (*tatak batok* signifies "cut the neck," in other words, "cut off the head"). Tokong listened to the frog and said, "What do you mean?" The frog replied, "You Kenyahs are dreadful fools; you go on the war-path and kill people, and only take their hair, which is of very little use, whilst if you were to take away the whole skull you would have everything that you required—a good harvest and no sickness, and but very little trouble of any kind. If you do not know how to take a head, I will show you." Thus spoke the frog, taunting them, and catching a little frog, he chopped off its head.

Tokong did not think much of this, but one of his *bakis*, or right-hand men, who was an elderly man, pondered long over the incident, and during the night he had a strange dream. He dreamt that he saw fields of *padi*, the plants being weighed down with their heavy grain, and in addition he saw an abundance of other food—sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, and what not. Next morning he said to Tokong, "I am very much concerned about what the frog said," and then he narrated his dream. Tokong still appeared to think very little of it, but the other men strongly advised him, if they were successful, to bring back one or two of the heads.

Eventually they attacked the hostile house and killed seven people. The old *bakis* put three of the heads in his basket with the consent of Tokong, who had been persuaded that no harm could be done in trying this new venture. They returned at the usual breakneck pace, and found that they were able to travel at a great rate without much fatigue. On reaching the river they witnessed a phenomenon they had never seen before; the stream, although it was far above the reach of the tide, commenced running up immediately they got into their boats, and with very little exertion in the way of poling they quickly reached their farms.

To their surprise they saw the *padi* had grown knee-deep, and whilst walking through the fields it continued to grow rapidly, and ultimately burst into ear.

The usual war-whoops were shouted as they neared their home, and were answered by a din of gongs from the house. The people, one and all, came out to welcome them, the lame commenced dancing, and those who had been sick for years were sufficiently energetic to go and fetch water, and everybody appeared to be in perfect health.

The heads were hung up and a fire lighted underneath to warm them, and everything was very jolly.

Seeing all this, Tokong remarked, "The frog was certainly right, and in future we must bring back the heads."

Suppose the members of a community of Kenyahs are intending to move into a new house and do not wish to take all the old skulls with them, it is necessary to devise some means for keeping the fact of their proposed removal from the knowledge of the skulls, for otherwise, should they find out that they had been deserted, they would

avenge themselves on the people of the house by causing many to go mad, and various other calamities would ensue.

The skulls are deceived in the following manner. After the new site has been selected, and favourable omens obtained, but before any actual work has been commenced, a small hut is built close to the old house; this is well roofed, but only partly walled with leaves; a fireplace is made on the ground with large pebbles, and if necessary a new board or framework is suspended above it for the reception of the skulls. A fire is lit and the place made what they consider snug. The skulls that are to be left behind are then taken down by some very old man and with great care are hung up in the new hut. A pig or chicken is killed, and the usual ceremony (as described above) is performed.

The skulls are left in the hut, and each day a fire is lit beneath them, and apparently they are very comfortable and pleased with their new home; but at times suspicious skulls are heard to "kriak kriak," and they may even throw themselves down on to the floor. If this should happen the skulls are taken back again, for the people dare not run the risk of displeasing them; but if nothing takes place the people know that the skulls are quite contented with their lot.

A good deal of trouble is taken by the people to prevent the skulls from knowing anything that is going on, and no mention is made before them of a new house being built.

When the new house is completed, the skulls that remained in the old house are removed to the new one with great ceremony. Before they are actually moved, the headman touches them and speaks to Bali Penyalong, the Supreme Being, and to Bali Urip, who gives men long life, and likewise he mentions by name most of the other gods; they fear to leave them out lest the slighted gods should be annoyed and retaliate on the inhabitants of the house. Then fowls are killed and their blood is sprinkled in the usual manner.

The men go into the new house by the front entrance, but the basket containing the skulls is hauled up outside the house, and then pulled in through the open space in front of the verandah; it may not be carried up the steps and through the main entrance. The *siap* (charms) are brought in afterwards.

On the morning of the day when the people enter the new house a fire of wood that smoulders for a long time

is built up beneath the skulls that are left behind, and the people skulk away from the hut as if afraid.

After about three days the fire burns out, and the skulls begin to talk and grumble to one another. "Where are the people?" "How is it that no fire has been put here?" "It's fearfully cold." The roof then chimes in, "Oh, they are probably away at the farms; most likely they will be here in a day or two."

Day after day goes by. No one comes back, and the skulls begin to feel sure something is wrong. However, they live in hope for some time. After a month or so the leafy roof begins to leak; when the skulls feel the rain they say to the roof, "Why do you serve us so badly? Why do you allow the rain to fall on us? Why don't you make the people come and mend you?" The roof replies, "Don't you know that you have been left? The people have gone long ago." Then the skulls begin to hustle around and seek to revenge themselves on the people who have deserted them. They look up river and down river and along the banks, but rain has obliterated all the tracks the people made when they flitted; and finding it hopeless to follow them they give themselves up to their fate, and gradually become bleached by the rain and the heat of the sun. Their ratan lashing rots, and they fall to the ground. So the people are saved from any serious harm coming to them.

It may be asked, Why do people ever leave skulls behind them when they move into a new house, as they are always very anxious to obtain new ones? There is a very common-sense reason for this apparently anomalous proceeding.

Although the skulls are very old, and those who obtained them are long dead and buried, they have to receive the same care and attention while they are still in the house as the more recent skulls. They have to be fed with pork and refreshed with *borak*, and the fire has to be attended to daily; unless all this is done the inhabitants of the house will have only bad luck. On the other hand, those in the house receive no benefit from these skulls—that is, assuming the owners to have died. Why, then, should they be put to all this trouble and even run a risk of ill luck should the skulls consider themselves slighted, but at the same time gain no advantage? The natives of Borneo are sharp enough to appreciate that this is not good business, and so they judiciously relieve themselves of their somewhat troublesome benefactors.

CHAPTER XVIII

PEACE-MAKING AT BARAM

At the close of our stay at Baram we had the good fortune to be present at a great gathering of chiefs and representative men, with their followers, from all parts of this large district. The festivities and competitions connected with the gathering commenced on April 8th, and lasted for several days. After these were over, taxes were paid in at the fort, and during the whole time that the visitors were in Claudetown a great deal of business was done in the bazaar with the Chinese storekeepers, for large quantities of jungle produce were brought down the river, and many goods purchased by the natives. To do them justice I must add that the leading Chinese storekeepers had volunteered a handsome donation towards the heavy expenses of the meeting, the remainder being met by private subscriptions from the white men then present.

It was not possible to count the number of people gathered together. Tama Bulan estimated the Kenyahs at about 2,500; there may have been 1,500 Kayans, and some 500 Madangs, including a few Batang Kayans; the Long Kiputs, Long Patas, Naroms, etc., probably numbered 1,500; thus making a grand total of at least 6,000 persons.

It was quite exciting seeing the canoes arrive and to welcome old friends, whom one had met in their homes, and to make fresh acquaintances, as they came to pay their respects to the Resident.

From every part of the district they streamed in, and even from beyond. Deputations came from the Orang Bukits of the Balait River, and from the people of the Tutong River who are still under the authority of the Sultan of Brunei. Representatives also came from tribes on the upper waters of the Batang Kayan, or Balungan River, who are nominally under the Dutch Government. Besides all these settled peoples, numerous nomad Punans put in an appearance from different quarters.

In order to give a stimulus to the cultivation of *padi* of superior quality, a *padi* and rice competition was previously announced; unhusked rice is here referred to as *padi*. As this was the first attempt at a competition of this sort in the district, only the down-river natives were invited to compete. There were a hundred and fifty-seven entries in each class; for each class there were three prizes. The native judges unanimously awarded the first rice prize to Abit, an Orang Bukit.

On the morning of the 9th was a boat race, limited to canoes carrying a crew of fifteen men. The course was two and a quarter miles, and the time was eleven minutes five seconds. Tama Bulan's people, the Long Belukan Kenyahs, won the race, but they were hardly pressed by a Malay boat.

An obstacle race next took place, which caused great amusement. The competitors had to run up and down one or two hillocks, to jump over a hurdle, and then dive off a crazy staging into a pond; after swimming this there was a steep hill to climb, next a converging framework ended in two small orifices which led into two canvas tubes which had been coated internally with soot, and finally a pool had to be passed through. Those who came through presented a very bedraggled appearance, and received the good-humoured chaff of the onlookers.

The same evening we had a display of Chinese fireworks. The rockets and fire-balloon were greatly appreciated, but the cataract of Chinese crackers was rather trying to the nerves of some of the people. Unfortunately the following evenings were too wet to allow of more fireworks.

In the afternoon a large preliminary gathering was held in the temporary hall which Hose had erected for this purpose. The chiefs and Europeans sat on a raised platform, of which a portion was railed off for the separation of the more important personages. The meeting was opened by *borak* being handed round. Tama Bulan, in giving me a whisky and soda, made the usual speech in musical declamation, and repeated the performance to the other members of the party. Next he offered drink to and apostrophised Douglas, and finally to Hose. The two officials received tremendous applause from the crowded throng. I then gave a drink to Tama Bulan, and delivered a little recitative in the English

tongue but in the Kenyah manner, and we cheered him again and again, and sang—

“For he’s a jolly good fellow.”

Tama Bulan gave drinks to most of the chiefs present, emphasising with appropriate speeches the more important of them. With some he was evidently on very friendly terms, sitting down and caressing them while speaking; he also made a point of being markedly friendly with the Madang chief whom he had recently visited with Hose.

Aban Tingan, the warrior brother of Tama Bulan, gave a drink to Taman Jaat Kirieng, a chief of the Lepu Agas who recently came to reside in the Silat. The latter chief formerly lived in the Batang Kayan, in Dutch territory, where a number of his people still remain. It was interesting to see these two men sit and cuddle one another and drink together, when one remembered that until very recently they were at enmity, and a few years ago Aban Tingan, when on the war-path, had thrust a spear through the thigh of Taman Jaat Kirieng, a wound which nearly proved fatal.

There was also a Kenyah-Kayan-Madang group of chiefs, who sat with their arms round one another and sipped from the same glass of *borak*.

That evening I was in a war-canoe that was engaged with two or three others in an exciting practice race. The vociferous effervescence of the rival crews, the exhilaration of rapid movement, and the stimulation of half-stifling showers of spurting spray, formed a striking contrast to the sweet tranquillity of a waning tropical day, as it folded itself to rest in the gorgeous robes of sunset.

But a new element of turmoil arose as the Lirongs dashed down the river in three canoes, chanting their war-song, and dressed in feathered war coats and caps. They were received with re-echoed shouts, which were merged into a continuous roar of sound. No sooner had they landed than they rushed up the hill, and before one could realise what was happening there was a rough-and-tumble, in which the Resident and Tama Bulan were mixed up, and everyone had his share of blows. Hose, as a matter of fact, had fully expected this encounter, as it is according to custom that people who feel aggrieved should make some display when first meeting those against whom they have a grudge. In this instance

the Lirongs had a score to pay off on Tama Bulan, as two years previously he had led a Government punitive expedition against them, in which two murderers were attacked and killed. Tama Bulan did not know that the Lirongs had arrived, and was quite unprepared, although a number of his followers, seeing the Lirongs' canoes scudding down the last reach, had rushed to their huts and donned the panoply of war. No serious damage was done, and all friction ought then to have been over.

The next morning a public meeting in the temporary hall was announced, but whilst the people were assembling, the Lirongs, assisted by the Sëbops, started another *jawa*, and there was a great hubbub and some scuffling as they attempted to drag the Kenyah chiefs from the platform on which they were seated. This was not according to lawful custom, and indicated spite, as the scrimmage of the previous evening should have settled the affair.

The people became mad with excitement when blood was seen flowing down Tama Bulan's face, owing to a blow over the left eye. This was the signal for less covert hostilities, and the Kenyahs and Kayans rushed to their several huts for weapons, and the Lirongs made for their boats, but the Long Kiputs and Sëbops were nearer their huts, and soon armed themselves. Hose had wisely arranged that the Kenyahs and Kayans were encamped on the lawn near the Residency, while the Lirongs were located in the Bazaar, a good way off down the hill and beyond the Long Kiput encampment; between these and the camp of the Kenyahs and Kayans was a large unoccupied tract, in which was the fort.

Hose immediately grasped the situation, ran to the fort, and in a very short space of time had the two small cannon charged with shot, the one trained towards the huts of the Long Kiputs, and the other towards the main encampment. The fortmen and some of the crew of the *Lucille*, and one or two other trusted men were armed by Douglas with rifles.

No sooner had Hose given his order than he rushed unarmed down to the Lirong boats, and after a great deal of trouble succeeded in quieting down the Lirongs and other natives, who had by this time armed themselves with spears, parangs, and shields. The din was awful, and the excitement intense; that Hose came out of it unharmed was due to the fact that the trouble was purely local, and had nothing to do with the Government, which, as represented by the Resident, was loyally

respected. The esteem, not unmixed with fear, in which Hose is personally held by all the natives of his immense district, stood him in good stead, and the rapid quieting down of the overwrought, gesticulating crowd was a powerful argument in favour of a "personal Government."

Douglas had charge of the fort, and no one was allowed to pass from one side of the open ground to the other. He also succeeded in pacifying the Long Kiputs and Long Patas.

Beyond, there were angry and vociferating groups of Kenyahs and Kayans, and one or two men danced and brandished imaginary spears and shields as they harangued their several groups and clamoured for vengeance. Thanks to the good sense of the chiefs, assisted by the calming words of McDougall, they gradually simmered down.

All danger was now over, and Hose went about interviewing chiefs, and orders were issued that no one was to carry a spear, parang, or other weapon, on pain of its being confiscated temporarily.

In the afternoon, at Hose's instigation, the Lirongs presented Tama Bulan with two tawaks and three gongs. Tama Bulan wanted to make peace without compensation being made to him, and the Kenyah chiefs and Tama Bulan's followers were also disinclined to allow any sort of compensation to be made to Tama Bulan, but for a different reason, and suggested they should in any case wait to see how the wound progressed before anything was received. Fortunately for the sake of peace, McDougall was on the spot, and bound up Tama Bulan's wound directly, and under his treatment it rapidly healed, though the eye was black for some days. Tama Bulan was thoroughly at one with Hose, and was equally anxious to bring matters to a close, and said he was ready to accept apologies only.

Hose next went down to the Bazaar and suggested to Taman Aping Bulieng, the headman of the Lirongs, that he should call on Tama Bulan to inquire after him. He at once acquiesced, and immediately went to call on Tama Bulan, with whom he stayed a couple of hours. All through there was little friction between the chiefs themselves, the misunderstanding was principally due to the inferior men, who had nothing to lose by causing trouble.

This unfortunate occurrence put a stop to any further festivities for that day. The social atmosphere was too

electric for friendly rivalry, and there were great searchings of heart among the various combinations of natives, and many arrangements had to be made by Hose and Douglas to ease down the excitement.

The Lirongs admitted they were entirely in the wrong, as there was no custom that allowed a *jawa* to be done a second time. In order to quiet his followers, Tama Bulan immediately he was hurt gave out that he was hit by a fallen roof-pole of the hall and not by a blow from a Lirong. Later, when all was settled, the truth leaked out, and also, with his customary good sense, he was content to accept the apologies of the Lirongs, and to let bygones be bygones; but for politic reasons he accepted their presents.

It is occasions of this sort that test the loyalty and capability of men, and bravery and readiness in an emergency are bound to make themselves felt. It was widely known that a few years before Orang Kaya Tumonggong Lawai was an ill-disposed warrior whom the Government had some little difficulty in bringing to reason. This former defier of the Government proved his loyalty by walking up and down among the excited people, armed only with a walking-stick, and he effectually exerted his influence to quiet them down.

A little incident like this proves that the present form of government is extremely suitable for the people. As in the case of Tama Bulan in the early days when the Baram was taken over, and in other instances, a little rough discipline served to develop what sterling qualities were lying latent in them. Indeed, trouble is usually given in the first instance by those men of character who later on shape into loyal and capable adherents of the Government.

One great feature of the peace-making was a *tuba* fishing on an unprecedented scale, and a lake connected with Baram River was to be the scene of the attempt.

We started in the steamer at 6 a.m. on the morning of the 11th, and on our way down stream we passed numerous canoes that had started still earlier. On arriving at the scene of action we transhipped into a boat and entered Logan Ansok by a narrow waterway which meandered through a tropical jungle composed of divers trees of varied size, interspersed among which were screw pines, palms, ratans, and ferns, and epiphytes which clung on to trunk and bough added to the complexity of the luxuriant foliage.

We stayed a little time in this verdant water-land and allowed several canoes to pass us. First rounding the corner, and as it were peering through the foliage, would appear a grotesque head of what seemed to be a monstrous dragon with long, sharp tusks, goggled eyes, and erratic horns, but the long, thin neck soon resolved itself into the bow of a war-canoe, paddled by lithe-bodied, copper-coloured natives, in some instances wearing a hairy war-

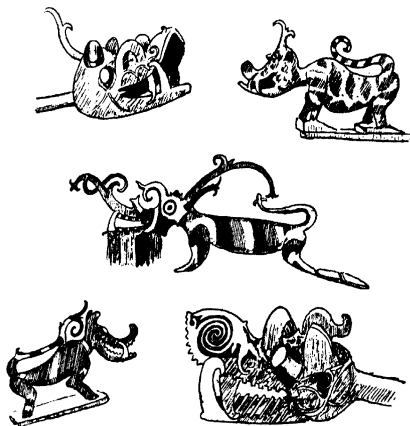


FIG. 32.—Figure-heads of Canoes, Baram District.

coat adorned with the black and white feathers of the hornbill, and on their heads ratan war-caps ornamented with the long tail feathers of another species of hornbill. Other men were clad solely in the usual *chawat*, or loin-cloth; some wore in addition a white cotton jacket. The heads of nearly all were protected by large round hats.

At one spot the canoes had to be dragged in shallow water through the jungle, owing to a huge hard-wood tree having fallen and so blocked up the waterway, and the weirdness was enhanced by the cadenced hauling-cries of the men as they laboriously tugged their canoes.

It is impossible adequately to describe the scene and the noise. The vivid colouring of some of the costumes was jewelled against the green background by the broken sunshine as it streamed through the tropical foliage, and all was instinct with human life and activity.

Eventually we found ourselves in a large lake entirely surrounded by trees; unfortunately the river was high, and so the water had overflowed its banks, and the lake had an apparent rather than a definite margin, as the

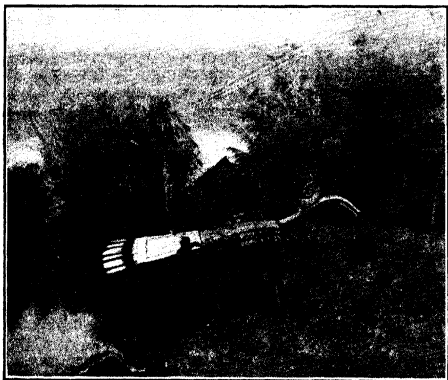


FIG. 33.—Penchallong prepared for the Great Peace-making.

water was spread out among the surrounding trees. The placid water shimmered in the sunshine, and the varied foliage lit by the early morning sun looked very beautiful, but the interest was greatly increased by the numerous canoes now paddling about in full sunshine, the high lights, catching the large, round palm-leaf hats or some unprotected portion of skin or clothing, being emphasised by deep shadows. The rows of hats alone constituted a striking decorative feature.

The boats were ultimately ranged round the lake, and were tied up to trees and bushes as far as possible in the shade. The next business was to cut logs and short

billets from thick boughs to serve as mallets. The small packets of tuba root were separated from the large bundles with which every boat was well supplied, and these were beaten with the mallets on the logs which were placed in the canoes. Many men preferred to climb on to trees and beat the tuba on fallen trunks, or, perched aloft, they employed the branches for that purpose.

From all around the lake came the measured beating, varied by an irregular access of loudness and rapidity, reminding one somewhat of the company firing of a distant review or sham-fight.

Later the boats came into the open; in most several men were hammering away, while others baled water over the crushed roots. Then the bilge of discoloured water was ladled into the lake, and the clouds of the infusion gradually dispersed. The characteristic but indescribable odour of crushed tuba was wafted over the surface of the still waters.

In about an hour a few tiny fish were observed wriggling in an uneasy manner near the surface of the water; these were at once netted. I was in a boat with the Resident, Tama Bulan, and Aban Batu, a Umo Poh chief, when the first little fish we saw was captured. This miserable firstfruit was offered to Bali Flaki by Tama Bulan, who said to the omen bird that he gave it the largest share and that we had kept the smallest for ourselves. This was strictly true, as hitherto we had caught nothing, and therefore a diminutive fishlet was a greater share than nothing at all. Aban Batu then lit a match and asked Bali Flaki to make the tuba strong that we might catch plenty of fish. It was rather a descent to the commonplace to burn a lucifer match instead of the shredded sticks that are used customarily, but doubtless the smoke was as effectual a medium for conveyance of the prayer as if it were produced in the orthodox manner.

At one spot just within the jungle ten sticks were stuck in the water, the cleft upper end of each holding an egg. These were placed there by the Kayans, probably as an offering to the birds to secure good omens, and possibly, in addition, because some of their number had never been in the Lower Baram before, and it is customary for two eggs to be offered in this way on entering a river for the first time.

Unfortunately while the lake was being tuba'ed the river rose, and so the increase of the water prevented the

operation from being a success, and only a few small fish were obtained. Some twenty-five piculs (over three thousand pounds) of tuba had been provided by natives from all over the district, and this would have proved sufficient for the purpose had not the heavy rains caused floods.

A very large number of men and boats were engaged, and we all spent an enjoyable day, for, as a native chief remarked some time previously, when the arrangements were being made, "The scale on which the tubaing was done and the general excitement would please the people even if no fish were caught."

The second boat race took place early on the morning of the 12th; sixteen canoes started, seven of which belonged to the Kenyahs, four to the Kayans, and four to other up-river tribes; the Naroms of Baram had one canoe. The number of each crew was unlimited, and some boats carried as many as sixty or seventy men, so that there must have been about a thousand engaged in the race.

The first prize of fifty dollars was won by the Naroms by about two lengths; the Long Kiputs gained the second place and a prize of ten dollars. The course was about $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles and the time was 15 minutes 10 seconds.

Many of the Tinjar people were delayed by one or two deaths occurring, so they arrived too late to participate in the great race of war-canoes. But as they wanted to maintain the honour of their river, Taman Liri of Long Tegin and the Lelaks of Long Tru challenged the Naroms to a supplemental race. This was rowed on the evening of the 13th, the course being about a mile. The result was a dead heat, which was gratifying to the pride of the Tinjar folk.

The final public meeting took place in the morning of the 13th; by this time nearly everyone had arrived who was expected; amongst the late comers was Saba Irang, the head chief of the Madangs. On a low staging in front of the platform reclined three enormous pigs, with tied legs, which the Resident had provided for the purpose of swearing peace and friendship; one was primarily intended for the Baram tribes, one for the Lirongs of the Tinjar, and the third for the Madangs. At the other end of the hall was a gigantic gaily painted model of a hornbill, on which a very large number of cigarettes were suspended. The body was a large barrel; each wing consisted of two hairy Kenyah or Madang shields, and

the head had been skilfully hewn out of a great block of wood by Iban fortmen. A model of a hornbill is the customary table-piece, so to speak, of an Iban feast, but this "Penchallong" or "Tenyalang" surpassed the usual effigy as much as this occasion transcended an ordinary feast. A great quantity of borak was provided, which was duly despatched at the close of the meeting.

After a little preliminary talking the following representative chiefs crouched by the pigs: Saba Irang, a Madang; Taman Oding Silong, a Kenyah; Taman Balan Deng, an Upper Tinjar Long Pokun; Taman Aping Bulieng, a Lirong; Jangan, an Upper Tinjar Sëbop, and others. Saba Irang, taking a glowing brand, singed a pig and spoke to it, telling it to act as a witness in the ceremony of peace-making. He solemnly swore that he and his people would be friends with those now assembled, and would not combine with outside enemies against them, and he himself, so far as he had the power, would endeavour to prevent others from breaking the peace. Should they break this solemn oath, they hoped that the gods would call down upon them all sorts of illness, and that they might be destroyed by crocodiles or other harmful beasts.

Tama Bulan then pointed out that the Baram people had formerly taken a similar oath, which they had kept. Now they were making friends with the Madangs, and were in future to be one people. Old scores had been wiped out, and there was nothing now to complain of. The Government had brought them together, and they had mixed with one another and had discussed old troubles; now was the time to speak if they had anything to say.

Dr. Hose stood up and said, "Now you have sworn the inviolable oath. This meeting was assembled that there should be a lasting peace in the district. There is nothing to gain by war, but everything to gain by peace. The difficulty in the past has been to make enemies meet one another with a view to settling their differences amicably; now this difficulty has been overcome, thanks mainly to the assistance of those chiefs who have supported me. Now all of you present! see this multitude, and bear in mind that whoever breaks this oath, which has been taken to-day in the presence of everybody, does so at his own peril. Who of you would dare after this to kill anyone if he thought what the consequences

would be? It would be a matter of only a few minutes to wipe him and his people off the face of the earth. The Rajah's dogs will hunt, if it prove necessary to call them out; as is known to everybody, they require no hounding on. So remember the oath, and peace, I hope, is assured."

Several of the chiefs stated that they were very pleased the Resident had spoken so plainly, as they did not like to do so themselves. After this the pig was killed in the usual manner by sticking it in the neck with a spear, and the liver was duly examined amid great excitement.

The Madangs admitted the liver was everything that could be desired; they stated they had already felt that the Baram people had kept their promises to them, and now they had every confidence in them. Saba Irang, in a great speech, said he was pleased to see such unity among everybody in the district, and the Madangs all felt that this was everything to them. Not only were his people glad to join Baram, but he knew that many of the people of the Batang Kayan had already begun to appreciate this general good fellowship, and he had every reason to believe those chiefs were anxious to be on friendly terms with the Baram folk.

Another highly excited Madang chief made a vociferous speech, emphasising his points by violent jumping. "The Madangs," he said, "were anxious to have the same advantages as the others, and the Baram people would see that, after all, they were no worse than anyone else (jump). For years we had to hold our own on all sides; we now feel assured that our people will meet with no opposition when endeavouring to trade in the Baram district, and I will be responsible for any fault committed by my people, but I feel they will not be the first to break the peace (great jumping). I have finished" (jump).

Speeches in a similar strain were made by Tama Bulan and others. All said they were loyal to the Government; they would do what they were told to do even unto death. So the great palaver came to an end.

The meeting of the chiefs and principal natives of the Baram district was organised primarily for the sake of the Madangs. Last November, when Hose went into the Madang country, it was the first time a white man had visited them, and he received the adherence of a number of chiefs, some of whom promised to come

shortly into the Baram district, a few having previously done so. Hose therefore deemed it politic to have a mass meeting at which the Madangs would be publicly acknowledged as Baram subjects, both by the Government and by the other natives.

The Madangs, who live in the healthy uplands of Central Borneo, have at divers times raided the inhabitants of the affluents of the Rejang and Baram in Sarawak, on the one hand, and those of the streams of the Batang Kayan in Dutch Borneo on the other. As they live in a country that is very difficult of access, they have hitherto practically been beyond the pale of the Government, and have had a disquieting effect upon the natives who had given their adherence to the Rajah. Certain of the Madang villages had already received some punishment in the Rejang district, but it was necessary that this unsettled state of affairs should cease, and these energetic agriculturists be brought in under the Sarawak Government. The up-river Baram people were pleased to make peace, as tranquillity is always more remunerative than hostility, and the men felt it to be irksome to be always in suspense when working in their gardens, or to be anxious about the folk at home when they are out gathering gutta.

The fact that Hose could collect all the important people from Miri on the sea coast on the one hand, to Silat, one of the head streams of the Baram, on the other, and from the as yet unvisited Kalabit country in the east to their own country in the interior, would naturally impress the Madangs with the far-reaching influence of the Government, and would give them confidence in the power of the Government to preserve peace and protect property.

The same argument would appeal to those chiefs who came from the Batang Kayan River across the border. Several houses have already come into the Silat and Lata Rivers, tributaries of the Baram, and more are prepared to come. Hose had hoped that a large contingent would arrive from the Batang Kayan, and he knew that the head chief Tama Kuling and several minor chiefs with a considerable following had actually made a start. It is probable, however, that at the last they were somewhat fearful of meeting such a large gathering of foreigners, many of whom were hereditary foes; and it was through the territories of the latter that they would have to pass to reach Claudetown. Small wonder, then, that they

held back, though they promised to come down shortly afterwards when there were fewer people about. The few Batang Kayans who did come would tell their friends about the meeting, and there is no doubt it will have a tangible effect on those who feared to put in an appearance.

There are always local jealousies and feuds in every district, and the river-basin of the Baram is not exempt therefrom, as we have already seen in the fracas of the Lirongs with the Kenyahs. It is therefore of importance that representatives of all the larger villages from the various rivers should meet occasionally to discuss and arrange matters, and there is little doubt that the presence of such a large number of persons would tend to smooth over local difficulties, as those not immediately interested could give counsel.

There are certain petty chiefs, remnants of good stock, who keep up as long as they can the old exclusive traditions, and who are usually situated in out-of-the-way places.

Owing to the number of difficulties of access and to the raids that have taken place among the intermediate peoples, and also owing to the fact that every Kayan and Kenyah chief is chary of giving in or of admitting that he is in any way inferior to any other chief, it is easy to understand that until brought together by an external power these people rarely meet one another even though they may be friends.

It is not difficult to imagine that in course of time the less important chiefs should acquire an exaggerated opinion of their power and authority generally. They see nobody but people who listen to them, and having no opposition, they regard themselves as small lords of creation. Some in their excited moments of drunkenness tell their followers that the sky and earth belong to them; and in the case of people like the Kalabits it is not uncommon to find a chief who adds the name Langit ("the sky") to his proper name.

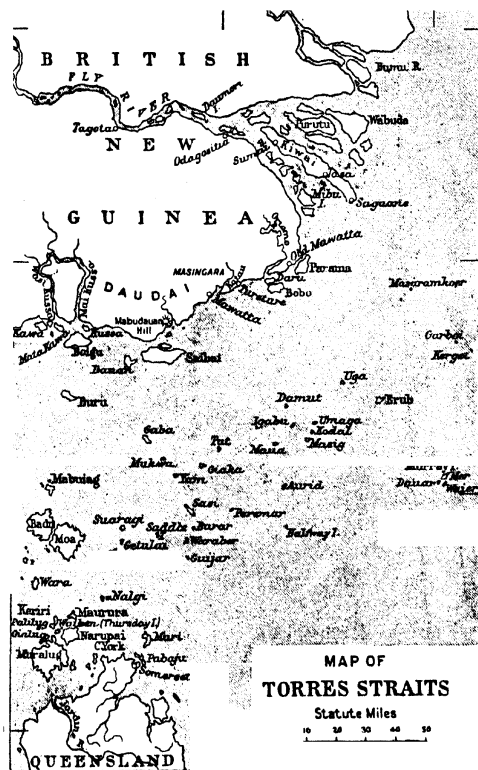
The really important Kenyah and Kayan chiefs laugh at this sort of thing, and men like Tama Bulan and others strongly object to have any title given them. Taman Aping Kuleh, a Long Sibatu Lepupun, when told by Hose that Borneo was an island, remarked that it might be so, but that he knew nothing about it; it was of no consequence to him where the river ran out, and that he and his people knew only of the country and

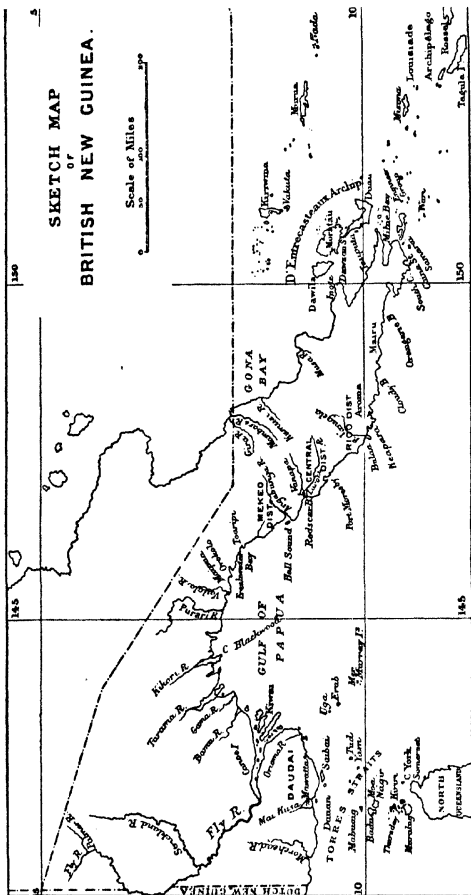
people immediately round about, and they regarded themselves as the most important people.

Nor must the purely social element be left out of account. Gatherings such as these tend largely towards creating a solidarity between more or less isolated peoples. As it is, the different tribes or villages which live on a small river, or on a long stretch of a large river, tend to constitute a social group, so that one can speak of the Silat people or of the Upper or Lower Tinjar people as recognised groups. In the case of the two latter, although there is friction between them, yet they combine in the case of a common trouble, and so, for example, we have a temporary Tinjar combination of sentiment against the Baram.

This is the initiatory step towards the development of a feeling of nationality, and there is no doubt that in time a wider sentiment of a similar character may be induced by meetings such as this. It appears to me that one probable result of Hose's system of government may be the development of a patriotic feeling of the Baram district as a whole. Should this occur in this and other rivers or divisions, a Sarawak nation may in time arise, composed, as practically every European nation is, of several races and innumerable tribes.

A nation is an organism of slow growth, and requires careful tending, especially in its early stages. As in some other instances in the past elsewhere, the cementing bonds in the present instance probably will be the relief from anxiety in the daily agricultural pursuits and the mutual interests of commerce. But no nation is worthy of the name that has not a patriotic feeling consisting of love for the country, regard for fellow-countrymen, and loyalty to the Government.





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